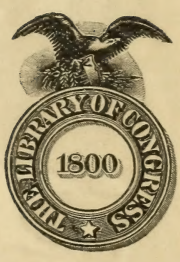

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CONGRATULATIONS.

Golden Nuggets

OR

194
896

Beautiful Thoughts

. . . . . in Prose and Verse

Carefully Chosen from the
Literature of the World

Comprising the "Best Things"
from the Best Authors

Arranged in Four Parts

Typifying the Four Seasons in
the Life of Man

Childhood
Youth
Manhood
and
Old Age

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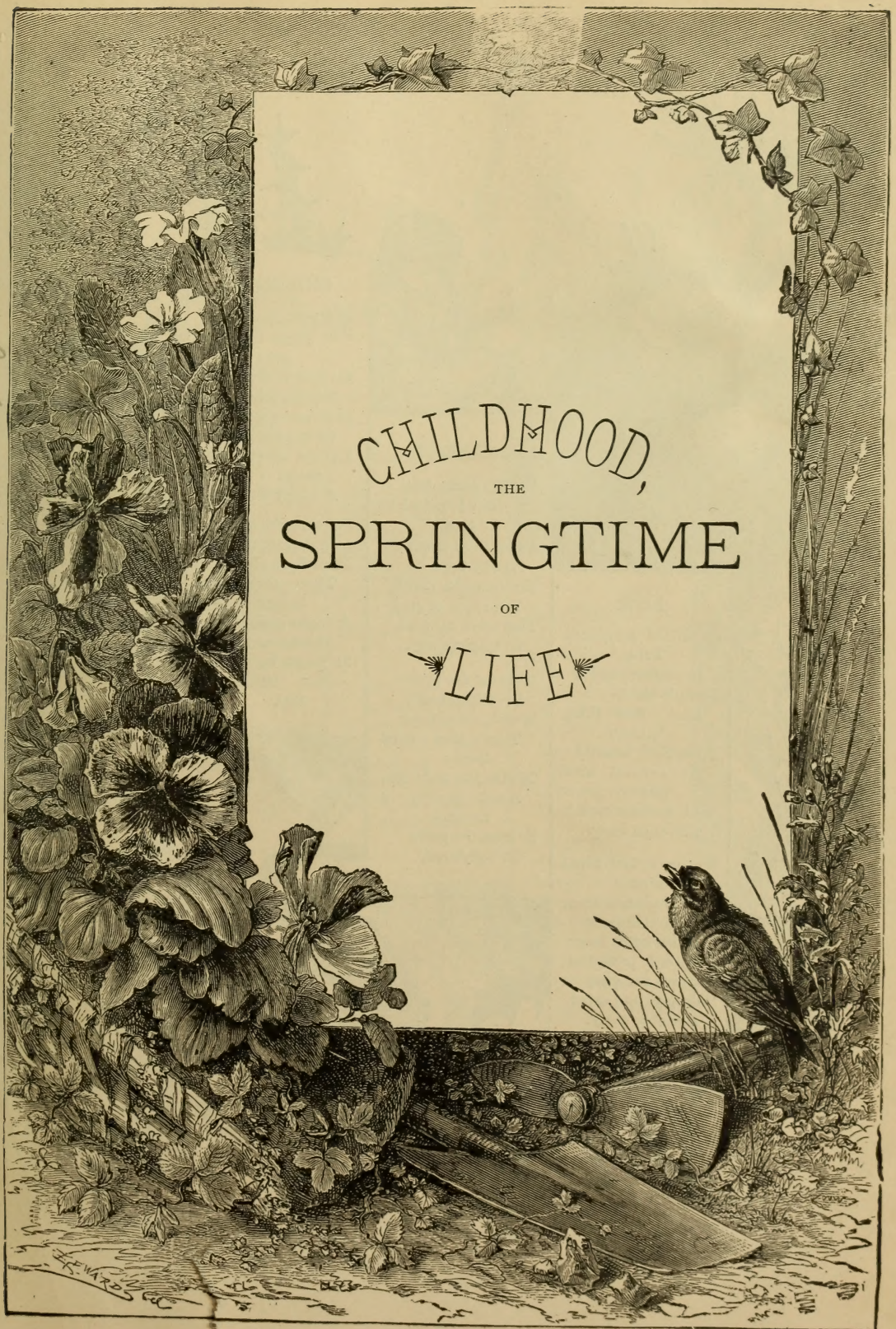
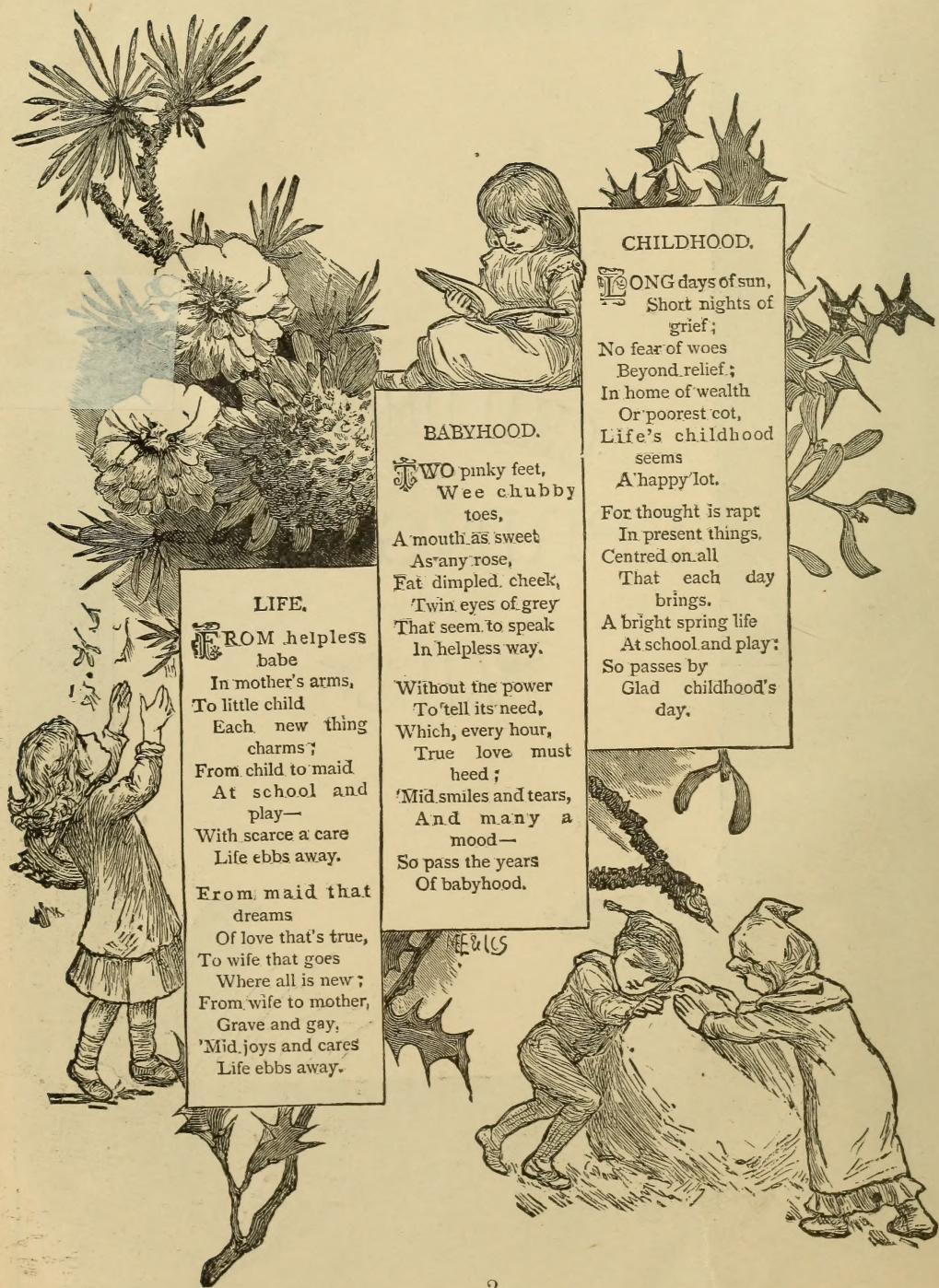




LIFE.

FROM helpless babe
In mother's arms,
To little child
Each new thing charms;
From child to maid
At school and play—
With scarce a care
Life ebbs away.

From maid that dreams
Of love that's true,
To wife that goes
Where all is new;
From wife to mother,
Grave and gay,
'Mid joys and cares
Life ebbs away.

BABYHOOD.

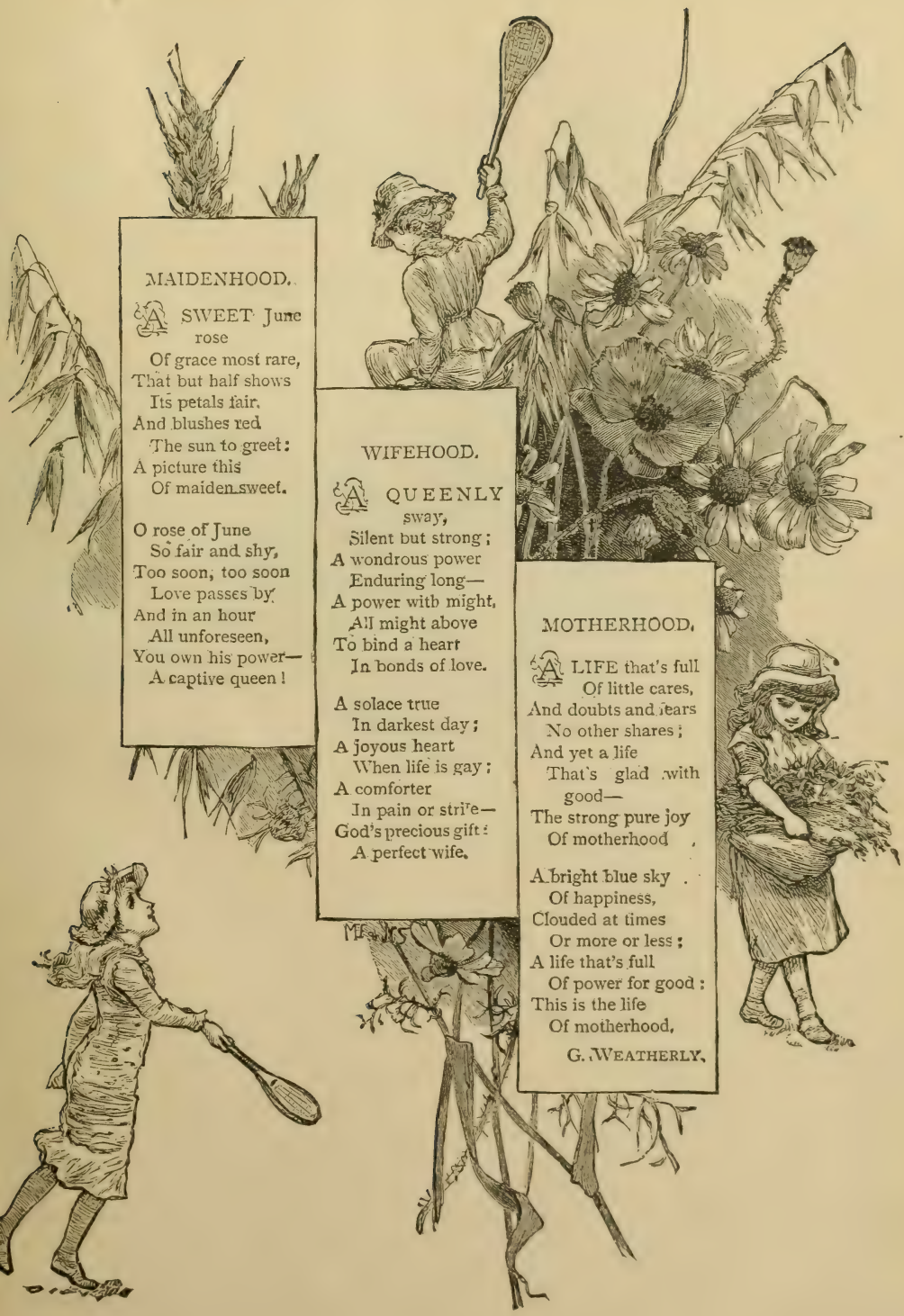
TWO pinky feet,
Wee chubby toes,
A mouth as sweet
As any rose,
Fat dimpled cheek,
Twin eyes of grey
That seem to speak
In helpless way.

Without the power
To tell its need,
Which, every hour,
True love must heed;
'Mid smiles and tears,
And many a mood—
So pass the years
Of babyhood.

CHILDHOOD.

LONG days of sun,
Short nights of grief;
No fear of woes
Beyond relief;
In home of wealth
Or poorest cot,
Life's childhood seems
A happy lot.

For thought is rapt
In present things,
Centred on all
That each day brings.
A bright spring life
At school and play:
So passes by
Glad childhood's day.



MAIDENHOOD.

A SWEET June rose
Of grace most rare,
That but half shows
Its petals fair.
And blushes red
The sun to greet:
A picture this
Of maiden sweet.

O rose of June
So fair and shy,
Too soon, too soon
Love passes by
And in an hour
All unforeseen,
You own his power—
A captive queen!

WIFEHOOD.

A QUEENLY sway,
Silent but strong;
A wondrous power
Enduring long—
A power with might,
All might above
To bind a heart
In bonds of love.

A solace true
In darkest day;
A joyous heart
When life is gay;
A comforter
In pain or strife—
God's precious gift:
A perfect wife.

MOTHERHOOD.

A LIFE that's full
Of little cares,
And doubts and fears
No other shares;
And yet a life
That's glad with
good—
The strong pure joy
Of motherhood.

A bright blue sky
Of happiness,
Clouded at times
Or more or less;
A life that's full
Of power for good:
This is the life
Of motherhood.

G. WEATHERLY.

Take heed how ye offend one of these little ones; for I say unto you their angels do always behold the face of my Father.

—*Jesus Christ.*

The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day.

—*John Milton.*

A house is never perfectly furnished for enjoyment unless there is a child in it rising three years old, and a kitten rising three weeks.

—*Robert Southey.*

Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

—*Wm. Wordsworth.*

Better to be driven out from among men than to be disliked of children.

—*R. H. Dana.*

Of all the joys that brighten suffering earth,
What joy is welcomed like a new-born child?

—*Mrs. Norton.*

Childhood has no forebodings; but then it is soothed by no memories of outlived sorrow.—*George Eliot.*

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise.

—*C. M. Dickinson.*

Oh, banish the tears of children! Continual rains upon the blossoms are hurtful.

—*Jean Paul Richter.*

In the man whose childhood has known caresses, there is always a fibre of memory which can be touched to gentle issue. —*George Eliot.*

THE ODE OF INFANCY.

H, little child!
Stretched on thy mother's knees, with steadfast gaze
And innocent aspect mild,
Viewing this novel scene in mute amaze,
Following the moving light, thy mother's smile,
And storing up the while
New precious knowledge till thou com'st to be
Sage it may be, or clown—
Soaring or sinking down,
To topmost heights of weal or depths of misery;
How shall I dare to mark thy innocent look,
And write, as in a book,
Thy infinite possibilities of life;
What fate awaits thee in the coming strife,
What joys, what triumphs in the growing years,
What depths of woe and tears?

I see thee lie
Safe in thy silken cradle, sunk in down,
Within thy father's palace-chambers fair;
Thy guarded slumbers breathing tempered air;
The soft eyes, full of yearning, watching by;
Caressing arms waiting thy waking cry;
All luxury and state which can assuage
Life's painful heritage;
The prayers of a people swell for thee
Up to the careless skies which cover all.
And yet it may be thine to fall
Far from thy loved and native land,
And end thy imperfect, innocent life-tale here,
Forsaken on a savage desert strand,
Pierced thro' and thro' by some barbarian spear.

I see thy tiny face
Pale, worn with hunger, and large hollow eyes,
Upon the frozen way-side laid
Stiffening in thy dead mother's cold embrace
I hear thy piteous cries
When the sot flings thee down with limbs that bleed—
Flings thee, and takes no heed;
Wake, helpless, born to misery, girt round
With vice and sin and shame, in sight and sound.
Poor life, foredoomed, already sunk and lost;
Too often sent to tread the ways of death
With childish failing breath;
Yet ofttimes holding power
To bloom, a virgin flower,
Upon the untrodden heights closed to the multitude,
Among the wise and good.
Or with brown face thou comest and limb,
Naked, on the warm soil that bears the palm,

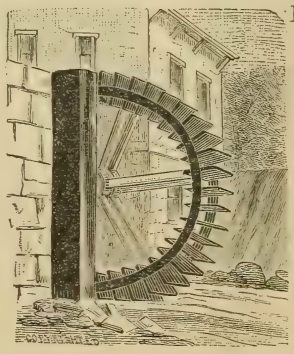
Or haply the young heir of all the dim
And half-forgotten realms whose ruins stand
Sown lion-haunted on the deathlike calm
Which wraps the Egyptian or Assyrian sand
Reared 'midst the dust of empires; or art now
As through all history thou wert, the child
Of savage parents, rude and wild,
Springing and falling, born to eat and breed
And wither under burning skies a weed,
'Midst poison fangs and death and cruel men
With hearts that ape the tigers; or art born
In the old, old empire, which hath long outworn
God and the hopes of man, and yet coheres,
Propped by its own far-reaching bulk, as when
It did emerge from savagery and grew,
Oh, child! as yet may you,
To worldly strength, and knowledge, and dead lore
Of wisdom fled before,
And dull content, and soulless hopes and fears.

Wherever thou mayest be,
To me thou art wonderful and strange to see—
Busied with trifles, rapt with simple toys,
As men with graver joys.
I hear thy lisping accents slowly reach
The miracle of speech;
I mark thy innocent smile;
I treasure up each baby wile
Which smooths the brow of thought, the heart of care.
Thou royal scion, born to be the heir
Of all the unrecorded days, since first
Man rose to his full being, once blest, and then accurst!
In weal and woe and ill
Thou art a miracle still.
From snow-bound hut to equatorial strand,
Above thee still regarding angels stand;
Whilst thy brief life-tale passes like a dream
Across Creation's glass.
Dark powers of ill press thee on either side,
As now thy swift years pass,
Revealing on thy young soul's tablets white
The eternal characters of Right;
Or sometimes with the growing years grown strong
The unhallowed signs of wrong.

Oh, little child! thou bringest with thee still,
As Moses, parting from the fiery hill,
Some dim reflection in thine eyes,
Some sense of Godhead, some indefinite wonder
As of one drifted here unwillingly;
Who knows no speech of ours, and yet doth keep
Some dumb remembrance of a gracious home
Which lights his waking hours and fills his sleep
With precious visions which unbidden come;
Some golden link which nought of earth can sunder,
Some glimpse of a more glorious land and sea!

Oh, precious vision fleeting past!
Oh, age too fair to last!
For soon new gifts and powers are thine,
And growing springs and summers bring
Boyhood or girlhood hastening,
And nerve the agile limb, and teach,
With the new gift of speech,
The wonders that stand round on every side,
And Life's imperial portals opening gradually wide.

OUR BABY.



DID you ever see our baby?
Little Tot;
With her eyes so sparkling bright,
And her skin so lily white,
Lips and cheeks of rosy light—
Tell you what,
She is just the sweetest baby
In the lot.

Ah! she is our only darling,
And to me
All her little ways are witty;
And when she sings her little ditty,
Every word is just as pretty
As can be—
Not another in the city
Sweet as she.

You don't think so—never saw her,
Wish you could
See her with her playthings clattering,
Hear her little tongue a chattering;
Little dancing feet come pattering—
Think you would
Love her just as well as I do,
If you could!

Every grandma's only darling,
I suppose,
Is as sweet and bright a blossom,
Is a treasure to her bosom,
Is as cheering and endearing
As my rose.
Heavenly Father, spare them to us
Till life's close. —*Mrs. Gage.*

The Two Year Old.

OW deeply winning are the ways
Of Children in their Infant days!
The eye that scans the speaker through;
Th' inquiry if "the tale be true?"
The dumb show, where the word oft fails,
Yet quite as much as speech avails;
The pressure of the soft fond cheek,
That doth such confidence bespeak;
How truly we may here behold
The Infant mind of "two year old!"

In some, whilst still upon the knee,
The spirit struggles to be free;
Mark too the temper's ruffled skein,
As yet held but by snaffle rein;
The energy that speaks command,
The action done as soon as planned;
The "tug of war" in every way
That may ensure the mastery;
And this, perhaps we may be told,
Is unregenerate "two year old."

O mothers! watch with trembling joy
The dawning of your Infant boy;
The mind that's formed without a plan,
Will never make a "perfect man;"
Think not that coming years will swell
The stock which is not grafted well;
The sapling which receives no care
Is little better than a tare:
Then soon as buds of ill unfold,
Suppress them in your "two year old."

THE BABE.

AKED on parents' knees a new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st when all around thee smiled;
So live, that, sinking to thy last long sleep,
Thou then may'st smile while all around thee weep.

—*From the Sanscrit of Calidasa by* Sir William Jones.

A SPRING SNOW STORM.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

THERE'S a flutter of wings in the cherry trees,
And a merrier sound than the hum of bees—
The winds are awake—the winds of May—
And this is the hour and this is the way
The four winds play:
They toss the blossomy boughs in air;
They sift the snow of the petals fair
Into the sunshine; and then away
On the topmost branches they perch and say
"Isn't this gay?"

INFLUENCE OF EARLY TRAINING.

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love:
A resting-place for innocence on earth; a link between angels and men;
Yet is it a talent of trust, a loan to be rendered back with interest;
A delight, but redolent of care; honey sweet, but lacking not the bitter;

For character groweth day by day, and all things aid it in unfolding,
And the bent unto good or evil may be given in the hours of infancy.
Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil,
The seared and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come;
Even so mayest thou guide the mind to good, or lead it to the marrings of evil,
For disposition is builded up by the fashioning of first impressions;
Wherefore, though the voice of Instruction waiteth for the ear of Reason,
Yet with his mother's milk the young child drinketh Education.
Patience is the first great lesson; he may learn it at the breast;
And the habit of obedience and trust may be grafted on his mind in the cradle:
Hold the little hands in prayer, teach the weak knees their kneeling;
Let him see thee speaking to thy God; he will not forget it afterwards;
When old and gray will he feelingly remember a mother's tender piety,
And the touching recollection of her prayers shall arrest the strong man in his sin.

M. F. Tupper.

CHILDREN.

THE smallest are near to God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun. Were I only for a time almighty and powerful, I would create a little world especially for myself, and suspend it under the mildest sun, a world where I would have nothing but lovely little children, and these little things I would never suffer to grow up, but only to play eternally. If a seraph were worthy of heaven, or his golden pinions drooped, I would send him to dwell for a while in my infant world, and no angel, so long as he saw their innocence, could lose his own.

Jean Paul Richter.

THE CHILD-POET.

YOU have watched a child playing, in those wondrous years when belief is not bound to the eyes and ears, and vision divine is so clear and unmarred, that each baker of pies in the dirt is a bard! Give a knife and a shingle, he fits out a fleet, and, on that little mud-puddle over the street, his invention, in purest good faith, will make sail round the globe with a puff of his breath for a gale, will visit, in barely ten minutes, all climes, and find North-western passages hundreds of times. Or, suppose the young poet fresh stored with delights from that Bible of childhood, the Arabian Nights, he will turn to a crony and cry, "Jack, let's play that I am a Genius!" Jacky straightway makes Aladdin's lamp out of a stone, and for hours they enjoy each his own supernatural powers.

James Russell Lowell.

WOMAN'S CROWN.

SHE is sleeping—brown and silken
Lie the lashes long and meek,
Like caressing clinging shadows
On his plump and peachy cheek;
And I bend above him weeping
Thankful tears—oh, undefiled!
For a woman's crown of glory,
For the blessing of a child!

WHEN WE WERE CHILDREN.

HAVE you forgotten, little wife,
Our far-off childhood's golden life?
Our splendid castles on the sands,
The boat I made with my own hands,
The dreams we had! the songs we made!
The sunshine! and the woven shade!
The tears of many a sad good-bye,
When we were parted, you and I!

The rain that caught us in the wood,
The cakes we had when we were good,
The doll I broke and made you cry,
When we were children, you and I!

Have you forgotten, little wife,
The dawning of that other life?
The strange new light the whole world wore,
When life love's perfect blossom bore!
Ah, nay! your loving heart, I know,
Remembers still the long-ago;
It is the light of childhood's days
That shines through all your winning ways.

God grant we ne'er forget our youth,
Its innocence, and faith, and truth,
The smiles, the tears, and hopes gone by.
When we were children, you and I.

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

GATES AJAR.

GAZING where the setting sun-rays
Steeped the clouds in gorgeous dyes,
Stood my little maid last evening,
All her soul within her eyes.
"Mamma?" cried she, earnest, breathless,
With a faith no doubt could mar,
"Isn't that what you've been reading?
Isn't that the 'Gates Ajar?'"

"I can almost see the shining
Of the streets all paved with gold!
I can almost see the gleaming
Of the harps the angels hold!
Almost, mamma! for the glory
Shines so bright it dazzles me."
"Mamma!" here the soft voice faltered,
"Ain't I good enough to see!

"Is it 'cause I cried this morning
When you called me in from my play?
If I try again to-morrow,
Be real careful all the day,
Give you not the smallest trouble,
Study all my might and main—
Won't God let me see it plainly,
When he ope's the gates again?"

"Nay my darling—years of striving,
Day by day, and hour by hour,
Every duty still fulfilling,
Could not give the wondrous power;
Yet would mist of sun and weakness
From your gaze the vision bar—
Never human eyes, unaided
Penetrate the gates ajar!"

Filled with wonder, vague yet wistful,
Gazed the soft blue eyes in mine,
Reading not my hidden meaning,
Loath the bright dream to resign.
"Never, mamma! shall I never
See that Heaven so bright and fair,
'Till I leave you, mamma, darling,
'Till the angels take me there?"

"Nay, my child, that heavenly radiance
Ne'er on earthly vision falls—
But to those whose hope and treasure
Garnered are within its walls,
God gives ofttimes spirit glimpses
Of their glorious home afar,
And to cheer life's thorny pathway
Sets the golden gates ajar!

"Then how petty seem the trials
That beset their onward way!
Of what little worth the baubles
Pleasures show to tempt astray!
No more weak and no more weary—
What this perfect bliss can mar!
While Faith's eyes behold the glories
Gleaming though the gates ajar!

'O, my darling, grasp the promise,
Bind it on your baby heart,
That for those who love him, Jesus
Mansions bright hath set apart!
Upward, then, towards the radiance,
Steadfast shining like a star,
Unbetrayed your feet shall journey
'Till they reach the gates ajar."

NA L. R.TH

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

OH dear old friend! I come this way
Once more, once more to rest on thee,
While generous branch and leafy spray
A pleasant bower make for me.

It seems as only yesterday
That I was racing down the mead,
With young companions blithe and gay,
To mount thee, brave and bonny steed.

The blackbird pipes as cheerily now,
As gaily flaunts the butterfly,
As when we shook the pliant bough
By madly urging thee on high.

But scattered is that gamesome band
That filled with mirth the flying hours;
One sojourns in a distant land,
One sleeps beneath the daisy flowers.

And others from my ken have passed,
But this I feel, where'er they be,
They'll not forget while life shall last
Our swing beneath the chestnut-tree.

J. G. WATTS

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

THE FORCED PRAYER.

BABY THANKFUL.

ROAMING in the meadow,
Little four-year-old
Picks the starry daisies,
With their hearts of gold;

Fills her snowy apron,
Fills her dimpled hands;
Suddenly—how quiet
In the grass she stands!

"Who made f'owers so petty—
Put 'em here? Did God?"
I half heeding answer
With a careless nod.

Dropping all her blossoms,
With uplifted head,
Fervent face turned skyward,
"*Thank you,* God!" she said

CAROLINE METCALF.

THOUGHTS WHILE SHE ROCKS THE CRADLE.

WHAT is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt.
Unwritten history!
Unfathomable mystery!
But he laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,
And chuckles and crows and nods and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphynx!
Warped by colic and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years;
And he'll never know
Where the summers go!
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so!

Who can tell what the baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
  By which the manikin feels his way,
Out from the shores of the great unknown,
Blind, and wailing, and alone,
  Into the light of day?
Out from the shores of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony!

Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with the barks of little souls—
Barks that launched on the other side,
And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide!
And what does he think of his mother's eyes?
  What does he think of his mother's hair?
What of the cradle roof that flies
  Forward and backward through the air?
What does he think of his mother's breast,
  Bare and beautiful, smooth and white.
  Seeking ever with fresh delight,
Cup of his joy, and couch of his rest?

What does he think when her gentle embrace
Presses his hand and buries his face
Deep where the heart throbs sink and swell
With a tenderness she can never tell?
  Though she murmur the words of all the birds—
Words she has learned to murmur so well!
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadows creep
Over his eyes in soft eclipse,
Out in his little finger tips,
Softly sinking down he goes,
  Down he goes, down he goes,
See! he is hushed in sweet repose!

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

LADY ANNIE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

BALOW, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe:
If thou'st be silent, I'se be glad,
Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father breides me great annoy.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

Whan he began to court my luve,
And with his sugred wordes to muve,
His faynings fals, and flattering cheire
To me that time did not appeire:
But now I see, most cruell hee
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.
  Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
  It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

Ly stil, my darling, sleipe a while,
And when thou wakest, sweitly smile:
But smile not, as thy father did,
To cozen maids: nay, God forbid!
Bot yett I feire, thou wilt gae neire
Thy father's hart and face to beire.
  Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
  It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

I cannae chuse, but ever will
Be luving to thy father stil:
Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,
My luve with him doth stil abyde:
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
Mine hart can neire depart him frae.
  Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
  It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

But doe not, doe not, pretty mine,
To faynings fals thine hart incline;
Be loyal to thy luver trew,
And nevir change her for a new:
If gude or faire, of her have care,
For women's banning's wondrous sair.
  Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
  It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,
Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine;
My babe and I'll together live,
He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve:
My babe and I right saft will ly,
And quite forgeit man's cruelty.
  Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
  It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest youth,
That evir kist a woman's mouth!
I wish all maides be warn'd by mee
Nevir to trust man's curtesy;
For if we doe bot chance to bow,
They'll use us than they care not how.
  Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
  It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

———:o:———

ANGELS UNAWARES.

OH, each of these young human flowers
  God's own high message bears;
And we are walking all our hours
  With "Angels Unawares."

R. EDMONSTONE.

THE PRIDE OF THE FAMILY.

THE MOTHER AS TEACHER.

THE mother is the luminary that shines and reigns alone in the early child-life; as years advance, the scepter is divided and the teacher shares the sway.

We often think, as we meet the earnest gaze of the interested pupil, and watch the mind working and the young thought shaping to the will, "Why is it that mothers so willingly yield to others this broad sphere of their domain, and are content to foster the physical and external life of their children, leaving the intellectual and spiritual to grow without their aid?"

One would suppose that capable mothers would jealously keep to themselves the high privilege of training the mind, and so bind their children to themselves by ties which are stronger than the mere physical tie can be.

We who have grown to realize to whom we are debtors, are thrilled with delight as we think of those who have been the parents of our intellectual life—who seem nearer to us than our familiar friends, though we never have and never may look upon their living faces,—Bryant, Longfellow, Ruskin, Emerson and Carlyle, and many another. How they have covered our lives with a rich broidery of beautiful and inspiring thought, so that to

live in the same world, and at the same time, seems a benison of blessing.

So may the mother weave into the life of her children thoughts and feelings, rich, beautiful, grand and noble, which will make all after-life brighter and better.

Many a good mother may think she has no time for this mind and soul culture, but we find no lack of robes and ruffles, and except in cases where the daily bread of the family must be earned by daily work away from home, as is done by many a weary mother, we must feel that there is not one who cannot command one half hour each morning, when the mind is fresh and vigorous, to collect her children around her, and minister for a little to their higher wants.

If each mother according to her several ability, seeks to develop the higher and better faculties of her children, the reward will be as great as the aim is noble.

A. W. K.

SWEET AND LOW.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BABY

BABY, baby, on my breast,
Oh, my little one, sleep sound!
While the red clouds warm the west,
And the bright leaves light the ground.
Mother's love is round you here;
God's love, too, is close and near;
Full and happy be thy rest,
Baby, baby, on my breast!

Baby, baby, at my knee,
Lift your eyes up, let them show
All the dreams I cannot see;
Talk and tell me, make me know
How the world's dim puzzles seem
To your soul's pure waking dream.
Bring your marbles all to me,
Baby, baby, at my knee.

Baby, baby, at my side,
Ah, your cheek just reaches mine,
So, time will not be denied;
Glossy braids are smooth and fine,
And I read within your eyes
Womanhood's fair mysteries,
Baby, baby, at my side,
Tall enough to be a bride!

Baby, baby, far from me,
Lines of care have crossed your brow,
Little children climb your knee,
Fill your heart and household now,
"Mother," is my baby's name,
Yet to me, she's still the same;
Still the child I rocked to rest
As a baby on my breast.

MARY AINGE DE VERE.

BABIES AND THEIR RIGHTS.

A BABY has a right, too frequently denied it, *to be let alone*. It ought to be a rule in the nursery never to disturb the infant when it is happy and quiet. Older children, too, two, three, and four years of age, who are amusing themselves in a peaceful, contented way, ought not to be wantonly interfered with. I have often seen a little creature lying in its crib cooing, laughing, crooning to itself in the sweetest baby fashion, without a care in the world to vex its composure, when in would come mamma or nurse, seize it, cover it with endearments, and effectually break up its tranquility. Then, the next time, when these thoughtless people wanted it to be quiet, they were surprised that it refused to be so. It is habit and training which makes little children restless and fretful, rather than natural disposition, in a multitude of cases. A healthy

babe, coolly and loosely dressed, judiciously fed, and frequently bathed, will be good and comfortable if it have not too much attention. But when it is liable a dozen times a day to be caught wildly up, bounced and jumped about, smothered with kisses, poked by facetious fingers, and petted till it is thoroughly out of sorts, what can be expected of it? How would fathers and mothers endure the martyrdom to which they allow the babies to be subjected?

Another right which every baby has is to its own mother's care and supervision. The mother may not be strong enough to hold her child and carry it about, to go with it on its outings, and to personally attend to all its wants. Very often it is really better for both mother and child that the strong arms of an able-bodied woman should bear it through its months of helplessness. Still, no matter how apparently worthy of trust a nurse or servant may be, unless she have been tried and proved by long and faithful service and friendship, a babe is too precious to be given unreservedly to her care. The mother herself, or an elder sister or auntie, should hover protectingly near the tiny creature, whose life-long happiness may depend on the way its babyhood is passed. Who has not seen in the city parks the beautifully-dressed infants, darlings evidently of homes of wealth and refinement, left to bear the beams of the sun and stings of gnats and flies, while the nurses gossiped together, oblivious of the flight of time? Mothers are often quick to resent stories of the neglect or cruelty of their employees, and cannot be made to believe that their own children are sufferers. And the children are too young to speak.

The lover of little ones can almost always see the subtle difference which exists between the babies whom mothers care for, and the babies who are left to hirelings. The former have a sweeter, shyer, gladder look than the latter. Perhaps the babies who are born, so to speak, with silver spoons in their mouths, are better off than those who came to the heritage of a gold spoon. The gold spooners have lovely cradles and vassinets. They wear Valenciennes lace and embroidery, and fashion dictates the cut of their bibs, and the length of their flowing robes. They are waited upon by bonnes in picturesque aprons and caps, and the doctor is sent for whenever they have the colic. The little silver-spooners, on the other hand, are arrayed in simple slips, which the mother made herself in dear, delicious hours, the sweetest in their mystic joy which happy womanhood knows. They lie on the sofa, or on two chairs with a pillow placed carefully to hold them, while she sings at her work, spreads the snowy linen on the grass, moulds the bread, and shells the peas. The mother's hands wash and dress them, the father rocks them to sleep, the proud brothers and sisters carry them to walk, or wheel their little wagons along the pavement. Fortunate babies of the silver spoon!

Alas and alack! for the babies who have never a spoon at all, not even a horn or a leaden one. Their poor parents love them, amid the squalid circumstances which hem them in, but they can do little for their well-being, and they die by hundreds in garrets and cellars and close tenement rooms. When the rich and charitable shall devise some way to care for the babies of the poor, when New York shall imitate Paris in founding an institution akin to La Creche, we shall have taken a long step forward in the direction of social and moral elevation.

M. E. SANGSTER.

To My Daughter.

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

DEAR Fannie! nine long years ago,
While yet the morning sun was low,
And rosy with the eastern glow,
The landscape smiled;
Whilst lowed the newly-wakened herds—
Sweet as the early song of birds,
I heard those first, delightful words,
"Thou hast a child!"

Along with that uprising dew
Tears glistened in eyes, though few,
To hail a dawning quite as new
To me, as Time:
It was not sorrow—not annoy—
But like a happy maid, though coy,
With grief-like welcome, even Joy
Forestalls its prime.

So may'st thou live, dear! many years,
In all the bliss that life endears,
Not without smiles, nor yet from tears,
Too strictly kept.
When first thy infant littleness
I folded in my fond caress,
The greatest proof of happiness
Was this—I wept.

THOMAS HOOD

How the Gates Came Ajar.

'TWAS whispered one morning in Heaven,
How the little child-angel May,
In the shade of the great white portal,
Sat sorrowing night and day.
How she said to the stately warden—
He of the key and bar—
"Oh angel, sweet angel! I pray you,
Set the beautiful gates ajar—

Only a little, won't you
Set the beautiful gates ajar!

"I can hear my mother weeping;
She is lonely; she cannot see
A glimmer of light in the darkness
When the gates shut after me.
Oh! turn me the key, sweet angel,
The splendor will shine so far!"
But the warden answered, "I dare not
Set the beautiful gates ajar."
Spoke low and answered: "I dare not
Set the beautiful gates ajar."

Then up rose Mary the Blessed,
Sweet Mary, mother of Christ;
Her hand on the hand of the Angel
She laid, and the touch sufficed.
Turned was the key in the portal,
Fell ringing the golden bar;
And lo! in the little child's fingers
Stood the beautiful gates ajar!

"And the key for no further using,
To my blessed son shall be given,"
Said Mary, Mother of Jesus—
Tenderest heart in Heaven.
Now, never a sad-eyed mother
But may catch the glory afar,
Since safe in the Lord Christ's bosom
Are the *keys of the gates ajar;*
Close hid in the dear Christ's bosom;
And the gates *forever* ajar!

LITTLE CHARLIE.

O LITTLE presence! everywhere
We find some touching trace of thee—
A pencil mark upon the wall
That "naughty hands" made thoughtlessly;
And broken toys around the house,
Where he has left them they have lain,
Waiting for little busy hands
That will not come again—
Will never come again.

Within the shrouded room below
He lies cold—and yet we know
It is not Charlie there!
It is not Charlie, cold and white,
It is the robe, that in his flight,
He gently cast aside!
Our darling hath not died!

T. B. ALDRICH.

A CHILD PRAYING.

FOLD thy little hands in prayer,
Bow down at thy mother's knee,
Now thy sunny face is fair.
Shining through thine auburn hair;
Thine eyes are passion-free;
And pleasant thoughts, like garlands bind thee
Unto thy home, yet grief may find thee—
Then pray, child, pray!

Now, thy young heart, like a bird,
Warbles in its summer nest;
No evil thought, no unkind word,
No chilling autumn winds have stirred
The beauty of thy rest;
But winter hastens, and decay
Shall waste thy verdant home away—
Then pray, child, pray!

Thy bosom is a house of glee,
With gladness harping at the door;
While ever, with a joyous shout,
Hope, the May queen, dances out,
Her lips with music running o'er;
But Time those strings of joy will sever,
And hope will not dance on for ever—
Then pray, child, pray

Now, thy mother's arm is spread
Beneath thy pillow in the night;
And loving feet creep round thy bed,
And o'er thy quiet face is shed
The taper's darkened light;
But that fond arm will pass away,
By thee no more those feet will stay—
Then pray, child, pray!

ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT.

No Age Content with its Own Estate.

SAW the little boy,
In thought how oft that he
Did wish of God, to 'scape the rod,
A tall young man to be.

The young man eke that feels
His bones with pains opprest,
How he would be a rich old man,
To live and lie at rest:

The rich old man that sees
His end draw on so sore,
How he would be a boy again,
To live so much the more.

Whereat full oft I smiled,
To see how all these three,
From boy to man, and man to boy,
Would chop and change degree.

* * * * * * *

Whereat I sighed, and said,
Farewell my wonted joy,
Truss up thy pack, and trudge from me,
To every little boy;

And tell them thus from me,
Their time most happy is,
If to their time they reason had,
To know the truth of this.

EARL OF SURREY.

WHILE yet the Spring is young, while earth unbinds
Her frozen bosom to the western winds;
While mountain snow dissolve against the Sun,
And streams, yet new, from precipices run;
E'en in this early dawning of the year,
Produce the plough and yoke the sturdy steer.

VIRGIL.

CHILDREN.

WHO can look at this exquisite little creature seated on its cushion, and not acknowledge its prerogative of life —that mysterious influence which in spite of the stubborn understanding masters the mind, sending it back to days long past, when care was but a dream, and its most serious business, a childish frolic? But we no longer think of childhood as the past, still less as an abstraction, we see it embodied before us in all its mirth, and fun, and glee, and the grave man becomes a child, to feel as a child, and to follow the little enchanter through all its wiles and never ending labyrinth of pranks. What can be real if that is not which so takes us out of our present selves that the weight of years fall from us as a garment; that the freshness of life seems to begin anew, and the heart and the fancy, resuming the first joyous consciousness, to launch again into this moving world, as on a sunny sea whose pliant waves yield to the touch, sparkling and buoyant, carry them onward in their merry gambols? Where all the purposes of reality are answered, if there be no philosophy in admitting, we see no wisdom in disputing it.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

THE WIDOW AND CHILD.

HOME they brought her warrior dead;
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry;
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep, or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Called him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took a face-cloth from the face,
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

DEVELOPMENT.

Mental and Physical Exercises combine to develop the youthful faculties.

CAPACITY OF CHILDREN.

IMPROVEMENT depends far less upon lengths of tasks and hours of application than is supposed. Children can take in but a little each day; they are like a vase with a narrow neck; you may pour little or pour much, but much will not enter at a time. MICHELET.

A Plea for the Boy.

THE boy is an offence in himself. He must have something to do, and as his hands are idle, the proverbial provider of occupation for idle hands is always ready with instructions for him. A boy makes noise in utter defiance of the laws of acoustics. Shoe him in velvet, and carpet your house as you will, your boy shall make such hubbub with his heels as no watchman's rattle ever gave forth. Doors in his hands always shut with a violence which jars the whole house, and he is certain to acquire each day the art of screaming or whistling in some wholly new and excruciating way. Loving his mother so violently that his caresses derange her attire and seriously endanger her bones, ready to die in her defence if need be, he nevertheless torments her from morning to night, and allows her no possible peace until slumber closes his throat and eye-

lids, and deprives his hands and feet of their demoniac cunning.

In public your boy is equally a nuisance. Collectively or individually he offends the public in the streets. Whatever he does is sure to be wrong. He monopolizes space and takes to himself all the air there is for acoustical purposes. Your personal peculiarities interest him, and with all the frankness of his soul he comments upon your appearance, addressing his remarks to his fellow on the next block.

Nevertheless the boy has his uses. He is the material out of which men are to be made for the next generation. He is not a bad fellow,—that is to say, he is not intentionally or consciously bad. There are springs in his limbs which keep him in perpetual motion, and the devil of uproar of which he is possessed utters the ear-piercing sounds which annoy his elders, but the utterances of which he can no more restrain than he can keep his boots or trousers from wearing out. In a ten-acre lot, well away from the house, the boy is a picturesque and agreeable person; it is only when one must come into closer contact with him that his presence causes suffering and suggests a statue to King Herod. It is in cities that the boy makes himself felt most disagreeably, and we fancy that the fault is not altogether his. As the steam which bursts boilers would be a perfectly harmless vapor, but for the sharp restraint that is put upon it, so the effervescent boy becomes dangerous to social order only when he is confined, when an effort is made to compress him into smaller space than the law of his expansive being absolutely requires. We send him upon the war-path by encroaching upon his hunting-grounds; we drive him into hostility by treating him as a public enemy. In most of our dealings with him in cities our effort is to suppress him, and it is an unwise system. If his ball-playing in the streets becomes an annoyance, we simply forbid ball-playing in the streets, and it is an inevitable consequence that, deprived of his ball, he will throw stones at street lamps or at policemen. What else is he to do?

In Brooklyn, for example, whose streets are long and wide, there was thought to be room enough for boys, and the inspiring rumble of the velocipede was heard there until somebody objected, when straightway the policemen were directed to arrest all machines of that character, whether with two, three, or four wheels, found upon sidewalks. Now this order we hold was not only cruel, but it was unwise as well. Without a doubt the velocipedes were a source of serious annoyance in crowded thoroughfares, but they are not so in streets in which pedestrians are few, as they are in fully one-half of Brooklyn's thoroughfares. Velocipede riding might have been forbidden in the main thoroughfares, and permitted in less frequented ones, and the boy would have been content; to forbid it where it offends nobody—merely for the sake of preventing it where it does offend—is illogical and unjust, and, worse still, it is unwise. The boy cannot be banished or confined, and, lacking his velocipede, he will resort to something more annoying still. What it will be we do not pretend to guess, but for its capacity to annoy we may safely trust to the boy's ingenuity.

Speaking in all seriousness, it is not well to suppress the sports of boys from which they derive strength and health and manly vigor of body. We may and must regulate these things; but mere suppression is a crude and tyrannical

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method of dealing with them. In Boston, a city of notions, whose notions are sometimes surprisingly wise and good, care is taken to give the boy room. A sport which becomes annoying is not suppressed, but is given ample room in places where it will annoy least; and when, for example, certain streets are publicly set apart for coasting, as they are in Boston every winter, the police have no difficulty in preventing coasting elsewhere. The boy who may ride his sled or velocipede to his heart's content in one street, will not care to intrude upon another. We need to adopt a like system in our larger cities. The boys must have room in which to exercise and grow. If we do not give it to them in one place they will take it in another, to our sore inconvenience.

N. Y. EVENING POST.

THE LESSON.

[A beautiful answer was given by a little Scotch girl; when her class at school was examined, she replied to the question, "What is patience?"—"Wait a wee, and dinna weary."]

A VILLAGE school-room—this the scene—
Aglow with a slant sun cheery:
A dominie there, of youthful mien,
With the sun of his spirit sharp and keen,
And a class of girls in serried row,
Some taller, and some of stature low:
And some like the morning sun, afire
To reach the summit of brave desire;
And, as aye, some unco' dreary!

"I canna an' winna teach, and ye
Sae stupid the while I query—
Nae vision for ocht but vanity!"
With thundering rap the dominie
Out-blurted, chafed by a listless girl,
Whose only care seemed to smooth and twirl
Her apron streamers. "Will onie lass
Mak' answer in a' this glaikit class?"
The dominie sighed aweary.

"Oh, ay," said a little one, "I can tell."
"Weel, out wi't, then, my dearie"—
And the frown from the master's forehead fell,
For the sweetest girl in school was Nell—
"I wan't ye to show me the meaning plain
O' *patience*; sin' ow'r and ow'r again
I've put it this day!" Then the little maid
With a roguish twinkle, soberly said,
"Wait a wee' and dinna weary,"

MARY B. DODGE.

The Gambols of Children.

DOWN the dimpled green-sward dancing,
Bursts a flaxen-headed bevy
Bud-lipt boys and girls advancing,
Love's irregular little levy.

Rows of liquid eyes in laughter,
How they glimmer how they quiver!
Sparkling one another after,
Like bright ripples on a river.

Tipsy band of rubious faces,
Flushed with Joy's ethereal spirit.
Make your mocks and sly grimaces
At Love's self, and do not fear it.

GEORGE DARLEY

EDUCATION.

'TIS granted, and no plainer truth appears,
Our most important are our earliest years;
The mind, impressible and soft, with ease
Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees,
And through life's labyrinth holds fast the clue
That *education* gives her, false or true.

SEASON divine, the first-born of the year—
Past is thy father, Winter, to his rest;
Resplendent thou, in Nature's beauteous year,
Inheritest the land thou makest blest.
Now let sweet song the blissful tidings sing—
God once more smileth on the new-born Spring.

FK. AUGS. LEWIS.

HOW MAMMA PLAYS.

JUST the sweetest thing that the children do
Is to play with mamma, a-playing too;
And "Baby is lost," they think is the best,
For mamma plays that with a merry zest.

"My baby's lost!" up and down mamma goes,
A-peering about and following her nose,
Inside the papers, and under the books,
And all in between the covers she looks,
"Baby! Baby!" calling.
But though in her way is papa's tall hat,
She never once thinks to look under that.

She listens, she stops, she hears the wee laugh,
And around she flies, the faster by half,
"Why, where can he be?" and she opens the clock,
She tumbles her basket, she shakes papa's sock,
"Baby! Baby!" calling.
While the children all smile at papa's tall hat,
Though none of them go and look under that.

A sweet coo calls. Mamma darts everywhere,
She feels in her pockets to see if he's there,
In every vase on the mantel shelf,
She searches sharp for the little elf,
"Baby! Baby!" calling.
Another coo comes from papa's tall hat,
Yet none of them stir an inch toward that.

Somewhere he certainly must be, she knows,
So up to the China cupboard she goes;
The covers she lifts from the sugar-bowls,
The sweet, white lumps she rattles and rolls,
"Baby! Baby!" calling.
But though there's a stir near papa's tall hat,
They will not so much as look toward that.

She moves the dishes, but baby is not
In the cream-pitcher nor in the tea-pot;
And she wrings her hands and stamps on the floor.
She shakes the rugs, and she opens the door,
"Baby! Baby!" calling.
They stand with their backs to papa's tall hat,
Though the sweetest murmurs come from that.

The children join in the funny distress,
Till mamma, all sudden, with swift caress,
Makes a pounce right down on the old, tall black hat
And brings out the baby from under that,
"Baby! Baby!" calling.
And this is the end of the little play,
The children would like to try every day.

ELLA FARMAN.

AN APRIL DAY.

WHEN the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April! many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

WHAT ARE CHILDREN.

THE child is father of the man. Men are but children of a larger growth. How often do we meet this array of words! Yet how insensible we are to the profound philosophy they enwrap. Sublime and aston-

ishing truths! Uttered every day in our hearing, set before our eyes at every step of our journey through life, written over all the monuments of earth, upon the pages and banners of all History, upon the temples and the pyramids, the palaces and the sepulchres of departed Nations, upon all the doings of the Past and Present, as with unextinguishable fire, and sounding forever and ever in the unapproachable solitudes of the Future! Yet heard with indifference, read without emotion, and repeated from mouth to mouth, day after day and year after year, without a suspicion of their deep meaning, of their transcendent importance, of their imperishable beauty. And why? The language is too familiar, the apparent signification too simple and natural for the excited understandings of the multitude. There is no curtain to be lifted, no veil to be rent as with the hands of giants, no zone to be loosened, no mystery to be expounded afar off, as in the language of another world, nothing to be guessed at, or deciphered, nothing but what anybody might understand if he would, and, *therefore*, nothing to be remembered or cared for.

But, in simple truth, a more sublime interrogation could not be propounded than that which may appear to be answered by the language referred to, *What are children?* Step to the window with me. The street is full of them. Yonder a school is let loose; and here, just within reach of our observation, are two or three noisy little fellows; and there, another party mustering for play. Some are whispering together, and plotting so loudly and so earnestly, as to attract everybody's attention; while others are holding themselves aloof, with their satchels gaping so as to betray a part of their plans for to-morrow afternoon, or laying their heads together in pairs, for a trip to the islands. Look at them, weigh the question I have put to you, and then answer it, as it deserves to to be answered. *What are children?* To which you reply at once, without any sort of hesitation perhaps,—"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined"; or, "Men are but children of a larger growth"; or, peradventure, "The child is father of the man." And then, perhaps, you leave me, perfectly satisfied with yourself and with your answer, having "plucked out the heart of the mystery," and uttered, without knowing it, a string of glorious truths, —pearls of great price.

But instead of answering you as another might, instead of saying, *Very true*, what if I were to call you back to the window with words like these: Do you know what you have said? do you know the meaning of the language you have employed? or, in other words, *do you know your own meaning?* What would you think of me? That I was playing the philosopher, perhaps, that I wanted to puzzle you with a childish question, that I thought I was thinking, or at best that I was a little out of my senses. Yet, if you were a man of understanding, I should have paid you a high compliment; a searcher after truth, I should have done you a great favor; a statesman, a law-giver, a philanthropist, a patriot, or a father, I should have laid you under everlasting obligations, I should have opened a boundless treasury underneath your feet, I should have translated you instantly to a new world, carried you up into a high mountain, as it were, and set before you all the kingdoms of the earth, with all their revolutions and changes, all future history, the march of armies, the growth of conquerors, the waxing and the waning of empire, the changes of opinion, the apparition of thrones dashing against thrones, the overthrow of systems, and the revolution of ages.

Among the children who are now playing *together*,—like birds among the blossoms of earth, haunting all the green shadowy places thereof, and rejoicing in the bright air; happy and beautiful creatures, and as changeable as happy, with eyes brimful of joy, and with hearts playing upon their little faces like sunshine upon clear waters; among those who are now idling together on that slope, or hunting butterflies together on the edge of that wood, a wilderness of roses,—you would see not only the gifted and the powerful, the wise and the eloquent, the ambitious and the renowned, the long-lived and the long-to-be lamented of another age, but the wicked and the treacherous, the liar and the thief, the abandoned profligate and the faithless husband, the gambler and the drunkard, the robber, the burglar, the ravisher, the murderer, and the betrayer of his country. *The child is father of the man.*

Among them and that other little troop just appearing, children with yet happier faces and pleasanter eyes, the blossoms of the future—the mothers of nations—you would see the founders of states and the destroyers of their country, the steadfast and the weak, the judge and the criminal, the murderer and the executioner, the exalted and the lowly, the unfaithful wife and the broken-hearted husband, the proud betrayer and his pale victim, the living and breathing portents and prodigies, the embodied virtues and vices, of another age and of another world, *and all playing together!* Men are but children of a larger growth.

Pursuing the search you would go forth among the little creatures, as among the types of another and a loftier language, the mystery whereof has just been revealed to you,—a language to become universal hereafter, types in which the autobiography of the Future was written ages ago. Among the innocent and helpless creatures that are called *children*, you would see warriors, with their garments rolled in blood, the spectres of kings and princes, poets with golden harps and illuminated eyes, historians and painters, architects and sculptors, mechanics and merchants, preachers and lawyers; here a grave-digger flying his kite with his future customers, there a physician playing at marbles with his; here the predestined to an early and violent death for cowardice, fighting the battles of a whole neighborhood; there a Cromwell or a Cæsar, a Napoleon or a Washington, hiding themselves for fear, enduring reproach or insult with patience; a Benjamin Franklin higgling for nuts or gingerbread, or the "Old Parr" of another generation sitting apart in the sunshine, and shivering at every breath of wind that reaches him. Yet we are told that "just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

Hereafter is made up of the shreds and patches of Heretofore. If "Men are but children of a larger growth," then *what are children?* Men of a smaller growth. And this happens to be the truth, not only in the world of imagination, but in the world of realities; not only among poets, but among lawyers. At law, children are men,—little children murderers. A boy of nine, and others of ten and eleven, have been put to death in England, two for murder, and a third for "cunningly and maliciously firing" two barns. Of the little murderers, one killed his playmate and the other his bedfellow. And therefore, said the judges, they knew they had done wrong,—they could distinguish between good and evil; and therefore they ordered both to be strangled. And they were strangled accordingly. As if a child who is old enough to know

that he has done wrong, is therefore old enough to know that he deserves death! So with regard to children of the other sex. At law babies are women, women babies. The same law which classes our mothers and our wives, our sisters and our daughters, with infants, lunatics, idiots and "persons beyond sea," allows a child to be betrothed at seven, to be endowed of her husband's future estate at nine, and to agree or disagree to a previous marriage at twelve. And what is law in England is law here.

Such are children. Corrupted they are fountains of bitterness for ages. Would you plant for the skies? Plant in the live soil of the warm and generous and youthful; pour all your treasures into the hearts of children. Would you look into the future as with the spirit of prophecy, and read as with a telescope the history and character of our country, and of other countries? You have but to watch the eyes of children at play.

What children are, neighborhoods are, communities are, states, empires, worlds! They are the elements of Hereafter made visible.

Even fathers and mothers look upon children with a strange misapprehension of their dignity. Even with the poets they are only the flowers and blossoms, the dew-drops or the playthings of earth. Yet "of such is the kingdom of heaven." The Kingdom of Heaven! with all its principalities and powers, its hierarchies, dominations, thrones! The Saviour understood them better; to Him their true dignity was revealed. Flowers! They are the flowers of the invisible world,—indestructible, self-perpetuating flowers, with each a multitude of angels and evil spirits underneath its leaves, toiling and wrestling for dominion over it! Blossoms! They are the blossoms of another world, whose fruitage is angels and archangels. Or dew-drops? They are dew-drops that have their source, not in the chambers of the earth, nor among the vapors of the sky, which the next breath of wind, or the next flash of sunshine may dry up forever, but among the everlasting fountains and inexhaustible reservoirs of mercy and love. Playthings! God!—if the little creatures would but appear to us in their true shape for a moment! We should fall upon our faces before them, or grow pale with consternation, or fling them off with horror and loathing. What would be our feelings to see a fair child start up before us a maniac or a murderer, armed to the teeth? to find a nest of serpents on our pillow? a destroyer or a traitor, a Harry the Eighth, or a Benedict Arnold asleep in our bosom? A Catharine or a Peter, a Bacon, a Galileo, or a Benthan, a Napoleon or a Voltaire, clambering up our knees after sugar-plums? Cuvier laboring to distinguish a horse-fly from a blue-bottle, or dissecting a spider with a rusty nail? La Place trying to multiply his own apples, or to subtract his playfellows' gingerbread? What should we say to find ourselves romping with Messalina, Swedenborg, Madam de Stael? or playing bo-peep with Murat, Robespierre, and Charlotte Corday? or puss-puss in the corner with George Washington, Jonathan Wild, Shakespeare, Sappho, Jeremy Taylor, Mrs. Clark, Alfieri, and Harriet Wilson? Yet stranger things have happened. These were all children but the other day, and clambered about the knees, and rummaged in the pockets, and nestled in the laps of the people no better than we are. But if they had appeared in their true shape for a single moment, while playing together! What a scampering there would have been among the grown folks! How their fingers would

have tingled! Now to me there is no study half so delightful as that of these little creatures, with hearts fresh from the gardens of the sky, in their first and fairest and most unintentional disclosures, while they are indeed a mystery, a fragrant, luminous, and beautiful mystery. And I have an idea that if we only had a name for the study, it might be found as attractive and as popular, and perhaps,—though I would not go too far---*perhaps* about as advantageous in the long run to the future fathers and mothers of mankind, as the study of shrubs and flowers, or that of birds and fishes. And why not? They are the cryptogamia of another world,---the infusoria of the skies.

Then why not pursue the study for yourselves? The subjects are always before you. No books are needed, no costly drawings, no lectures, neither transparencies nor illustrations. Your specimens are all about you. They come and go at your bidding. They are not to be hunted for, along the edge of a precipice, on the borders of the wilderness, in the desert, nor by the sea-shore. They abound not in the uninhabited or unvisited place, but in your very dwelling-houses, about the steps of your doors, in every street of every village, in every green field, and every crowded thoroughfare. They flourish bravely in snow storms, in the dust of the trampled highway, where the drums are beating and colors flying---in the roar of cities. They love the sounding sea-breeze and the open air, and may always be found about the wharves, and rejoicing before the windows of toy-shops. They love the blaze of fireworks and the smell of gunpowder; and where that is, they are to a dead certainty.

You have but to go abroad for half an hour in pleasant weather, or to throw open your doors or windows on a Saturday afternoon, if you live anywhere in the neighborhood of a school-house, or a vacant lot, with here and there a patch of green, or a dry place in it, and steal behind the curtains, draw the blinds, and let the fresh wind blow through and through the chambers of your heart for a few minutes, winnowing the dust and scattering the cobwebs that have gathered there while you were asleep, and lo! you will find it ringing with the voices of children at play, and all alive with the glimmering phantasmagoria of leap-frog, prison-base, knock-up-and-catch.

JOHN NEAL.

A THOUGHT OVER A CRADLE.

I SADDEN when thou smilest to my smile,
Child of my love! I tremble to believe
That o'er the mirror of that eye of blue
The shadow of my heart will always pass;—
A heart that, from its struggle with the world,
Comes nightly to thy guarded cradle home,
And, careless of the staining dust it brings,
Asks for its idol! Strange, that flowers of earth
Are visited by every air that stirs,
And drink in sweetness only, while the child
That shuts within its breast a bloom for heaven
May take a blemish from the breath of love,
And bear the blight forever.

I have wept
With gladness at the gift of this fair child!
My life is bound up in her. But, oh God!
Thou know'st how heavily my heart at times
Bears its sweet burden; and if thou hast given
To nurture such as mine this spotless flower,
To bring it unpolluted unto Thee,
Take Thou its love, I pray Thee! Give it light—
Though, following the sun, it turn from me!—
But, by the chord thus wrung, and by the light
Shining about her, draw me to my child!
And link us close, oh God, when near to heaven!

N. P. WILLIS.

Ay, it is well;
Well with my lambs, and with their earthly guide,
There, pleasant rivers wander they beside,
Or strike sweet harps upon its silver tide—
Ay! it is well.

Through the dreary day,
They often come from glorious light to me;
I cannot feel their touch, their faces see,
Yet my soul whispers, they do come to me.
Heaven is not far away.

The Child and the Mourners.

A LITTLE child beneath a tree,
Sat and chanted cheerily
A little song, a pleasant song,
Which was—she sang it all day long—
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall:
But a good God reigns over all."
There pass'd a lady by the way,
Moaning in the face of day:
There were tears upon her cheek,
Grief in her heart too great to speak;
Her husband died but yester-morn,
And left her in the world forlorn.

She stopp'd and listen'd to the child
That look'd to heaven, and, singing, smiled;
And saw not, for her own despair,
Another lady, young and fair,
Who also passing, stopp'd to hear
The infant's anthem ringing clear.

For she but few sad days before
Had lost the little babe she bore;
And grief was heavy at her soul
As that sweet memory o'er her stole,
And show'd how bright had been the past,
The present drear and overcast.

And as they stood beneath the tree
Listening, soothed and placidly,
A youth came by, whose sunken eyes
Spake of a load of miseries;
And he, arrested like the twain,
Stopp'd to listen to the strain.

Death had bow'd the youthful head
Of his bride beloved, his bride unwed:
Her marriage robes were fitted on,
Her fair young face with blushes shone,
When the destroyer smote her low,
And changed the lover's bliss to woe.

And these three listen'd to the song,
Silver-toned, and sweet, and strong,
Which that child, the livelong day,
Chanted to itself in play:
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall;
But a good God reigns over all."

The widow's lips impulsive moved;
The mother's grief, though unreproved,
Soften'd, as her trembling tongue
Repeated what the infant sung;
And the sad lover, with a start,
Conn'd it over to his heart.

And though the child—if child it were,
And not a seraph sitting there—
Was seen no more, the sorrowing three
Went on their way resignedly,
The song still ringing in their ears—
Was it the music of the spheres?

Who shall tell? They did not know,
But in the midst of deepest woe
The strain recurr'd, when sorrow grew,
To warn them, and console them too:
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall;
But a good God reigns over all."

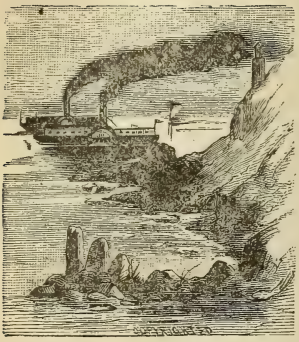
CHARLES MACKAY.

Devotion in Childhood.

IT is of the last importance to season the passions of a child with devotion, which seldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it. Though it may seem extinguished for a while by the cares of the world, the heats of youth, or the allurements of vice, it generally breaks out and discovers itself again as soon as discretion, consideration, age, or misfortunes have brought the man to himself. The fire may be covered and overlaid, but cannot be entirely quenched and smothered

JOSEPH ADDISON.

MY BABY.



UCH a little break
in the sod!
So tiny to be a
grave!
Oh! how can I ren-
der so soon to God
The beautiful gift
he gave!
Must I put you
away, my pet—
My tender bud
unblown—
With the dew of the morning upon you, yet,
And your blossom all unshown?

My heart is near to break,
For the voice I shall not hear,
For the clinging arms around my neck,
And the footsteps drawing near.
The tiny, tottering feet,
Striving for mother's knee,
For the lisping tones so sweet,
And the baby's kiss to me.

For the precious mother-name,
And the touch of the little hand,
O! am I so very much to blame
If I shrink from the sore demand?
How shall I know her voice,
Or the greeting of her eyes,
'Mid the countless cherubs that rejoice,
In the gardens of Paradise?

How shall I know my own,
Where the air is white with wings—
My babe, so soon from my bosom flown,
To the angels' ministerings?
And this is the end of it all!
Of my waiting and my pain—
Only a little funeral pall,
And empty arms again.

O, baby! my heart is sore
For the love that was to be,
For the untried dream of love, now o'er,
'Twixt thee, my child, and me.
Yet over this little head,
Lying so still on my knee,
I thank my God for the bliss of the dead,
For the joy of the soul set free.

'Tis a weary world at best,
This world that she will not know;
Would I waken her out of such perfect rest,
For its sorrow and strife? Ah, no!
Escaped are its thorns and harms;
The only path she hath trod
Is that which leads from the mother's arms
Into the arms of God. —*The Evangelist.*

DOMESTIC BLISS.

I am
"A married lady of thirty odd."
Every morning I see in their beds
A "baker's dozen" of curly heads;
Every morning my slumbers greet
The patter, patter, of twenty-six feet.
Thirteen little hearts are always in a flutter,
Till thirteen little mouths are filled with bread and butter.
Thirteen little tongues are busy all day long,
And thirteen little hands with doing something wrong.
Till I fain am to do
With an energy too,
As did the old woman who lived in a shoe.
And when my poor husband comes home from his work,
Tired and hungry, and fierce as a Turk,
What do you think is the picture he sees?
A legion of babies, all in a breeze.
Johnny a crying,
And Lucy a sighing,
And worn-out mamma, with her hair all a flying,
Strong and angry Stephen
Beating little Nelly;
Willie in the pantry
Eating currant jelly;
Charlie strutting round in papa's Sunday coat;
Harry at the glass, with a razor at his throat;
Robert gets his fingers crushed when Susy shuts the door,
Mitigates their aching with a forty pounder roar;
Baby at the coal-hod hurries to begin
Throwing in his mite to the universal din.
Alas! my lord and master, being rather weak of nerve, he
Begins to lose his patience in the stunning topsy-turvy,
And then the frightened little ones all fly to me for shelter,
And so the drama closes 'mid a general helter-skelter.
I'll give you my name,
Lest you think me a myth.
Yours, very respectfully,

MRS. JOHN SMITH.

DEATH OF A BABY

"WHO took him on the other side?" A pair of soft blue eyes, full of tenderness and tears, looked up into mine. "On the other side! What do you mean, my darling?" and I looked wondering at the child. "Baby, I mean. He was so small and weak, and had to go all alone. Who took him on the other side?" "Angels," I answered, as steadily as I could speak, for the child's question moved me deeply,—"loving angels, who took him up tenderly and laid his head softly on their bosoms, and sang to him sweeter songs than he had ever heard in this world." "But every one will be strange to him. I'm afraid he'll be grieved for mother and nurse and me." "No, dear. The Saviour, who was once a baby in this world, is there; and the angels who are nearest to him take all the little children who leave our side, and love and care for them just as if they were their own. When baby passed through to the other side, one of these angels held him by the hand all the way, and he was not in the least afraid; and when the light of heaven broke upon his eyes, and he saw the new beauty of the new world into which he had entered, his little heart was full of gladness." "You are sure of that?" The grief had almost faded out of the child's countenance. "Yes, dear, very sure. The Lord, who so tenderly loves little children, who took them in his arms and blessed them when he was on earth, who said that 'their angels do always behold the face of my Father,' is more careful of the babes who go to him than the tenderest mother could possibly be." "I am so glad!" said the child; "and it makes me feel so much better! Dear baby! I didn't know who would take him on the other side."—*Children's Hour.*

TO ARTHUR, ASLEEP.

STILLY, oh, very stilly, with clasp'd hands,
That *would* hush down the beating of my heart,
I stand and watch thy slumbers. Round thee now,
Like silver clouds flung on a summer sky,
The snowy curtains tremble, and betwixt
Their loopings—a baptismal scent of heaven—
Plashes the sunshine on thy face and hair.
O bud of one brief summer, by that smile,
Like light on opening roses, do I know
The angels are with thee,—that those blue eyes
Which break up to me in their sudden joy,
(As I have pray'd God's seraphs might some day,)
Still watch the radiance of those sapphire hills,
From which so late thou'st wandered.
One white hand,
Like an unfolding lily, is crush'd up
Amid the clustering curls, whose golden hues
Were caught among thy mother's.
Oh, most fair
And heaven-like picture that the world can throw
Along its changeful canvas,—*child asleep!*
Through my dim tears, I stand to-day and watch
Mournful above thy rest; I who have walk'd
Out from the gates of childhood, and who wear
The "burden and the weariness of life"
On heart and forehead.
What of joy or good
(Stringing along this hush the future's pearls)
Shall shape my prayer for thee, that life may lay
Her gold, her myrrh, and incense at thy feet,—
Her jewels round thy brow?
Not these—not these—
Be my heart's asking. May our Father lead
Thy young feet tenderly across the hills
To the "far country," and it shall be well,—
Well with thee, sweetest, even if thy life
Take but the key-note here, and sing the song
Upon the purple mountains! So sleep on,
Thy smile the loving chorus of my prayer:—
"*In life or death may God be with the child!*"

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Dewdrops Reset.

A DELICATE child, pale and prematurely wise, was complaining, on a hot morning, that the dew-drops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers, like other happier dew-drops that live the whole night through, and sparkle in the moonlight, and through the morning, onwards to noonday. "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat, or swallowed them in his wrath." Soon after came rain and a rainbow; whereupon his father pointed upwards. "See!" said he, "there stands thy dew-drops, gloriously reset, a glittering jewelry in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers on earth blooms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words; for, soon after, the delicate child with the morning brightness of his earthly wisdom, was exhaled, like a dew-drop, into heaven.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

IS THERE ROOM IN ANGEL LAND?

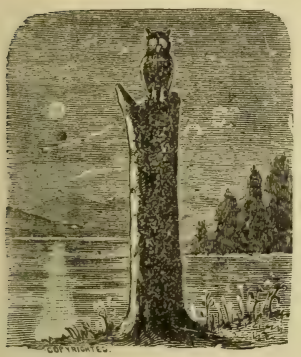
These lines were written after hearing the following touching incident related by a minister: A mother, who was preparing some flour to bake into bread, left it for a moment, when little Mary, with childish curiosity to see what it was, took hold of the dish, when it fell to the floor, spilling the contents. The mother struck the child a severe blow, saying, with anger, that she was always in the way. Two weeks after, little Mary sickened and died. On her death-bed, while delirious, she asked her mother if there would be room for her among the angels. "I was always in your way, mother; you had no room for little Mary! And will I be in the angels' way? Will they have room for me?" The broken-hearted mother then felt no sacrifice would be too great, could she have saved her child.

Is there room among the angels
For the spirit of your child?
Will they take your little Mary
In their loving arms so mild?
Will they ever love me fondly,
As my story-books have said?
Will they find a home for Mary—
Mary, numbered with the dead?
Tell me truly, darling mother!
Is there room for such as me?
Will I gain the home of spirits,
And the shining angels see?

I have sorely tried you, mother,
Been to you a constant care,
And you will not miss me, mother,
When I dwell among the fair;
For you have no room for Mary;
She was ever in your way;
And she fears the good will shun her!
Will they, darling mother, say?
Tell me—tell me truly—mother,
Ere life's closing hour doth come,
Do you think that they will keep me,
In the shining angels' home?

I was not so wayward, mother,
Not so very—very bad,
But that tender love would nourish,
And make Mary's heart so glad!
Oh! I yearned for pure affection,
In this world of bitter woe;
And I yearn for bliss immortal,
In the land where I must go!
Tell me once again, dear mother,
Ere you take the parting kiss,
Will the angels bid me welcome,
To that land of perfect bliss?

"DOT'S" BABY.



"I WISH you wouldn't call me Dot, John. I don't like it," said Mrs. Peerybingle, pouting in a way that clearly showed she *did* like it, very much.

"Why, what else are you," returned John, looking down upon her with a smile, and giving her waist as light a squeeze as his huge hand and arm could give. "A dot and—" here he glanced at the baby, "a dot and carry—I won't say it, for fear I should spoil it; but I was very near a joke. I don't know as ever I was nearer."

He was often near to something or other very clever, by his own account; this lumbering, slow, honest John; this John so heavy, but so light of spirit; so rough upon the surface, but so gentle at the core; so dull without, so quick within; so stolid, but so good! Oh, Mother Nature, give thy children the true poetry of heart that hid itself in this poor Carrier's breast—he was but a Carrier, by the way—and we can bear to have them talking prose, and leading lives of prose; and bear to bless thee for their company.

It was pleasant to see Dot, with her little figure, and her baby in her arms—a very doll of a baby—glancing with a coquettish thoughtfulness at the fire, and inclining her delicate little head just enough on one side to let it rest in an odd, half-natural, half-affected, wholly nestling and agreeable manner, on the great rugged figure of the Carrier. It was pleasant to see him, with his tender awkwardness, endeavoring to adapt his rude support to her slight need, and make his burly middle-age a leaning-staff not inappropriate to her blooming youth. It was pleasant to observe how Tilly Slowboy, waiting in the back-ground for the baby, took special cognizance (though in her earliest teens) of this grouping; and stood with her mouth and eyes wide open, and her head thrust forward, taking it in as if it were air. Nor was it less agreeable to observe how John the Carrier, reference being made by Dot to the aforesaid baby, checked his hand when on the point of touching the infant, as if he thought he might crush it; and bending down, surveyed it from a safe distance with a kind of puzzled pride, such as an amiable mastiff might be supposed to show, if he found himself, one day, the father of a young canary.

CHARLES DICKENS.

ILLUSIONS.

WHEN the boys come into my yard for leave to gather horse-chestnuts, I own I enter into Nature's game, and affect to grant the permission reluctantly, feeling that any moment they will find out the imposture of that showy chaff. But this tenderness is quite unnecessary; the enchantments are laid on very thick. Their young life is thatched with them. Bare and grim to tears is the lot of the children in the hovel I saw yesterday; yet not the less they hang it round with frippery romance, like the children of the happiest fortune.

R. W. EMERSON.

ADVANTAGE OF CHILDREN.

WHAT would an engine be to a ship if it were lying loose in the hull? It must be fastened to it with bolts and screws before it can propel the vessel. Now a childless man is like a loose engine. A man must be bolted and screwed to the community before he can work well for its advancement; and there are no such screws and bolts as children.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

BEHOLD a seraph soaring
From out our weary world;
In robes of white,
One starlit night,
With spirit-wings unfurled,
He took his flight
To the gates of light,
To make his dwelling there,
Seraphic songs outpouring
Upon the silent air.

Oh, how he loved thee, mother,
Thy bosom was his bed;
'Twas sweet to rest
On thy soft breast
The little weary head;
To feel thee press
With fond caress
The bright and radiant brow,
But the blessed "Elder Brother"
Will cherish "baby" now.

Life lay, untrod, before him,
The future all unknown;
How might the years
Have flowed with tears,
Till laughter changed to moan!
How might the strife
Of human life
Have brought his soul to harm!
But now a shield is o'er him—
The Everlasting Arm!

The paths of bliss unbounded
His feet already tread—
The heavenly fields
Whose harvest yields
The true and living bread.
On fruitful hills
By placid rills
The lambs of Jesus feed;
By heaven's wealth surrounded,
What can he ever need?

Dear weeping father, mother,
How could he longer wait
When Jesus calls?
From jasper walls
Swung wide the golden gate.
But he will stand
At God's right hand,
To wait and watch for you;
And there will be another
To bid you "welcome" too.

And so he left you, winging
His upward flight afar,
Till, through the night,
There shone the light
Of one more radiant star!
Through countless years
No bitter tears
Shall dim those lustrous eyes;
No sighs shall mar the singing
Beneath those cloudless skies!

THE POOR MAN'S RICHES.

I remember a great man coming into my house at Waltham, and, seeing all my children standing in the order of their age and stature, he said, "These are they that make rich men poor." But he straight received this answer, "Nay, my lord, these are they that make a poor man rich; for there is not one of these whom we would part with for all your wealth."

BISHOP HALL.

EARLY SPRING.

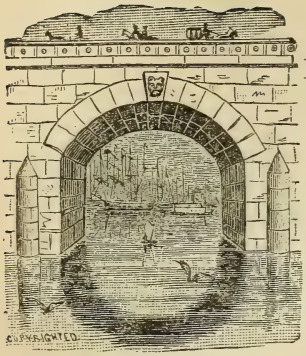
FROM the sod no crocus peeps,
And the snow-drop scarce is seen,
And the daffodil yet sleeps
In its shelt'ring sheath of green;
Yet the naked groves among
Is an homeless music heard,
And a welcoming is sung,
Till the leafless boughs are stirred
With a spirit and a life
Which is floating all around;
And the covert glades are rife
With the new awakened sound
Of the birds, whose voices pour
In an interrupted strain,
As they scarcely were secure
That the Spring was come again.
Soon the seasonable flowers
Will a glad assurance bring,
To their fresh and leafy bowers
Of the presence of the Spring;
And these snatches of delight
Are the prelude of a song
That will daily gather might,
And endure the Summer long.

R. C. Trench

WELCOME, pale Primrose! starting up between
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak that strew
The every lawn, the wood, and spinney through,
'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green;
How much thy presence beautifies the ground!
How sweet thy modest unaffected pride
Glows on the sunny bank and wood's warm side!
And where thy fairy flowers in groups are found,
The schoolboy roams enchantedly along,
Plucking the fairest with a rude delight:
While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,
To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight;
O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring
The welcome news of sweet returning Spring.

John Clare

A CHILD.



H, thou bright thing, fresh from the hand of God;
The motions of thy dancing limbs are swayed
By the unceasing music of thy being!
Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee.
'Tis ages since He made His youngest star,
His hand was on thee as 'twere yesterday,
Thou later revelation! Silver stream,
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine
Whence all things flow. O bright and singing babe,
What wilt thou be hereafter?

ALEXANDER SMITH

CHRIST AND THE LITTLE ONES.

"THE Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah, the mother, one day,
"He is healing the people who throng him
With a touch of his finger, they say.

"And now I shall carry the children—
Little Rachel, and Samuel, and John,
I shall carry the baby, Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly,
But he shook his head and smiled;
"Now, who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild?

"If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever, 'twere well,
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel."

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan—
I feel such a burden of care;
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there.

"If he lay his hand on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know,
For a blessing forever and ever
Will follow them as they go."

So over the hills to Judah,
Along by the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between,

'Mong the people who hung on his teaching,
Or waited his touch and his word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees listening,
She pressed to the foot of the Lord.

"Now, why shouldst thou hinder the Master,'
Said Peter, "with children like these?
Seest not how, from morning till evening,
He teacheth, and healeth disease?"

Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children—
Permit them to come unto me."
And he took in his arms little Esther,
And Rachel he set on his knee;

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
And he laid his hands on the brothers,
And blest them with tenderest love;

As he said of the babes in his bosom,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven;"
And strength for all duty and trial
That hour to her spirit was given.

JULIA GILL.

THE THREE SONS.

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness and mind of gentle mould.
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his childish years.
I cannot say how this may be; I know his face is fair—
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air;
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
But loveth yet his mother more with grateful fervency.
But that which others most admire is the thought that fills his mind—
The food for grave, inquiring speech he everywhere doth find.
Strange questions doth he ask of me when we together walk;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk;
Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplext
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next.
He kneels at his dear mother's knee; she teacheth him to pray;
And strange and sweet and solemn then are the words which he will say.
Oh, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years, like me,
A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be;
And when I look into his eyes and stroke his thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,
How silver sweet those tones of his when he prattles on my knee;
I do not think his light-blue eye is, like his brother's, keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath ever been;
But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and tender feeling,
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folk, who pass us in the street,
Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild and sweet.
A playfellow is he to all; and yet, with cheerful tone,
Will sing his little song of love when left to sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home and hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.
Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove
As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for earthly love;
And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes must dim,
God comfort us for all the love that we shall lose in him.

I have a son, a third sweet son, his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months where he is gone to dwell.
To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given,
And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven.
I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel,
Are number'd with the sacred things which God will not reveal.
But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be—on their Saviour's loving breast.

I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh,
But his sleep is bless'd with endless dreams of joy for ever fresh.
I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of heaven's divinest things.
I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother dear and I)
Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss can never cease:
Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is certain peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever;
But, if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours for ever.
When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be—
When we muse on that world's perfect bliss and this world's misery—
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain—
Oh, we'd rather lose our other two than have him here again! JOHN MOULTRIE.

BABY.

N tip-toe I entered the bed-room of baby;
And trembling I parted the gossamer curtains
Where baby lay, fair as a fresh morning glory.
Like petals of purest and pinkest petunias.
Four delicate fingers crept out of their nestling,
Transparent and chubby, they rest on the crib's edge,
And draping the fingers, a fringe of crochet-work,
As flossy and light as a net-web of snow lace,
Lay, kissing them daintily—ever so daintily!
Nails soft and *so* tiny, and tinted like pink-buds,
Looked up to me temptingly—"ever so cunning;"
And asked me to kiss them, and oh! how I longed to,
But dare not, for baby was smiling so sweetly
I knew he beheld then an angel-face near him.

Loose ringed, on his temples of pure alabaster,
Lay curls of the softest and lightest of texture,
As sketched by a crayon of delicate gold-tint;
Such curls as the gods gave to Cupid and Psyche!
Those kissable curls, with their live, springing tendrils,
Came up to my lips, and went down to my heart-strings.

Those eyelids so filmy, translucent as amber,
Were colored and toned by the blue eyes beneath them,
To softest of purple. O marvellous eyelids!
Ah! what is this clinging so close to my heart-string,
'Tis fear—*that* I know by the thrill in my bosom?
'Tis born of these ringlets and fingers and eyelids:
Born of this beauty too precious for mortals;
It tells me I look on the face of an angel
That lies there deceiving my soul by concealing
Its pinions beneath the blue waves of the velvet.

I'll wake him! the darling! with kisses I'll wake him.
There! there! I have reddened the white brow of baby,
Between those two limnings of delicate lace work—
The rarest of eyebrows; his laugh reassures me!
I'll crush him down hard, wings and all, on my bosom. KNICKERBOCKER.

"LITTLE CHILDREN."

KEEP a guard on your words, my darlings,
For words are wonderful things,
They are sweet, like the bees' fresh honey,
Like the bees, they have terrible stings.
They can bless, like the warm, glad sunshine,
And brighten a lonely life,
They can cut, in the strife of anger,
Like an open, two-edged knife.

Let them pass through your lips unchallenged,
If their errand is true and kind;
If they come to support the weary,
To comfort and help the blind.
If a bitter, revengeful spirit
Prompts the words, let them be unsaid;
They may flash through a brain like lightning,
Or fall on a heart like lead.

Keep them back if they're cold and cruel,
Under bar, and lock, and seal;
The wounds they make, my darlings,
Are always slow to heal.
May peace guard your lives, and ever,
From this time of your early youth,
May the words that you daily utter
Be the beautiful words of truth.

BOY RELIGION.

IS any weak soul frightened that I should write of the Religion of the boy? How, indeed, could I cover the field of his moral or intellectual growth, if I left unnoticed those dream of futurity and of goodness, which come sometimes to his quieter moments, and oftener to his hours of vexation and trouble? It would be as wise to describe the season of Spring with no note of the silent influences of that burning Day-god which is melting day by day the shattered ice-drifts of Winter—which is filling every bud with succulence, and painting one flower with crimson, and another with white.

I know there is a feeling—by much too general, as it seems to me—that the subject may not be approached except through the dicta of certain ecclesiastical bodies, and that the language which touches it must not be that every-day language which mirrors the vitality of our thought, but should have some twist of that theologic mannerism, which is as cold to the boy as to the busy man of the world.

I know very well that a great many good souls will call levity what I call honesty, and will abjure that familiar handling of the boy's lien upon Eternity which my story will show. But I shall feel sure, that, in keeping true to Nature with word and with thought, I shall in no way offend against those highest truths to which all truthfulness is kindred.

You have Christian teachers, who speak always reverently of the Bible; you grow up in the hearing of daily prayers; nay, you are perhaps taught to say them.

Sometimes they have a meaning, and sometimes they have none. They have a meaning when your heart is troubled, when a grief or a wrong weighs upon you: then the keeping of the Father, which you implore, seems to come from the bottom of your soul; and your eye suffuses with such tears of feeling as you count holy, and as you love to cherish in your memory.

But they have no meaning when some trifling vexation angers you, and a distaste for all about you breeds a distaste for all above you. In the long hours of toilsome days little thought comes over you of the morning prayer; and only when evening deepens its shadows, and your boyish vexations fatigue you to thoughtfulness, do you dream of that coming and endless night, to which—they tell you—prayer softens the way.

Sometimes upon a Summer Sunday, when you are wakeful upon your seat in church, with some strong worded preacher who says things that half fright you, it occurs to you to consider how much goodness you are made of; and whether there be enough of it after all to carry you safely away from the clutch of Evil? And straightway you reckon up those friendships where your heart lies; you know you are a true and honest friend to Frank; and you love your mother, and your father, as for Nelly, Heaven knows, you could not contrive a way to love her better than you do.

You dare not take much credit to yourself for the love of little Madge—partly because you have sometimes caught yourself trying—not to love her; and partly because

the black-eyed Jenny comes in the way. Yet you can find no command in the Catechism to love one girl to the exclusion of all other girls. It is somewhat doubtful if you ever do find it. But as for loving some half-dozen you could name, whose images drift through your thought, in dirty, salmon-colored frocks, and slovenly shoes, it is quite impossible; and suddenly this thought, coupled with a lingering remembrance of the pea-green pantaloons, utterly breaks down your hopes.

Yet you muse again,—there are plenty of good people, as the times go, who have their dislikes, and who speak them too. Even the sharp-talking clergyman you have heard say some very sour things about his landlord, who raised his rent the last year. And you know that he did not talk as mildly as he does in the church, when he found Frank and yourself quietly filching a few of his peaches through the orchard fence.

But your clergyman will say perhaps, with what seems to you quite unnecessary coldness, that goodness is not to be reckoned in your chances of safety; that there is a Higher Goodness, whose merit is All-Sufficient. This puzzles you sadly; nor will you escape the puzzle, until, in the presence of the Home altar, which seems to guard you, as the Lares guarded Roman children, you *feel*—you cannot tell how—that good actions must spring from good sources; and that those sources must lie in that Heaven toward which your boyish spirit yearns, as you kneel at your mother's side.

Conscience too is all the while approving you for deeds well done; and—wicked as you fear the preacher might judge it—you cannot but found on those deeds a hope that your prayer at night flows more easily, more freely, and more holily toward "Our Father in Heaven." Nor indeed later in life—whatever may be the ill-advised expressions of human teachers—will you ever find that *Duty performed,* and *generous endeavor* will stand one whit in the way either of Faith or of Love. Striving to be good is a very direct road toward Goodness, and if life be so tempered by high motive as to make actions always good, Faith is unconsciously won.

Another notion that disturbs you very much, is your positive dislike of long sermons, and of such singing as they have when the organist is away. You cannot get the force of that verse of Dr. Watts which likens heaven to a never-ending Sabbath; you *do* hope—though it seems a half wicked hope—that old Dr. —— will not be the preacher. You think that your heart in its best moments craves for something more lovable. You suggest this perhaps to some Sunday teacher, who only shakes his head sourly, and tells you it is a thought that the Devil is putting in your brain. It strikes you oddly that the Devil should be using a verse of Dr. Watts to puzzle you! But if it be so, he keeps it sticking by your thought very pertinaciously, until some simple utterance of your mother about the Love that reigns in the other world seems on a sudden to widen Heaven, and to waft away your doubts like a cloud.

It excites your wonder not a little to find people, who talk gravely and heartily of the excellence of sermons and of church-going, sometimes fall asleep under it all. And you wonder—if they really like preaching so well—why they do not buy some of the minister's old manuscripts, and read them over on week-days, or invite the clergyman to preach to them in a quiet way in private.

—— Ah, Clarence, you do not yet know the poor weakness of even maturest manhood, and the feeble gropings of the soul toward a soul's paradise in the best of the

RETURNING HOME.

world! You do not yet know either, that ignorance and fear will be thrusting their untruth and false show into the very essentials of Religion.

Again you wonder, if the clergymen are all such very good men as you are taught to believe, why it is that every little while people will be trying to send them off, and very anxious to prove that, instead of being so good, they are in fact very stupid and bad men. At that day you have no clear conceptions of the distinction between stupidity and vice, and think that a good man must necessarily say very eloquent things. You will find yourself sadly mistaken on this point, before you get on very far in life.

Heaven, when your mother peoples it with friends gone, and little Charlie, and that better Friend who, she says, took Charlie in his arms, and is now his Father above the skies, seems a place to be loved and longed for. But to think that Mr. Such-an-one, who is only good on Sundays, will be there too,—and to think of his talking as he does of a place which you are sure he would spoil if he were there,—puzzles you again; and you relapse into wonder, doubt, and yearning.

—— And there, Clarence, for the present, I shall leave you. A wide, rich heaven hangs above you, but it hangs very high. A wide, rough world is around you, and it lies very low!

I am assuming in these sketches no office of a teacher. I am seeking only to make a truthful analysis of the boyish thought and feeling. But having ventured thus far into what may seem sacred ground, I shall venture still farther, and clinch my matter with a moral.

There is very much religious teaching, even in so good a country as New England, which is far too harsh, too dry, too cold for the heart of a boy. Long sermons, doctrinal precepts, and such tediously-worded dogmas as were uttered by those honest but hard-spoken men, the Westminster Divines, fatigue, and puzzle, and dispirit him.

They may be well enough for those souls which strengthen by task-work, or for those mature people whose iron habit of self-denial has made patience a cardinal virtue; but they fall (*experto crede*) upon the unfledged faculties of the boy like a winter's rain upon spring flowers,—like hammers of iron upon lithe timber. They may make deep impression upon his moral nature, but there is great danger of a sad rebound.

Is it absurd to suppose that some adaptation is desirable? And might not the teachings of that Religion, which is the ægis of our moral being, be inwrought with some of those finer harmonies of speech and form which were given to wise ends,—and lure the boyish soul by something akin to that gentleness which belonged to the Nazarene Teacher, and which provided not only meat for men, "but milk for babes"?

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

THE DEAD BOY.

HE crossed the sill; she pointed to the bed;
There lay her boy, his innocent curly head
Nestled upon the pillow, and his face
Lit with the solemn and unearthly grace
That crowns but once the children of our race;
God gives it when he takes them—he was dead!
A broken toy, a bunch of withered flowers,
In his thin hands were clasped, his breast above
The last frail ties that to this world of ours
Had linked the sufferers—save a mother's love.

WM. ALLEN BUTLER.

The Baby I Love.

THIS is the baby I love
The baby that can not talk;
The baby that can not walk
The baby that just begins to creep;
The baby that's cuddled and rock'd to sleep;
Oh, this is the baby I love!

This is the baby I love!
The baby that's never cross;
The baby that papa can toss;
The baby that crows when held aloft;
The baby that's rosy and round and soft;
Oh, this is the baby I love!

This is the baby I love!
The baby that laughs when I peep
To see is it still asleep;
The baby that coos and frowns and blinks
When left alone—as it sometimes *thinks;*
Oh, this is the baby I love!

This is the baby I love!
The baby that lies on my knee,
And dimples and smiles on me
While I strip it and bathe it and kiss it—Oh!
Till with bathing and kissing 'tis all aglow;
Yes, this is the baby I love!

This is the baby I love!
The baby all freshly dressed;
That, waking, is never at rest;
That plucks at my collar and pulls my hair
Till I look like a witch—but I do not care;
Oh, this is the baby I love!

This is the baby I love!
The baby that understands
And dances with feet and hands,
And a sweet, little, whinnying, eager cry,
For the nice warm breakfast that waits it close by;
Oh, this is the baby I love!

This is the baby I love!
The baby that tries to talk;
The baby that longs to walk;
And oh, its mamma will wake some day
To find that her baby has—*run away!*
My baby!—the baby I love!

HARRIET M. KIMBALL.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A superstition of great beauty prevails in Ireland, that, when a child smiles in its sleep, it is "talking with angels."

A baby was sleeping;
It's mother was weeping;
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling;
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh, come back to me!"

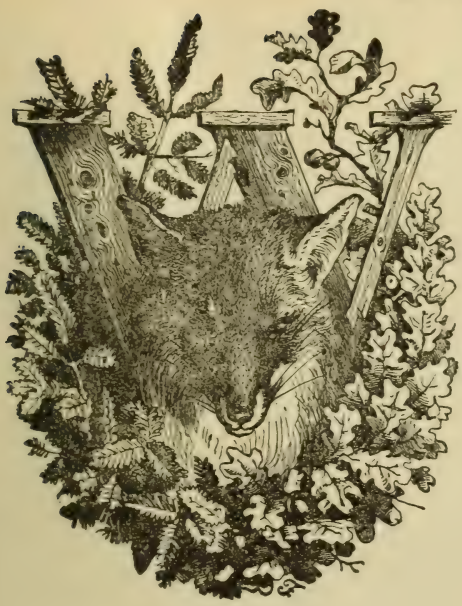
Her beads while she number'd,
The baby still slumber'd,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee:
"Oh, blest be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee!

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly my baby with me!
And say thou wouldst rather
They'd watch o'er thy father!
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,
And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering to thee."

SAMUEL LOVER.

BABY.



WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

BABY'S TOES.

OH, the tiny, curled-up treasure,
Just as cute as cute can be!
Come and help me count them, Madgie,
While the baby bends to see;

Peeps demurely over dainty
Skirts, drawn up to dimpled knees.
Hey, my lady Lily! whose two
Roly-poly feet are these?

See the darling's round-eyed wonder—
Does she really know they're hers?
Now she reaches down to feel them,
While new triumph in her stirs.

Crow your fill, my little lady!
Those are your own cunning toes,
Round, and soft, and fat, and funny,
And—how many? Madgie knows!

Call them lily-buds to please her?
Madgie says they are too pink,
Say ten roses and two posies!
Rather rose-buds, don't you think?

Come, wee toes, lie still; be covered;
You've cut capers quite enough:
If you don't, we'll kiss and put you
Each one in a paper puff.

———o———

Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

JESUS CHRIST.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

THE bonnie, bonnie bairn, who sits poking in the ash
Glowering in the fire with his wee round face;
Laughing at the fuffin' lowe, what sees he there?
Ha! the young dreamer's bigging castles in the air.
His wee chubby face and his touzie curly pow,
Are laughing and nodding to the dancing lowe;
He'll brown his rosy cheeks, and singe his sunny hair,
Glowering at the imps wi' their castles in the air.

He sees muckle castles towering to the moon!
He sees little sogers pu'ing them a' doun!
Worlds whombling up and down, bleezing wi' a flare,
See how he loups! as they glimmer in the air.
For a' sae sage he looks, what can the laddie ken?
He's thinking upon naething, like mony mighty men,
A wee thing maks us think, a sma' thing maks us stare,
There are mair folk than him bigging castles in the air.

Sic a night in winter may weel mak him cauld:
His chin upon his buffy hand will soon mak him auld;
His brow is brent sae braid, oh, pray that daddy Care
Would let the wean alane wi' his castles in the air.
He'll glower at the fire! and he'll keek at the light!
But mony sparkling stars are swallow'd up by night;
Aulder een than his are glamour'd by a glare,
Hearts are broken, heads are turn'd, wi' castles in the air.

JAMES BALLANTYNE.

MUTTERING, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdued,
The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.
Spotted, the mountains shine; loose sleet descends,
And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;
And where they rush, the wide resounding plain
Is left one slimy waste.

THOMSON

Our First-Born.

O HAPPY husband! happy wife!
The rarest blessing Heaven drops down,
The sweetest blossom in Spring's crown,
Starts in the furrows of your life!

God! what a towering height ye win,
Who cry, "Lo, my beloved child!"
And, life on life sublimely piled,
Ye touch the heavens and peep within!

Look how a star of glory swims
Down aching silences of space,
Flushing the darkness till its face
With beating heart of light o'erbrims!

So brightening came Babe Christabel,
To touch the earth with fresh romance,
And light a mother's countenance
With looking on her miracle.

With hands so flower-like, soft, and fair,
She caught at life, with words as sweet
As first spring violets, and feet
As faery-light as feet of air.

The father, down in Toil's murk mine,
Turns to his wealthy world above,
Its radiance, and its home of love;
And lights his life like sun-struck wine.

The mother moves with queenlier tread;
Proud swell the globes of ripe delight
Above her heart, so warm and white,
A pillow for the baby-head!

Their natures deepen, well-like, clear,
Till God's eternal stars are seen,
For ever shining and serene,
By eyes anointed Beauty's seer.

A sense of glory all things took,—
The red rose-heart of Dawn would blow,
And Sundown's sumptuous pictures show
Babe-cherubs wearing their babe's look!

And round their peerless one they clung,
Like bees about a flower's wine-cup;
New thoughts and feelings blossom'd up,
And hearts for very fulness sung

Of what their budding babe shall grow,
When the maid crimsons into wife,
And crowns the summit of some life,
Like Phosphor, with morn on its brow!

And they should bless her for a bride,
Who, like a splendid saint alit
In some heart's seventh heaven, should sit,
As now in theirs, all glorified!

But O! 'twas all too white a brow
To flush with passion that doth fire
With Hymen's torch its own death-pyre,—
So pure her heart was beating now!

And thus they built their castles brave
In faery lands of gorgeous cloud;
They never saw a little white shroud,
Nor guess'd how flowers may mask the grave.

GERALD MASSEY.

DREAM, MY BABY.

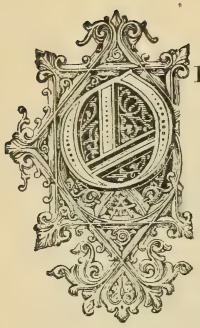
MOTHER'S baby, rock and rest,
Little birds are fast asleep.
Close beneath her mother-breast,
Safe the bird her brood will keep.
Oh! my nestling, mother sings,
Close within the mother-arms,
Fold thy little, unfledged wings,
Safe from any rude alarms.
Sweet, my baby, on my breast,
Dream your happy dreams and rest.
Rest, oh! rest.

Ah! my baby, from the nest
Little birds will some day fly
To the east and to the west,
Wild their pretty wings to try.
But, fly they fast, my bird, or far,
Never can they find the spot,
Under sun or any star,
Where the mother-love is not.
Sweet, my baby, on my breast
Dream your happy dreams and rest.
Rest, oh! rest.

Oh! my baby, mother prays,
As she clasps you closer still,
All sweet things for coming days,
And not any earthly ill.
Always, child, remember this;
Mother's heart is warm and true,
And she tells you, with a kiss,
There'll be always room for you.
Sweet, my baby, on my breast,
Dream your happy dreams and rest.
Rest, oh! rest.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

Little Mary's Secret.



H larks sing out to the thrushes,
And thrushes sing to the sky;
Sing from your nest in the bushes,
And sing wherever you fly;
For I'm sure that never another
Such secret was told unto you—
I've just got a baby brother!
And I wish that the whole world knew.

I have told the buttercups, truly,
And the clover that grows by the way;
And it pleases me each time, newly,
When I think of it during the day.
And I said to myself: "Little Mary,
You ought to be good as you can,
For the sake of the beautiful fairy
That brought you the wee little man."

I'm five years old in the summer,
And I'm getting quite large and tall;
But I thought till I saw the new-comer,
When I looked in the glass, I was small.
And I rise in the morning quite early,
To be sure that the baby is here,
For his hair is so soft and curly,
And his hands so tiny and dear!

I stop in the midst of my pleasure—
I'm so happy I can not play—
And keep peeping in at my treasure,
To see how much he gains in a day.
But he doesn't look much like growing,
Yet I think that he will in a year,
And I wish that the days would be going,
And the time when he walks would be here!

Oh, larks! sing out to the thrushes,
And thrushes, sing as you soar;
For I think, when another spring blushes,
I can tell you a great deal more:
I shall look from one to the other,
And say: "Guess who I'm bringing to you?"
And you'll look—and see—he's my brother!
And you'll sing, "Little Mary was true."

Mrs. L. C. Whiton

MOTHER GOOSE.

"TELL me a story, mamma,
One that is not very long,
I am getting so tired and sleepy,
Or sing me a little song—
Something about the boy in blue
That watched the cows and sheep,
Who ought to get up and blow the horn,
But he lies in the hay asleep."

And I answered with quick impatience,
While he hung his sleepy head,
"No, not a story or song to-night,
Bertie must go to bed."
But after the room was silent,
And the weary boy asleep,
And never a sound came on my ears
Save the lonely cricket's peep.

The voice with the tone of pleading
Kept coming again and again,
"Tell me a story or sing me a song,"
Till I could not bear the pain;
So I went with stealthy footstep
To see how my darling slept;
Weak and foolish though it may seem,
I knelt by the bed and wept,

To think that I had refused him
The song that he loved so well,
And refused the simple story
That none but a mother could tell,
And I said, "Sleep on, sweet dreamer;
Fear not the cows and the sheep;
Dream that you lie in the meadow,
Under the hay asleep.
All too soon you will waken.
To watch o'er the field of corn;
All too soon will the sheep get in,
Though you bravely blow your horn."

Mrs. D. M. Jordan.

THE "SWEETEST SPOT."

THE sweetest spot in the house to me
Is the spot which holds my treasure wee.
What is my treasure? Come and see—
Only a blue-eyed baby.
Only a bundle of dimples and love
Dropped in my arms from somewhere above;
A white-winged, cooing, and nestling dove,
Or—a bundle of mischief, maybe.

Now creeping here, now creeping there,
Calling me hither and everywhere;
Playing with sunbeams on the floor,
Cooing-"a-gooing" over and o'er;
Climbing up and clambering down,
Bumping and bruising his tiny crown;
Sticking his toes through the dainty socks,
Soiling and tearing his dainty frocks;
Falling and crying and catching his breath,
Till mamma is frightened almost to death;
Laughing and shouting in frolic and play,
Having a world of his nonsense to say;
Showing the dimples in cheek and in chin,
Where frolic and mischief peep out and in;
Asking for kisses and *getting* them, too,
On cheek and on chin and on eyes so blue;
Ready for play when the sunbeams rise,
Ready for sleep with the twilight skies;
And the sweetest spot in the house, you see,
Is the spot which holds my treasure wee—
My blue-eyed baby, my bundle of love,
My white-winged, cooing, and nestling dove;
And long may he find his haven of rest
In his mother's arms, his mother's breast.

MARY D. BRINE.

THIS BABY OF OURS.

THERE is not a blossom of beautiful May,
Silver of daisy or daffodil gay,
Nor the rosy bloom of apple-tree flowers,
Fair as the face of this baby of ours.

You can never find on a bright June day
A bit of fair sky so cheery and gay,
Nor the haze on the hill in noon-day hours,
Blue as the eyes of this baby of ours.

There's not a murmur of wakening bird,
The clearest, sweetest, that ever was heard
In the tender hush of the dawn's still hours,
Sweet as the voice of this baby of ours.

There is no gossamer silk of tasseled corn,
No flimsiest thread of the shy wood-fern,
Not even the cobweb spread over the flowers,
Fine as the hair of this baby of ours.

There is no fairy shell by the sounding sea
No wild-rose that nods on the windy lea,
No blush of the sun through April's soft showers
Pink as the palms of this baby of ours.

May the dear Lord spare her to us, we pray,
For many a long and sunshiny day,
Ere he takes to bloom in Paradise bowers
This wee bit darling—this baby of ours.

CRADLE SONG.

SLEEP, baby, sleep! for the night draweth nigh;
The daylight is fading from earth and from sky;
Through rifts in the azure the stars will soon peep,
While the breeze whispers softly, oh, sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep! mother sits by thy side,
And rocks thee so gently, her joy and her pride.
'Tis time you were shutting your bonnie blue eye,
There's nothing to fear, darling, sleep and by-bye.

May angels watch o'er thee, through dark and through light;
God's tender care keep thee, we live in His sight;
We'll trust Him, my darling, by night and by day;
The hand that has made us, will guard us alway.

Sleep, baby, sleep! now the sand-man is here;
He stole in quite softly, his purpose is clear;
Through the ivory gate into dream-land she goes—
Now rest thee, my darling, sweet be thy repose.

THE TORN HAT.

* * * * * "A leaf
Fresh flung upon a river that will dance
Upon the wave that stealeth out its life,
Then sink of its own heaviness."

PHILIP SLINGSBY.

THERE'S something in a noble boy,
A brave, free-hearted, careless one,
With his uncheck'd, unbidden joy,
His dread of books and love of fun,
And in his clear and ready smile,
Unshaded by a thought of guile,
And unrepress'd by sadness—
Which brings me to my childhood back,
As if I trod its very track,
And felt its very gladness.
And yet it is not in his play,
When every trace of thought is lost,
And not when you would call him gay,
That his bright presence thrills me most.
His shout may ring upon the hill,
His voice be echoed in the hall,
His merry laugh like music trill,
And I unheeding hear it all—
For, like the wrinkles on my brow,
I scarcely notice such things now—
But when, amid the earnest game,
He stops, as if he music heard,
And, heedless of his shouted name
As of the carol of a bird,
Stands gazing on the empty air
As if some dream were passing there—
'Tis then that on his face I look,
His beautiful but thoughtful face,
And, like a long-forgotten book,
Its sweet, familiar meaning trace—
Remembering a thousand things
Which pass'd me on those golden wings,
Which time has fetter'd now—
Things that came o'er me with a thrill,
And left me silent, sad, and still,
And threw upon my brow
A holier and a gentler cast,
That was too innocent to last.

'Tis strange how thought upon a child
Will, like a presence, sometimes press—
And when his pulse is beating wild,
And life itself is in excess—
When foot and hand, and ear and eye,
Are all with ardor straining high—
How in his heart will spring
A feeling, whose mysterious thrall
Is stronger, sweeter far than all;
And, on its silent wing,
How with the clouds he'll float away,
As wandering and as lost as they!

N. P. WILLIS.

A WEE SANG ON A WEE SUBJECT.

HI, my bonnie Mary,
Winsome little fairy,
Ever licht and airy—
Singin' a' the day;
Lauchin' aye sae sweetly,
Actin' sae discreetly,
Winnin' hearts completely,
Witchin' Mary May.

Cheekies red as roses,
Lippies sweet as posies,
Ilka charm discloses,
Quite a lurin' fay;
Eenie ever glancin',
Leggies ever dancin',
Life an' love enchantin'—
Bonnie Mary May.

Hoo I lo'e thee, Mary!
Witchin' little fairy,
A palace were a prairie,
Wantin' sic a stay;
Sic gladness floats aboot thee,
Princes wadna flout thee,
Life were cauld without thee,
Little Mary May.

The Children.

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed;
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember,
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin;
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh! my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountain of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sins hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of fate blowing wild!
Oh! there is nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Oh! these truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would come back to myself;
Ah, a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so eagerly bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God;
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah, how I shall sigh for the dear ones,
That meet me each morn at the door,
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and evening,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and the tasks are all ended,
And death says: "The school is dismissed,"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed.

CHARLES M. DICKINSON.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S WONDER.

WHAT do the birds say, I wonder, I wonder,
With their chitter and chatter? It isn't all play,
Do they scold, do they fret at some boggle or blunder,
As we fret, as we scold day after day?

Do their hearts ever ache, I wonder, I wonder,
At anything else than the danger that comes
When some enemy threatens them over or under
The great, leafy boughs of their great leafy homes?

Do they vow to be friends, I wonder, I wonder,
With promises fair and promises sweet,
Then, quick as a wink, at a word fall asunder,
As human friends do, in a moment of heat.

But day after day I may wonder and wonder,
And ask them no end of such questions as these—
With chitter and chatter, now over, now under,
The big, leafy boughs of the big, leafy trees

They dart and they skim, with their bills full of plunder,
But never a word of an answer they give,
And never a word shall I get, though I wonder
From morning till night, as long as I live.

MEASURING THE BABY.

WE measured the riotous baby
Against the cottage wall—
A lily grew on the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall;
A royal tiger-lily,
With spots of purple and gold,
And a heart like a jeweled chalice,
The fragrant dew to hold.

Without, the bluebirds whistled
High up in the old roof-trees,
And to and fro at the window
The red rose rocked her bees;
And the wee pink fists of the baby
Were never a moment still,
Snatching at shine and shadow
That danced on the lattice-sill.

His eyes were wide as bluebells—
His mouth like a flower unblown—
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,
Peeped out from his snowy gown;
And we thought, with a thrill of rapture
That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls around with her roses,
We'll measure the boy again.

Ah me! in a darkened chamber,
With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like a bitter rain,
We measured the boy to-day;
And the little bare feet, that were dimpled
And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together,
In the hush of a long repose!

Up from the dainty pillow,
White as the risen dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling,
With the light of heaven thereon;
And the dear little hands, like rose-leaves
Dropped from a rose, lay still,
Never to snatch at the sunshine
That crept to the shrouded sill!

We measured the sleeping baby
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited him below;
And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan—
To the height of the sinless angels
Our little one had grown.

EMMA ALICE BROWN.

THE PLAY-HOUSE.

UNDER a fir in the garden ground
A strange habitation to-day I found,
Built of bushes, and bark, and boards,
And holding hidden the queerest hoards.

There were bits of crockery, sticks, and stones,
Shreds of pink calico, strings of cones,
Crumbs of candle, a picture-book,
And, strangest of all, in a cosy nook
Was an idol made in the image of man,
With charcoal eyes, and stuffed with bran.

"Were they heathens who dwelt there?" Oh, no, indeed,
"Were they animals?" Yes, of the kind that can read,
And laugh and cry, or be wicked and pray,
And when they are old their hair grows gray.

Their names are Margery, Ned, and Sue;
Their curls are brown, and their eyes are blue;
And they builded there in the summer heat,
As glad as the birds, and sang as sweet.

The birds that built in the tree-tops high
Are singing under a summer sky;
But the dear little builders who toiled below
Are singing here in the firelight glow.

THE BOY'S APPEAL.

Oh, why must my face be washed so clean,
And rubbed and scrubbed for Sunday?
When you very well know, as you often have seen,
'Twill be dirty again on Monday.

You rub as hard as ever you can,
And your hands are rough, to my sorrow;
No woman shall wash me when I'm a man;
And I wish I was one to-morrow!

SHALL THE BABY STAY.

N a little brown house
With scarce room for a mouse,
Came with morning's first ray,
One remarkable day,
(Though who told her the way
I am sure I can't say)
A young lady so wee
That you scarcely could see
Her small speck of a nose;
And, to speak of her toes,—
Though it seems hardly fair,
Since they surely were there,
Keep them covered we must;
You must take them on trust.

Now this little brown house,
With scarce room for a mouse,
Was quite full of small boys,
With their books and their toys,
Their wild bustle and noise.

"My dear lads," quoth papa,
"We've too many by far;
Tell us, what can we do
With this damsel so new?
We've no room for her here,
So to me 'tis quite clear,
Though it gives me great pain,
I must hang her again
On the tree whence she came,
(Do not cry, there's no blame)
With her white blanket round her,
Just as Nurse Russell found her."

Said stout little Ned,
"I'll stay all day in bed,
Squeezed up nice and small,
Very close to the wall."
Then spoke Tommy, "I'll go
To the cellar below;
I'll just travel about,
But not try to get out;
Till you're all fast asleep;
And so quiet I'll be
You'll not dream it is me."
Then flaxen-haired Will,
"I'll be dreadfully still;
On the back stairs I'll stay,
Way off, out of the way."

Quoth the father, "Well done
My brave darlings, come on!
Here's a shoulder for Will,
Pray sit still, sir, sit still!
Valiant Thomas, for thee,
A good seat on my knee,
And Edward, thy brother,
Can perch on the other;
Baby John, take my back;
Now, who says we can't pack?

"So love gives us room,
And our birdie shall stay.
We'll keep her, my boys,
Till God takes her away."

THE CHILDREN.

AH! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood—

That, to the world, are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunk below.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

FAIR little girl
Sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as
Her eyes could see;
She smoothed her work,
And folded it right,
And said, "Dear work,
Good-night, good-night."

Such a number of rooks
Went over her head,
Crying, "Caw, caw,"
On their way to bed.
She said, as she watched
Their curious flight,
"Little black things,
Good-night, good-night."

The horses neighed,
And the oxen lowed,
And the sheep's "bleat, bleat,"
Came over the road;
All seeming to say,
With a quiet delight,
"Good little girl,
Good-night, good-night."

She did not say
To the sun, "Good-night,"
Though she saw him there,
Like a ball of light;
For she knew he had
God's time to keep
All over the world,
And never could sleep.

The tall, pink fox-glove
Bowed his head;
The violets curtsied
And went to bed;
And good little Lucy
Tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees,
Her favorite prayer.

And when on her pillow,
She softly lay,
She heard nothing more
Till again it was day.
And all things said
To the beautiful sun,
"Good-morning, good-morning,
Our work has begun."

LORD HOUGHTON.

A HINT.

OUR Daisy lay down
In her little night gown,
And kissed me again and again,
On forehead and cheek,
On lips that would speak,
But found themselves shut, to their gain.

Then, foolish, absurd,
To utter a word,
I asked her the question so old
That wife and that lover
Ask over and over,
As if they were surer when told!

There, close at her side,
"Do you love me?" I cried;
She lifted her golden-crowned head;
A puzzled surprise
Shone in her gray eyes—
"Why, that's why I kiss you!" she said.

ANNA C. BRACKETT.

BLESSINGS ON CHILDREN.

BLESSINGS on the blessed children, sweetest gifts of Heaven to earth,
Filling all the heart with gladness, filling all the house with mirth;
Bringing with them native sweetness, pictures of the primal bloom
Which the bliss forever gladdens, of the regions whence they come;
Bringing with them joyous impulse of a state withouten care,
And a buoyant faith in being, which makes all in nature fair;
Not a doubt to dim the distance, not a grief to vex the nigh,
And a hope that in existence finds each hour a luxury;
Going singing, bounding, brightening—never fearing as they go,
That the innocent shall tremble, and the loving find a foe;
In the daylight, in the starlight, still with thought that freely flies,
Prompt and joyous, with no question of the beauty in the skies;
Genial fancies winning raptures, as the bee still sucks her store,
All the present still a garden glean'd a thousand times before;
All the future but a region where the happy serving thought,
Still depicts a thousand blessings, by the wingéd hunter caught;
Life a chase where blushing pleasures only seem to strive in flight,
Lingering to be caught, and yielding gladly to the proud delight;
As the maiden, through the alleys, looking backward as she flies,
Woos the fond pursuer onward, with the love-light in her eyes.

Oh! the happy life in children, still restoring joy to ours,
Making for the forest music, planting for the wayside flowers;
Back recalling all the sweetness, in a pleasure pure as rare,
Back the past of hope and rapture bringing to the heart of care.
How, as swell the happy voices, bursting through the shady grove,
Memories take the place of sorrows, time restores the sway to love!
We are in the shouting comrades, shaking off the load of years,
Thought forgetting, strifes and trials, doubts, and agonies, and tears;
We are in the bounding urchin, as o'er hill and plain he darts,
Share the struggle and the triumph, gladdening in his heart of hearts:
What an image of the vigor and the glorious grace we knew,
When to eager youth from boyhood at a single bound we grew!
Even such our slender beauty, such upon our cheek the glow,
In our eyes the life of gladness—of our blood the overflow,
Bless the mother of the urchin! in his form we see her truth:
He is now the very picture of the memories in our youth;
Never can we doubt the forehead, nor the sunny flowing hair,
Nor the smiling in the dimple speaking chin and cheek so fair;
Bless the mother of the young one; he hath blended in his grace,
All the hope, and joy, and beauty, kindling once in either face!

Oh! the happy faith of children, that is glad in all it sees,
And with never need of thinking, pierces still its mysteries!

In simplicity profoundest, in their soul abundance bless'd,
Wise in value of the sportive, and in restlessness at rest;
Lacking every creed, yet having faith so large in all they see,
That to know is still to gladden, and 'tis rapture but to be.
What trim fancies bring them flowers; what rare spirits walk their wood,
What a wondrous world the moonlight harbors of the gay and good!
Unto them the very tempest walks in glories grateful still,
And the lightning gleams, a seraph, to persuade them to the hill:
'Tis a sweet and loving spirit, that throughout the midnight rains,
Broods beside the shutter'd windows, and with gentle love complains;
And how wooing, how exalting, with the richness of her dyes,
Spans the painter of the rainbow, her bright arch along the skies,
With a dream like Jacob's ladder, showing to the fancy's sight,
How 'twere easy for the sad one to escape to worlds of light!
Ah! the wisdom of such fancies, and the truth in every dream,
That to faith confiding offers, cheering every gloom, a gleam!
Happy hearts, still cherish fondly each delusion of your youth,
Joy is born of well believing, and the fiction wraps the truth.

W. G. Simms

GOING UP.

UP and up the baby goes,
Up to papa's shoulder.
Now she clings to papa's nose—
Now, becoming bolder,
How she flings her arms and crows!
Do you think the darling knows
How strong the arms that hold her?

Up and up the baby goes,
Taller, wiser, older;
As the calyx holds the rose,
Childish years enfold her;
By and by they shall enclose
From the woman and the rose;
Then, O Father, hold her!

On the heights of womanhood,
Hold her, Heavenly Father;
Lest, forgetting what is good,
She be carried rather
Down with folly's multitude
Into error's mazy wood
Where the shadows gather.

Up and up the baby goes;
Heavenly Father, give her
Heart to feel for others' woes,
Hands of helping ever;
Let her bloom, when life shall close,
Like a white immortal rose
By the crystal river.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

A HOST of angels flying,
Through cloudless skies impelled,
Upon the earth beheld
A pearl of beauty lying,
Worthy to glitter bright
In heaven's vast hall of light,

They saw with glances tender,
An infant newly born,
O'er whom life's earliest morn
Just cast its opening splendor;
Virtue it could not know,
Nor vice, nor joy, nor woe.

The blest angelic legion
Greeted its birth above,
And came, with looks of love,
From heaven's enchanting region;
Bending their winged way
To where the infant lay.

They spread their pinions o'er it,—
That little pearl which shone
With lustre all its own,—
And then on high they bore it,
Where glory has its birth;—
But left the shell on earth.

Dirk Smits Dutch.)

Translation of H. S. Van Dyk.

BABY'S DAY.

THE reason I call it "Baby's Day"
Is funny enough to tell;
The first thing she did was give "syrup of squills"
To dolly to make her well;
And then when I told her how wrong it was,
She said, with a quivering sigh,
"I'm sorry I made her so sticky, mamma,
But I couldn't let dolly die."

Then comforted wholly she went away,
And was just as still as a mouse,
And I thought to be sure I should find her at once
In the nursery playing "house;"
But, lo! on the way as I started to look,
A queer little piece I found,
Just like a centre of snowy lawn
That the scissors had scalloped round,

I cried, "O, baby! what have you done?
You have been to somebody's drawer,
And taken from out of the handkerchief pile
The most beautiful one that you saw!"
And then the dear little head went down
Pathetic as it could be,
While she sobbed, "There was nothing for me to cut,
And I thought I'd take two or three!"

It was only a little later on,
That the water began to splash,
And I jumped and found she was rubbing away
On her sister's holiday sash;
But, catching a look of utter dismay,
As she lifted her innocent eyes,
She whispered: "Don't worry, I'll wash it all *clean*,
And hang it up till it dries."

But the funny mishaps of that wonderful day
I could not begin to relate;
The boxes of buttons and pins she spilled,
Like a cherub pursued by fate!
And still, all the while, the dear little dove
Was fluttering 'round her nest,
And the only thing I really *could* do
Was to smooth out her wings on my breast.

But the day drifted on till it came to an end,
And the great moon rose in sight.
And the dear soft lids o'er the dear soft eyes
Dropped tenderly their good-night.
And I thought, as I looked on her lying asleep,
I was glad (for once in a way),
That my beautiful child was human enough
For a mischievous "Baby Day."

MRS. L. C. WHITON.

MAMMA'S STORY.

"TELL us a story, mamma dear,"
The children cried one day.
"The rain falls fast. It is going to last,
And we are all tired of play."

Ah! pleading eyes and winning tones,
How could they be denied?
So mamma began in merry strain,
And she laid her work aside:

"There was an old woman that lived in a shoe.
And of all the children that ever you knew,
Hers was the wildest, funniest crew;
Do you wonder she didn't know what to do?

"There were Ella, and Nell, and Mary Belle,
Laurie, Laura, and Maud Estelle,
Sarah, Sammy, and Josephine,
Norah, Norval, and Madeline,
Lilian, Archibald, and Harry,
Christopher, Charlie, Pete, and Carrie,
Jemmy, Johnny, and Theodore,
And over a half a dozen more,

"And then such a terrible time, 'twas said,
She had in getting them all to bed.
And supper, alas! was such a dread,
Especially when they cried for bread.
One night she threatened to whip them all,
And reached for the switch upon the wall.

My! how the madcap urchins flew
In and out of the poor old shoe;
Over each other they madly dash,
The old lady after them like a flash.
Through a hole in the worn-out sole,
Back and forth at each button-hole;
Out at the top and in at the toe,
Around and under, away they go.

"Finally, wearied out with fun,
They drop in their places one by one,
And not till her house was still as death,
Does the old woman pause to recover breath."

JULIA M. DANA.

"THANKS TO YOU."

EVERY day for a month of Sundays,
Saturdays, Tuesdays, Fridays, Mondays,
Jack had pondered the various means,
And methods pertaining to grinding machines,
Until he was sure he could build a wheel
That, given the sort of dam that's proper,
Would only need some corn in the hopper
To turn out very respectable meal.

Jerry, and Jane, and Joe, and the others,
Jack's incredulous sisters and brothers,
Gave him credit for good intentions,
But took no stock in the boy's inventions.
In fact, they laughed them quite to scorn;
Instead of wasting his time, they said.
He would be more likely to earn his bread
Planting potatoes or hoeing corn.

Bessie alone, when all the rest
Crushed his spirit with jibe and jest,
Whispered softly, "Whatever they say,
I know you will build the wheel some day!"
Chirping crickets and singing birds
Were not so sweet as her heartsome words;
Straight he answered, "If ever I do,
I know it will only be thanks to you!"

Many a time sore heart and brain
Leap at a word, grown strong again,
Thanks to her, as the story goes,
Hope and courage in Jack arose;
Till one bright day in the meadow-brook
There was heard a sound as of water plashing,
And Bessie watched with her happy look
The little wheel in the sunlight flashing.

By and by, as the years were fraught
With fruit of his earnest toil and thought,
Brothers and sisters changed their tune—
"Our Jack," they cried, "will be famous soon!"
Which was nothing more than Bessie knew,
She said, and had known it all the while!
But Jack replied with a kiss and a smile,
"If ever I am, it is thanks to you!"

MARY E. BRADLY.

———:o:———

O'er wayward Children wouldst thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces?
Love, Hope and Patience, these must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school

S. T. COLERIDGE

THE GOOD SHIP "NEVER-FAIL."

"WHY don't you launch your boat, my boy?"
I asked the other day,
As strolling idly on the beach
I saw my lads at play;
One blue-eyed rogue shook back his curls,
And held his ship to me,
"I'm giving her a name," he cried,
"Before she goes to sea;
We rigged her out so smart and taut,
With flag and snow-white sail,
And now I'll trust her to the waves,
And call her 'Never-Fail.'"

The little ship sailed proudly out,
Through mimic rock and shoal,
The child stood watching on the beach
His vessel reach its goal;
The wind had risen soft at first,
But wilder soon it blew,
It strained and bent the slender mast,
That still rose straight and true;
"Yet," cried the boy, "my ship is safe,
In spite of wind and gale,
Her sails are strong, her sides are firm,
Her name is 'Never-Fail.'"

And presently the wind was lulled,
The little bark came home,
No wreck, although her sails were wet,
Her deck all washed with foam;
And loudly laughed my true boy then,
As at his feet she lay,
And wisely spoke my true boy then,
Although 'twas said in play—
"Papa, I thought if mast and sail
And tackle all were true,
With such a name as 'Never-Fail,'
She'd sail the wide sea through."

THEY PLANTED HER.

Amy died—
Dear little Amy! when you talk of her,
Say she is gone to heaven.
Second Child. They planted her—
Will she come up next year?
First Child. No, not so soon;
But some day God will call her to come up,
And then she will. Papa knows everything;
He said she would before they planted her.

JEAN I. INGELOW.

YE BALLAD OF CHRISTMAS.

SING a song of Christmas!
Pockets full of gold;
Plum and cakes for Polly's stocking,
More than it could hold.
Pudding in the great pot,
Turkey on the spit,
Merry faces around the fire—
Sorrow? not a bit!

Sing a song of Christmas!
Carols in the street,
Bundles going home with people,
Everywhere we meet.
Holly, fir, and spruce boughs
Green upon the wall,
Spotless snow along the road,
More going to fall.

Sing a song of Christmas!
Empty pockets here;
Windows broken, garments thin,
Stove black and drear.
Noses blue and frosty,
Fingers pinched and red,
Little hungry children going
Supperless to bed.

Sing a song of Christmas—
Tears are falling fast;
Empty is the baby's chair,
Since 'twas Christmas last.
Wrathfully the north wind
Wails across the snow,
Is there not a little grave
Frozen down below?

Sing a song of Christmas!
Thanks to God on high
For the tender hearts abounding
With His charity!
Gifts for all the needy,
For the sad hearts, love,
And a little angel smiling
In sweet heaven above!

FANNY'S MUD PIES.

UNDER the apple-tree, spreading and thick,
Happy with only a pan and a stick,
On the soft grass in the meadow that lies,
Our little Fanny is making mud pies.

On her bright apron, and bright drooping head,
Showers of pink and white blossoms are shed;
Tied to a branch, that seems just meant for that,
Dances and flutters her little straw hat.

Gravely she stirs, with a serious look,
Making believe she's a true pastry cook;
Sundry brown splashes on forehead and eyes
Show that our Fanny is making mud pies.

But all the soil of her innocent play
Clean soap and water will soon wash away;
Many a pleasure in daintier guise
Leaves darker traces than Fanny's mud pies.

Dash, full of joy in the bright summer day,
Zealously chases the robins away,
Barks at the squirrels, or snaps at the flies,
All the while Fanny is making mud pies.

Sunshine and soft summer breezes astir,
While she is busy, are busy with her,—
Cheeks rosy glowing, and bright sparkling eyes,
Bring they to Fanny while making mud pies.

Dollies and playthings are all laid away,
Not to come out till the next rainy day;
Under the blue of those sweet summer skies,
Nothing so pleasant as making mud pies.

ELIZABETH SILL.

In this dim world of clouding cares
We rarely know till wildered eyes
See white wings lessening up the skies
The angels with us unawares!

GERALD MASSEY.

ANITA AND HER DOLLS.

FAMILY laden,
Wee, wise maiden—
Knits her brow in dainty knots,
How to dolly
Cure of folly
Occupies her busy thoughts.

"Dollie's wet her
Feet to get her
Posies, in the morning dew;
Sure to be sick—
Cold or colic—
Like as not the measles, too.

"There is Freddy,
Always ready
Into awful 'fairs to fall:
Bad as Rosy—
Doodness knows, I
Don't know how to manage 'tall!

"Jack or Norah's
Telled a story!
One or t'uver ate ma's cake!
While there's silly,
Greedy Willy,
Got a drefful stomach ache!

"Naughty Bessie
Tored her dress; she
Wants anuver one, I s'pose;
I tell you what
It tates a lot
Of work to teep my dolls in tose!"

Look! she lays her
Down by Cæsar—
What can be the matter now?
Blue eyes closing,
Blinking, dozing—
Wee white hands and lily brow—
Cheeks so waxen,
Tresses flaxen,
Footsteps, that a fairy seems—
All now wander
Over yonder,
In the happy land of dreams!

LULU'S COMPLAINT.

IT'S a poor 'ittle sorrowful baby,
For B'idget is way down stairs;
My titten has st'ached my finder,
And dolly won't say her p'ayers.

I haint seen my bootiful mamma
Since-ever so lon' ado;
An' I ain't her tunnin'est baby
No londer, for B'idget says so.

My ma's got another *new* baby;
Dod dived it—he did—yesterday,
An' it kies, it kies, oh, so defful!
I wis' he would tate it away.

I don't want no "sweet 'ittle sister!"
I want my dood mamma, I do;
I want her to tiss me, an' tiss me,
An' tall me her p'ecious Lulu!

I dess my bid papa will b'in' me
A 'ittle dood titten some day.
Here's nurse wid my mamma's new baby,
I wis' s'e would tate it away.

Oh, oh, what tunnin' red finders!
It sees me yite o' its eyes!
I dess we will teep it, and dive it
Some tanny whenever it kies.

I dess I will dive it my Dolly
To play wid mos' every day;
And I dess, I dess—Say, B'idget,
As' Dod not to tate it away.

HESTER A. BENEDICT.

A Child's Dream of a Star.

THERE was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister who was a child too, and his constant companion. They wondered at the beauty of flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the water; they wondered at the goodness and power of God, who made them lovely.

They used to say to one another sometimes: Supposing all children on earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water, and the smallest little specks playing at hide and seek in the sky all night must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand-in-hand at a window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, 'I see the star." And after that, they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it that, before lying down in their bed, they always looked out once again to bid it good night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand at the window at night, and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon, when the child looked out all alone, and when there was no face on the bed, and when there was a grave among the graves, not there before, and when the star made long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.

Now these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about a star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels; and the star, opening, showing him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and soon came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down the avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader

among those who had brought the people thither:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "No!"

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "Oh! sister, I am here! Take me!" And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him,—and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as the home he was to go to when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child, and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched out his tiny form on his bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels, with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another!"

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "Oh, my sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him,—and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him and said:

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son."

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "Oh, mother, sister and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet!"—and the star was still shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter!"

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said: "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is around my mother's neck, and at her feet is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised."—And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he cried so long ago: "I see the star!"

They whispered to one another, "He is dying." And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And O, my Father, now I thank Thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"—

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

CHARLES DICKENS.

A torn jacket is soon mended; but hard words bruise the heart of a child.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

HUMAN NATURE.

TWO little children, five years old,
Marie the gentle, Charlie the bold;
Sweet and bright and quaintly wise
Angels both in their mother's eyes.

But you, if you follow my verse, shall see
That they were as human as human can be,
And had not yet learned the maturer art
Of hiding the "self" of the finite heart.

One day, they found, in their romp and play,
Two little rabbits soft and gray—
Soft and gray, and just of a size,
As like each other as your two eyes,

All day long the children made love
To the dear little pets—their treasure trove;
They kissed and hugged them until the night
Brought to the conies a glad respite.

Too much fondling doesn't agree
With the rabbit nature, as we shall see,
For ere the light of another day
Had chased the shadows of night away,

One little pet had gone to the shades,
Or, let us hope, to perennial glades,
Brighter and softer than any below—
A heaven where good little rabbits grow.

The living and dead lay side by side,
And still alike as before one died;
And it chanced that the children came singly to view
The pets they had dreamed of all the night through.

First came Charlie, and, with sad surprise,
Beheld the dead with streaming eyes
Howe'er, consoling, he said,
"Poor little Marie—*her rabbit's dead!*"

Later came Marie, and stood aghast;
She kissed and caressed it, but at last
Found voice to say, while her young heart bled,
"I'm so sorry for Charlie—*his rabbit's dead!*"

TELLING A STORY.

LITTLE Blue-eyes is sleepy,
Come here and be rocked to sleep.
What shall I tell you, darling?
The story of Little Bo Peep?
Or of the cows in the garden,
Or the children who ran away?
If I'm to be story-teller
What shall I tell you, pray?

"Tell me"—the Blue-eyes opened
Like pansies when they blow,
"Of the baby in the manger,
The little child-Christ, you know.
I like to hear that 'tory
The best of all you tell."
And my four-year-old nestled closer
As the twilight shadows fell.

And I told my darling over
The old, old tale again:
Of the baby born in the manger,
And the Christ who died for men,
Of the great warm heart of Jesus,
And the children whom He blest,
Like the blue-eyed boy who listened
As he lay upon my breast.

And I prayed, as my darling slumbered,
That my child, with eyes so sweet,
Might learn from his Saviour's lesson
And sit at the Master's feet.
Pray God he may never forget it,
But always love to hear
The tender and touching story
That now he holds so dear.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

THREE little curly heads golden and fair,
Three pairs of hands that are lifted in prayer,
Three little figures in garments of white,
Three little mouths that are kissed for good-night,
Three little gowns that are folded away,
Three little children who rest from their play,
Three little hearts that are full of delight,
For this is the close of a sweet Sunday night.

And mamma had clustered them all round her knee,
And made them as happy as children could be;
She told to them stories of Jesus of old
Who called little children like lambs to His fold;
Who gathered them up in His arms to caress,
And blessed them as only a Saviour could bless,
While the innocent faces grew tender and bright,
With the sweet, earnest talk of the calm Sunday night.

And the blue eyes of Bennie had widen'd with fear,
While Maidie had dropped an occasional tear,
When they heard of the lions and Daniel so bold,
And Joseph who once by his brethren was sold,
And the children who walked 'mid the furnace of flame,
Till the Angel of God in his purity came,
Walking unharmed in their garments of white,—
Oh, these were sweet stories to hear Sunday night!

And Maidie had said—the dear little child—
Looking up in the face of her mother so mild,
"I wish—oh, so much!—I wish, mamma, dear,
When the angels were walking they'd come to us here;
I'd like once to see them, so shining and fair,
Come floating and floating right down through the air.
Let's ask them to come," said the wee little sprite,
"Let's ask them to come to *us* this Sunday night."

Then mamma told in her grave, gentle way,
How the angels were guarding the children each day;
How they stood softly round by the little one's bed;
How the blessing descended alike on each head;
But when they were naughty or wilfully bad,
Then the Father was grieved and His angels were sad.
"Ah, I mean to be good," lisped the baby, "and then
I may see them some time when they're coming to Ben!"

Oh, the innocent children! How little they know
Of the dear eyes in heaven bent on them below;
Of the guardian spirits, who close by their side
Are watching and waiting to strengthen and guide;
And now, as they lie wrapped in dreams and in sleep,
How ceaseless the vigils the angels will keep!
And mamma prays, "Father, oh, guide them, aright,
And send Thy good angels to guard them to-night!"

MARY R. HIGHAM.

CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

SAFELY guarded by Thy presence,
By Thy tender love and power,
Holy Father! Thou hast brought me
To this peaceful happy hour.

While the night shades gather round me,
While "I laid me down and slept,"
'Twas Thy mercy that sustained me,
And my life in being kept.

Thoughts of all this care so tender,
Wake a morning hymn of praise,
While a song of full thanksgiving,
Here and now to Thee I raise.

Strengthened thus in mind and body,
Help me to begin anew,
In the race of love and duty,
And the *right* each hour pursue.

So, when all life's changing seasons,
Fraught with "weal or woe," are past,
Kept and saved by love eternal,
Praise shall crown the work at last.

E. S.

LUCY.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be:
But she is in her grave, and, oh!
The difference to me!

Three years she grew in sun and shower;
Then Nature said: "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power,
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insatiate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend:
Nor shall she fail to see,
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake.—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

GOING TO BED.

OUR Fannie Angelina
Didn't want to go to bed,—
Her reasons would you know? then
Let me tell you what she said.
At eight o'clock precisely,
At the close of yesterday,
Her mamma in the trundle-bed
Had tucked her snug away.

"It isn't time to go to bed,
The clock goes round too quick,
It hurts my back to lie in bed
And almost makes me sick:
I want to show my Uncle George
My pretty birthday ring;
And sing him 'Jesus loves me,'
For he likes to hear me sing;
My dollie, Haddynewya,
Her yellow dress is thin,
And she's sitting on the horse-block,
I forgot to bring her in;
I want to go and get her,
She'll catch a cold and die;
I want to get my nankachick,
I guess I've got to cry.
I said I'd wait till papa comes,
I wonder what he'll think;
There's something hurts me in my throat,
I want to get a drink.
I guess I'd rather get it in
My little silver cup—
What makes me have to go to bed
When you are staying up?"

So Fannie Angelina
Was determined not to do it.
Yet she drifted off to Nod land,
Poor child, before she knew it.
The queen who reigns in Nod land
Shut her willful eyes so tight,
They quite forgot to open
Till the sun was shining bright.

MY PLAYMATES.

I ONCE had a sister, oh fair 'mid the fair!
With a face that looked out from its soft golden hair,
Like a lily some tall stately angel may hold,
Half revealed, half concealed in a mist of pure gold.
I once had a brother, more dear than the day,
With a temper as sweet as the blossoms in May;
With dark hair like a cloud, and a face like a rose,
The red child of the wild! when the summer-wind blows.
We lived in a cottage that stood in a dell;
Were we born there or brought there I never could tell;
Were we nursed by the angels, or clothed by the fays,
Or, who led when we fled down the deep sylvan ways,
'Mid treasures of gold and silver!

When we rose in the morning we ever said "Hark!"
We shall hear, if we list, the first word of the lark;
And we stood with our faces, calm, silent and bright,
While the breeze in the trees held his breath with delight.
Oh the stream ran with music, the leaves dript with dew,
And we looked up and saw the great God in the blue;
And we praised him and blessed him, but said not a word,
For we soared, we adored, with that magical bird.
Then with hand linked in hand, how we laughed, how we sung!
How we danced in a ring, when the morning was young!
How we wandered where kingcups were crusted with gold,
Or more white than the light glittered daisies untold,
Those treasures of gold and of silver!

Oh, well I remember the flowers that we found,
With the red and white blossoms that damasked the ground;
And the long lane of light, that, half yellow, half green,
Seemed to fade down the glade where the young fairy queen
Would sit with her fairies around her and sing,
While we listened all ear, to that song of the Spring,
Oh, well I remember the lights in the west,
And the spire, where the fire of the sun seemed to rest,
When the earth, crimson-shadowed, laughed out in the air,—
Ah! I'll never believe that the fairies were there;
Such a feeling of loving and longing was ours,
And we saw, with glad awe, little hands in the flowers,
Drop treasures of gold and of silver.

Oh, weep ye and wail! for that sister, alas!
And that fair gentle brother lie low in the grass;
Perchance the red robins may strew them with leaves,
That each morn, for white corn, would come down from the eaves;
Perchance of their dust the young violets are made,
That bloom by the church that is hid in the glade;
But one day I shall learn, if I pass where they grow,
Far more sweet they will greet their old playmates, I know.
Ah! the cottage is gone, and no longer I see
The old glade, the old paths, and no lark sings for me:
But I still must believe that the fairies are there,
That the light grows more bright, touched by fingers so fair,
'Mid treasures of gold and of silver!

A DESCRIPTION OF TWO BABIES.

1. One of those little carved representations that one sometimes sees blowing a trumpet on a tombstone!

2. A weazen little baby, with a heavy head that it couldn't hold up, and two weak, staring eyes, with which it seemed to be always wondering why it had ever been born.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE NURSE'S SONG.

WHEN nursery lamps are veiled, and nurse is singing
In accents low,
Timing her music to the cradle's swinging,
Now fast, now slow—

Singing of Baby Bunting, soft and furry
In rabbit cloak,
O. ock-a-byed amid the toss and flurry
Of wind-swept oak?

Of Boy Blue sleeping with his horn beside him;
Of my son John,
Who went to bed (let all good boys deride him)
With stockings on;

Of sweet Bo-Peep, following her lambkins straying;
Of Dames in shoes,
Of cows, considerate, 'mid the Piper's playing,
Which time to choose;

Of Gotham's wise men bowing o'er the billow,
Or him, less wise,
Who chose rough bramble-bushes for a pillow,
And scratched his eyes.

It may be, while she sings, that through the portal
Soft footsteps glide,
And, all invisible to grown-up mortal,
At cradle side

Sits Mother Goose herself, the dear old mother,
And rocks and croons,
In tones which Baby hearkens, but no other,
Her old-new tunes!

I think it must be so, else why, years after,
Do we retrace
And ring with shadowy, recollected laughter,
Thoughts of that face;

Seen, yet unseen, beaming across the ages
Brimful of fun
And wit and wisdom, baffling all the sages
Under the sun?

A grown-up child has place still, which no other
May dare refuse,
I, grown-up, bring this offering to our Mother,
To Mother Goose,

And, standing with the babies at that olden,
Immortal knee,
I seem to feel her smile, benign and golden,
Falling on me.

SUSAN COOLIDGE

Planting Himself to Grow.

DEAR little bright-eyed Willie
Always so full of glee,
Always so very mischievous,
The pride of our home is he.

One bright summer day we found him
Close by the garden wall,
Standing so grave and dignified
Beside a sunflower tall.

His tiny feet he had covered
With the moist and cooling sand;
The stalk of the great, tall sunflower
He grasped with his chubby hand.

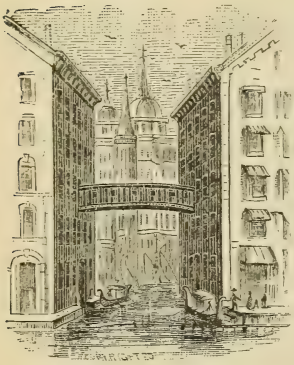
When he saw us standing near him,
Gazing so wonderingly
At his babyship, he greeted us
With a merry shout of glee.

We asked our darling what pleased him:
He replied with a face aglow,
"Mamma, I'm going to be a man;
I've planted myself to grow!"

CHILDHOOD.

Happy those early days, when we
Breathed in our guiltless Infancy!
Who would love to travel back,
And tread again that long-passed track
Before the tongue had learned to say
Aught that the conscience could bewray,
Or the sad knowledge to dispense
A several sin to every sense.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF A BABY.



URRAH! Light upon the world again! It's a glorious world! magnificent! quite too beautiful to leave; and, besides, I would rather stay, if only to thank God a little longer for this glorious light, this pure air that can echo back my loudest hurrah. And then, my boy—but haven't I told you? Why, sir, I've got a boy. A BOY! ha, ha! I shout it out to you—A BOY; fourteen pounds, and the mother a great deal better than could be expected! And, I say, sir, it's *mine!* Hurrah, and hallelujah forever! O, sir, such legs, such arms, and such a head! and O, good heavens! *he has his mother's lips!* I can kiss them forever! and then, sir, look at his feet, his hands, his chin, his eyes, his everything in fact, so, "*so perfectly* O. K.!" Give me joy, sir; no you needn't, either! I am full now; I run over; and they say that I ran over a number of old women, half killed the mother, pulled the doctor by the nose, and upset a 'pothecary shop in the corner; and then, didn't I ring the tea-bell? Didn't I blow the horn? Didn't I dance, shout, laugh, and cry, altogether? The women they had to tie me up. I don't believe that; but who is going to shut his mouth when he has a live baby? You should have heard his lungs, sir, at the first mouthful of fresh air; such a burst! A little tone in his voice, but not pain; excess of joy, sir, from too great sensation. The air-bath was so sudden, you know.

Think of all this beautiful machinery starting off at once in full motion; all his thousand outside feelers answering to the touch of cool air; the flutter and crash at the ear, and that curious contrivance, the eye, looking out wonderingly and bewildered on the great world, so glorious to his unworn perceptions. His network of nerves, his wheels and pulleys, his air pumps and valves, his engines and reservoirs; and within all, that beautiful fountain, with its jets and running streams, dashing and coursing through the whole length and breadth, without stint or pause, making altogether, sir, exactly fourteen. Did I ever talk brown to you, sir, or blue, or any other of the Devil's colors? You say I have. Beg your pardon, sir, but you are mistaken in the individual. I am this day, sir, multiplied by two; I am duplicate; I am number one of an indefinite series, and there's my continuation. And you observe, sir, it is not a block, nor a blockhead, nor a painting, nor a bust, nor a fragment of anything, however beautiful; but a combination of all the arts and sciences in one; painting, sculpture, music, (hear him cry!) mineralogy, chemistry, mechanics, (see him kick!) geography, and the use of the globes, (see him nurse!) and withal, he is a perpetual motion, a timepiece that will never run down. And who wound it up? But words are but a mouthing and a mockery. * * * * *

When a man is nearly crushed under obligations, it is presumed he is unable to speak; but he may bend over very carefully for fear of falling, nod in a small way and say nothing, and then if he is of sufficient presence of mind to lay a hand upon his heart, and look down at an angle of forty-five degrees with a motion

of the lips, muttered poetry, showing the wish and the inability, it will be (well done) very gracefully expressive.

With my boy in his first integuments, I assume that position, make the nod aforesaid, and leave you the poetry unmuttered.

KNICKERBOCKER.

PHILIP MY KING.

"Who bears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty."

LOOK at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my king!
Round whom the enshadowing purple lies
Of babyhood's royal dignities:
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand,
With Love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine Esther to command
Till thou shalt find a queen hand-maiden,
Philip, my king!

Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my king!
When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love-crown'd, and there
Sittest, love-glorified!—Rule kindly,
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair;
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip, my king!

Up from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my king!
The spirit that there lies sleeping now
May rise like a giant and make men bow
As to one heaven-chosen amongst his peers.
My Saul, than thy brethren taller and fairer
Let me behold thee in future years!
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my king!

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,
Philip, my king!
Thou, too, must tread, as we trod, a way
Thorny, and cruel, and cold, and gray;
Rebels within thee and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown. But march on, glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,
"Philip, the king!"

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

OUR BABES.

OUR babes shall richest comforts bring
If tutor'd right, and prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise:
But form their mind with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs;
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

COTTON.

THE DEAREST BABY.

SOUTH and North,
East and West,
Where is the baby
That I love best?

A little papoose
Under the trees?
A Chinese beauty
Beyond the seas?

An English child
Among the mills?
A Switzer baby
Between the hills?

A dark-eyed darling
In Southern vales?
An Iceland baby
In Northern gales?

What nonsense talk
To speak of these!
The dearest baby
Is on my knees.

MRS. M. F. BUTTS

HARRY'S LETTER.

DEAR BILL:

Here I am in Lincolnshire. Now I'll tell you what I want. I want you to come down here for the holidays. Don't be afraid. Ask your sister to ask your mother to ask your father to let you come. It's only ninety miles. If you're out of pocket-money, you can walk, and beg a lift now and then, or swing by the dickeys. Put on corduroys, and don't care for cut behind. The two prentices, George and Nick, are here to be made farmers of, and brother Frank is took home from school to help in agriculture. We like farming ever so much; it's capital fun. Us four have got a gun, and go out shooting; it's a famous good one, and sure to go off if you don't full cock it. Tiger is to be our shooting dog as soon as he has left off killing the sheep. He's a real savage, and worries cats beautiful. Before father comes down, we mean to bait our bull with him.

There's plenty of new rivers about, and we're going a fishing as soon as we have mended our top joint. We've killed one of our sheep on the sly to get gentles. We've a pony, too, to ride upon when we can catch him, but he's loose in the paddock, and has neither mane nor tail to signify to lay hold of. Isn't it prime, Bill? You *must* come. If your mother won't give your father leave to allow you, run away. There's a pond full of frogs, but we won't pelt them till you come; but let it be before Sunday, as there's our own orchard to rob, and the fruits to be gathered on Monday. If you like sucking raw eggs, we know where the hens lay, and mother don't; and I'm bound there's lots of birds' nests. Do come, Bill, and I'll show you the wasp's nest, and everything to make you comfortable. I dare say you could borrow your father's volunteer musket of him without his knowing it; but be sure any how to bring the ramrod, as we've mislaid ours by firing it off. Don't forget some bird-lime, Bill, and some fish-hooks, and some different sorts of shot, and some gunpowder, and a gentle-box, and some flints, some May-flies, and a powder-horn, and a landing-net and a dog-whistle, and some porcupine-quills, and a bullet mould, and a trolling-winch, and a shot-belt, and a tin-can. You pay for 'em, Bill, and I'll owe it you.

Your old friend and school-fellow,

HARRY.

THOMAS HOOD

A Patient Baby.

POOR little baby—such a tiny old-faced mite, with a countenance that seemed to be scarcely anything but cap border, and a little lean, long-fingered hand, always clenched under its chin. It would lie in this attitude all day, with its bright specks of eyes open, wondering (as I used to imagine) how it came to be so small and weak. Whenever it was moved it cried, but at all other times it was so patient, that the sole desire of its life appeared to be, to lie quiet and think. It had curious little dark veins in its face, and curious little dark marks under its eyes, like faint remembrances of poor Caddy's inky days, and altogether, to those who were not used to it, it was quite a piteous little sight.

CHARLES DICKENS.

In The Cradle-Boat.

OH, the bonnie sailor boy, and oh, the bonnie boatie!
Swing high, swing low—launch away to sea!
Who but mother, staunch and true, shall row the bonnie boatie,
Sailing to the lily-land, where lovely dreams may be?

Under golden moon and stars, and down a golden river:
Swing high, swing low—mother watch will keep.
Drowsy leaves are drooping near, and purple primroses quiver:
Drop the anchor softly in the quiet cove of sleep!

Oh, the bonnie sailor, and oh, the bonnie boatie!
Swing high, swing low—rosy morning beams.
Many miles and home again, it's row the bonnie boatie:
Mother clasps her sailor from the pretty port of Dreams!

GEORGE COOPER.

THE GREEK BOY.

GONE are the glorious Greeks of old,
Glorious in mien and mind;
Their bones are mingled with the mould,
Their dust is on the wind;
The forms they hewed from living stone
Survive the waste of years alone,
And scattered with their ashes, show
What greatness perished long ago.

Yet fresh the myrtles there—the springs
Gush brightly as of yore;
Flowers blossom from the dust of kings,
As many an age before.
There nature moulds as nobly now,
As e'er of old, the human brow:
And copies still the martial form
That braved Plalær's battle storm.

Boy! thy first looks were taught to seek
Their heaven in Hellas's skies;
Her airs have tinged thy dusky cheek,
Her sunshine lit thine eyes;
Thine ears have drunk the woodland strains
Heard by old poets, and thy veins
Swell with the blood of demigods,
That slumber in thy country's sods.

Now is thy nation free—though late—
Thy elder brethern broke—
Broke, ere thy spirit felt its weight,
The intolerable yoke.
And Greece, decayed, dethroned, doth see
Her youth renewed in such as thee:
A shoot of that old vine that made
The nations silent in its shade.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT.

THERE is a beautiful snow-white wing
Across the heavens lying;
It must be one of the day's great wings,
For they say the hours are flying.

M. F. BUTTS.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

"WHICH shall it be? which shall it be?"
I looked at John,— John looked at me.
(Dear, patient John, who loves me yet
As well as though my locks were jet.)
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak;
"Tell me again what Robert said;"
And then I listening bent my head.
"This is his letter:"

"I will give
A house and land while you shall live
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given."

I looked at John's old garments worn,
I though of all that John had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
Of seven hungry mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.

"Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep;" so walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.

First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lilian, the baby slept;
Her damp curls lay, like gold alight,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white;
Softly her father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, "Not *her*."

We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamp-light shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair.
I saw on Jamie's rough red cheek
A tear undried; ere John could speak,
"*He's* but a baby too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robby's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace;
"No, for a thousand crowns, not *him*,"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! sad Dick! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one,—
Could *he* be spared? "Nay, he who gave
Bids us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he;
And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."
Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love;
"Perhaps for *her* 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl, that lay
Across her cheek in wilful way,
And shook his head: "Nay, love, not thee;"
The while my heart beat audibly.
Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad,—
So like his father: "No, John, no;
I cannot, will not, let *him* go!"

And so we wrote, in courteous way,
We could not give one child away;
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed;
Happy, in truth, that not one face
We missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for *all the seven*,
Trusting then to ONE in heaven.

"HONEY NELLIE."

THERE was once a little maiden,
They called her "Honey Nellie,"
Who pounds of sugar saved her folks
When they were making jelly;
For her smile had so much sweetness
That the currants and the gooseberries,
If she but smiled upon them once,
Turned sweet as ripest cherries.

MARY A. LATHBURY

TO LAURA, TWO YEARS OF AGE.

BRIGHT be the skies that cover thee,
Child of the sunny brow—
Bright as the dream flung over thee—
By all that meets thee now—
Thy heart is beating joyously,
Thy voice is like a bird's—
And sweetly breaks the melody
Of thy imperfect words.
I know no fount that gushes out
As gladly as thy tiny shout.

I would that thou might'st ever be
As beautiful as now,—
That time might ever leave as free
Thy yet unwritten brow:
I would life were "all poetry"
To gentle measure set,
That nought but chasten'd melody
Might stain thine eye of jet—
Nor one discordant note be spoken,
Till God the cunning harp hath broken.

I would—but deeper things than these
With woman's lot are wove;
Wrought of intensest sympathies,
And nerved by purest love—
By the strong spirit's discipline,
By the fierce wrong forgiven,
By all that wrings the heart of sin,
Is woman won to heaven.
"Her lot is on thee," lovely child—
God keep thy spirit undefiled!

I fear thy gentle loveliness,
Thy witching tone and air,
Thine eye's beseeching earnestness
May be to thee a snare.
The silver stars may purely shine,
The waters taintless flow—
But they who kneel at woman's shine,
Wreathe poisons as they bow—
She may fling back the gift again
But the crush'd flower will oftenest stain.

What shall preserve thee, beautiful child?
Keep thee as thou art now?
Bring thee, a spirit undefiled,
At God's pure throne to bow?
The world is but a broken reed,
And life grows early dim—
Who shall be near thee in thy need,
To lead thee up to Him?
He, who Himself was "undefiled?"
With Him we trust thee, beautiful child!

N. P. WILLIS.

———:o:———

Stormy-Day Party.

BABY and I are invited
To a fine party, they say,
I'm sure we will be delighted
To go on this stormy day.
"Give my love—I'll come; baby, too,
Joins me with a hearty, 'a-goo.'"

"'Tis not very far—just walk out here,"
Said dancing little Freddy,
"Have this easy-chair, mamma dear,
The party is quite ready.
Mrs. Hippo, mamma; Miss Rose, too,"
I bowed, and baby said, "a-goo."

Freddy did so very funny look,
In papa's coat and high hat,
Grace, as Mrs. Hippo and chief cook,
In Bridget's new calico, sat.
We talked and chatted as people do,
Baby repeating his sweet "a-goo."

Tea was served on dainty dishes,
Nuts, pop-corn and bits of cake,
Peppermints and candy fishes,
Were spread for us to partake.
We sipped and ate, enjoyed it, too,
And baby laughed and said "a-goo."

A step was heard out in the hall,
Stamping the snow from the feet,
"Papa's come," we shouted, and all
Invited him to the treat.
He gave us kisses, not a few,
But best of all was baby's "a-goo."

"I'm so glad," the dear papa said,
"While storming so wild without,
We have sunshine within. Fred,
Ask mamma to play; no doubt
We can join in the singing, too,
And baby help with his 'a-goo.'"

"SQUID SCOTCH."

SUNSHINE IN THE HOUSE.

BRIGHTER than the sunshine on a stormy April day,
Is the smile with which a little maid can drive her tears away;
Sweeter than the music of a silver-throated bird,
Comes forth her gentle answer to a wrath-provoking word;
More welcome than the perfume breathed from violet or rose,
Is the influence of sweetness that shall follow where she goes:
And as the little streamlet sings while watering its flowers,
So she can make her work seem light, and sing through busy hours.
Then set a guard on little lips, and little actions, too,
With sunshine bright and music sweet begin each day anew;
For nothing half so dear is found, in garden, field or wood,
As the precious little boy or girl who's trying to be good.

CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM.

ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee;
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its tasks to do or bear;
Luminous the crown and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

MAY.

NOW, the bright Morning Star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from his green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, beauteous May! thou dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire,
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale both boast thy blessing!
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

JOHN MILTON.

MAY-DAY.

QUEEN of fresh flowers,
Whom vernal stars obey,
Bring thy warm showers,
Bring thy genial ray;
In Nature's greenest livery drest,
Descend on Earth's expectant breast,
To Earth and Heaven a welcome guest,
Thou merry month of May!

Mark! how we meet thee
At dawn of dewy day!
Hark! how we greet thee
With our roundelay!
While all the goodly things that be,
In earth, and air, and ample sea,
Are waking up to welcome thee,
Thou merry month of May!

Flocks on the mountains
And birds upon their spray,
Tree, turf, and fountains
All hold holiday;
And *Love*, the *Life* of living things—
Love waves his torch, and claps his wings
And loud and wide thy praises sings,
Thou merry month of May!

R. HEBER.

OUR BABY.

WHEN the morning, half in shadow,
Ran along the hill and meadow,
And with milk-white fingers parted
Crimson roses, golden-hearted;
Opening over ruins hoary
Every purple morning-glory,
And outshaking from the bushes
Singing larks and pleasant thrushes;
That's the time our little baby,
Strayed from Paradise, it may be,
Came with eyes like heaven above her,
Oh we could not choose but love her!

Not enough of earth for sinning,
Always gentle, always winning,
Never needing our reproving,
Ever lively, ever loving;
Starry eyes and sunset tresses,
White arms, made for light caresses,
Lips, that knew no word of doubting,
Often kissing, never pouting;
Beauty even in completeness,
Overfull of childish sweetness;
That's the way our little baby,
Far too pure for earth, it may be,
Seemed to us, who while about her
Deemed we could not do without her.

When the morning, half in shadow,
Ran along the hill and meadow,
And with milk-white fingers parted
Crimson roses, golden hearted;
Opening over ruins hoary
Every purple morning-glory,
And outshaking from the bushes
Singing larks and pleasant thrushes;
That's the time our little baby,
Pining here for heaven, it may be,
Turning from our bitter weeping,
Closed her eyes as when in sleeping,
And her white hands on her bosom
Folded like a summer blossom.
Now the litter she doth lie on
Strewed with roses, bear to Zion,
Go, as past a pleasant meadow,
Through the valley of the shadow;
Take her softly, holy angels,
Past the ranks of God's evangels;
Past the saints and martyrs holy
To the Earth-born, meek and lowly,
We would have our precious blossom
Softly laid in Jesus' bosom. PHŒBE CARY

THE CHRISTENING.

ARRAYED — a half-angelic sight—
In vests of pure baptismal white,
The mother to the Font doth bring
The little helpless, nameless thing
With hushes soft, and mild caressing,
At once to get—a name and blessing
Close by the babe the priest doth stand,
The cleansing water at his hand
Which must assoil the soul within
From every stain of Adam's sin.
The infant eyes the mystic scenes,
Nor knows what all this wonder means;
And now he smiles, as if to say,
"I am a Christian made this day;"
Now frighted clings to nurse's hold,
Shrinking from the water cold,
Whose virtues, rightly understood,
Are, as Bethesda's waters, good.
Strange words—The World, The Flesh, The Devil—
Poor babe, what can it know of evil?
But we must silently adore
Mysterious truths, and not explore.
Enough for him, in after-times,
When he shall read these artless rhymes.
If, looking back upon this day
With quiet conscience, he can say,
"I have in part redeemed the pledge
Of my baptismal privilege;
And more and more will strive to flee
All which my sponsors kind did then renounce for me." CHARLES LAMB

LIFE'S HAPPIEST PERIOD.

THERE is no pleasure that I have experienced like a child's mid-summer holiday—the time, I mean, when two or three of us used to go away up the brook and take our dinners with us, and come home at night, tired, happy, scratched beyond recognition, with a great nosegay, three little trout, and one shoe, the other having been used for a boat till it had gone down with all hands out of soundings. How poor our Derby days, our Greenwich dinners, our evening parties, where there are plenty of nice girls, after that! Depend upon it, a man never experiences such pleasure or grief after fourteen years as he does before, unless in some cases, in his first love-making, when the sensation is new to him.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CHILDHOOD AND HIS VISITORS.

ONCE on a time, when sunny May
Was kissing up the April showers,
I saw fair Childhood hard at play
Upon a bank of blushing flowers:
Happy.—he knew not whence or how,—
And smiling,—who could choose but love him?
For not more glad than Childhood's brow,
Was the blue heaven that bloomed above him.

Old Time in most appalling wrath,
That valley's green repose invaded;
The brooks grew dry upon his path,
The birds were mute, the lilies faded.
But time so swiftly winged his flight,
In haste a Grecian tomb to batter,
That Childhood watched his paper kite,
And just knew nothing of the matter.

With curling lip and glancing eye
Guilt gazed upon the scene a minute;
But Childhood's glance of purity
Had such a holy spell within it,
That the dark demon to the air
Spread forth again his baffled pinion,
And hid his envy and despair,
Self-tortured, in his own dominion.

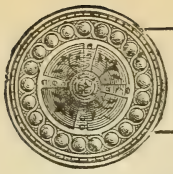
Then stepped a gloomy phantom up,
Pale, cyprus-crowned Night's awful daughter,
And proffered him a fearful cup
Full to the brim of bitter water:
Poor childhood bade her tell her name;
And when the beldame muttered, "Sorrow,"
He said, "Don't interrupt my game;
I'll taste it, if I must, to-morrow."

The Muse of Pindus thither came,
And wooed him with the softest numbers
That ever scattered wealth and fame
Upon a youthful poet's slumbers;
Though sweet the music of the lay,
To Childhood it was all a riddle,
And "Oh," he cried, "do send away
That noisy woman with the fiddle.

Then Wisdom stole his bat and ball,
And taught him, with most sage endeavor,
Why bubbles rise and acorns fall,
And why no toy may last forever.
She talked of all the wondrous laws
Which Nature's open book discloses,
And Childhood, ere she made a pause,
Was fast asleep among the roses.

Sleep on, sleep on! Oh! Manhood's dreams
Are all of earthly pain or pleasure,
Of Glory's toils, Ambition's schemes,
Of cherished love, of hoarded treasure:
But to the couch where Childhood lies
A more delicious trance is given,
Lit up by rays from seraph eyes,
And glimpses of remembered Heaven!

PRAED.



Little Willie Waking Up.

SOME have thought that in the dawning,
In our being's freshest glow,
God is nearer little children
Than their parents ever know.
And that if you listen sharply,
Better things than you can teach,
And a sort of mystic wisdom
Trickles through their careless speech.

How it is I cannot answer,
But I knew a little child,
Who, among the thyme and clover,
And the bees was running wild.
And he came one summer evening,
With his ringlets o'er his eyes,
And his hat was torn in pieces
Chasing bees and butterflies.

"Now I'll go to bed, dear mother,
For I'm very tired of play!"
And he said his, "Now I lay me,"
In a kind of careless way.
And he drank the cooling water,
From his little silver cup,
And said, gayly, "*When it's morning,*
Will the Angels take me up?"

Down he sank with roguish laughter
In his little trundle bed,
And the kindly god of slumber
Showered the poppies o'er his head.
"What could mean his speaking strangely?"
Asked his musing mother then—
"Oh 'twas nothing but his prattle;
What can he of Angels ken?"

There he lies, how sweet and placid,
And his breathing comes and goes
Like a zephyr moving softly,
And his cheek is like a rose;
But she leaned her ear to listen
If his breathing could be heard:
"Oh," she murmured, "if the Angels
Took my darling at his word!"

Night within its folding mantle
Hath the sleepers both beguiled,
And within its soft embracing
Rest the mother and the child;

Up she starteth from her dreaming,
For a sound hath struck her ear—
And it comes from little Willie,
Lying on his trundle near.

Up she springeth, for it strikes upon
Her troubled ear again,
And his breath, in louder fetches,
Travels from his lungs in pain,
And his eyes are fixing upward
On some face beyond the room;
And the blackness of the spoiler,
From his cheek hath chased the bloom.

Never more his, "Now I lay me,"
Shall be said from mother's knee,
Never more among the clover
Will he chase the humble-bee.
Through the night she watched her darling,
Now despairing, now in hope;
And about the break of morning
Did the Angels take him up.

E. H. SEARS

An Unfinished Prayer.

"NOW I lay"—say it, darling;
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep—to sleep," she murmured,
And the curly head dropped low.
"I pray the Lord," I gently added,
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the words came faintly
Fainter still—"My soul to keep;"
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

Oh, the trusting, sweet confiding
Of that child-heart! Would that I
Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,
He who hears my humblest cry.

THE MOTHER'S CRADLE SONG.

SING him a cradle song,
Tender and low;
Tell him how Jesus came
Long, long ago:
Came as a little one,
Lowly and mild,
God's own eternal Son,
Yet Mary's child.

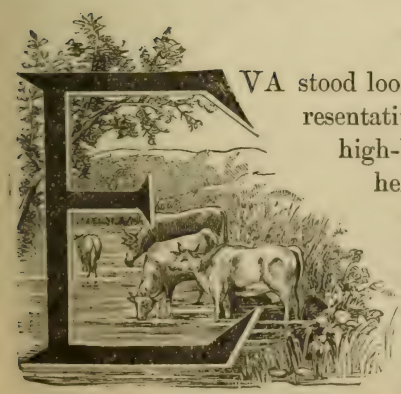
Long years may come and pass,
And there shall be
Under the churchyard grass
Slumber for thee;
Yet shall thy song live on
Still in his life,
Sweeter when thou art gone
Out of the strife.

Sorrow will come with time,
Faith may grow cold;
Truth, like a silver chime,
Calls to the fold;
Calls to the roving sheep
(Gone far astray),
"Come, and the Lord shall keep
Spoilers away."

Say not the words are weak,
Scorned of the wise;
Doth not the Master speak
In lowly guise?
He shall thy weakness make
Holy and strong,
And thy poor song shall wake
A sweeter song.

SARAH DOWDNEY.

EVA AND TOPSY.



EVA stood looking at Topsy. There stood the two children, representatives of the two extremes of society. The fair, high-bred child, with her golden head, her deep eyes, her spiritual, noble brow, and prince-like movements, and her black, keen, subtle, cringing, yet acute neighbor. They stood the representatives of their races. The Saxon, born of ages of cultivation, command, education, physical and moral eminence; the Afric, born of ages of oppression, submission ignorance, toil, and vice!

H. B. STOWE.

BABY BELL.

HAVE you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of Heaven were left ajar:
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the glistening depths of even,—
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-wing'd angels go,
Bearing the holy dead to heaven.
She touch'd a bridge of flowers,—those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels,
They fell like dew upon the flowers:
Then all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours.

She came, and brought delicious May.
The swallows built beneath the eaves;
Like sunlight, in and out the leaves
The robins went the livelong day;
The lily swung its noiseless bell;
And o'er the porch the trembling vine
Seem'd bursting with its veins of wine.
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!
Oh, earth was full of singing-birds
And opening spring-tide flowers,
When the dainty Baby Bell
Came to this world of ours!

Oh, Baby, dainty Baby Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman-nature fill'd her eyes,
What poetry within them lay!
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise.
And so we loved her more and more:
Ah, never in our hearts before
Was love so lovely born:
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen—
The land beyond the morn;
And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth,
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When Baby came from Paradise),—
For love of Him who smote our lives
And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said, *Dear Christ!*—our hearts bent down
Like violets after rain.

And now the orchards which were white
And red with blossoms when she came,
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime;
The clustered apples burnt like flame,
The soft-cheek'd peaches blush'd and fell,
The ivory chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling in the grange;
And time wrought just as rich a change
In little Baby Bell.
Her lissome form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In soften'd curves, her mother's face
Her angel-nature ripen'd too.
We thought her lovely when she came,
But she was holy, saintly now:—
Around her pale angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame!

God's hand had taken away the seal
That held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key;
We could not teach her holy things:
She was Christ's self in purity.

It came upon us by degrees,
We saw its shadow ere it fell,—
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Baby Bell.
We shudder'd with unlanguaged pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears
Like sunshine into rain.

We cried aloud in our belief,
"Oh, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;
Her heart was folded deep in ours.
Our hearts are broken, Baby Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands:
And what did dainty Baby Bell?
She only cross'd her little hands,
She only look'd more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses round her brow,—
White buds, the summer's drifted snow,—
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers:
And thus went dainty Baby Bell
Out of this world of ours!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

BABY BYE.

BABY Bye,
Here's a fly;
Let us watch him, you and I.
How he crawls
Up the walls,
Yet he never falls!
I believe with six such legs
You and I could walk on eggs.
There he goes
On his toes,
Tickling baby's nose.

Spots of red
Dot his head;
Rainbows on his back are spread;
That small speck
Is his neck;
See him nod and beck.
I can show you, if you choose,
Where to look to find his shoes,—
Three small pairs,
Made of hairs;
These he always wears.

Black and brown
Is his gown;
He can wear it upside down;
It is laced
Round his waist;
I admire his taste.
Yet though tight his clothes are made,
He will lose them, I'm afraid,
If to-night
He gets sight
Of the candle-light.

In the sun
Webs are spun;
What if he gets into one?
When it rains
He complains
On the window-panes.
Tongue to talk have you and I;
God has given the little fly
No such things,
So he sings
With his buzzing wings.

He can eat
Bread and meat;
There 's his mouth between his feet.
On his back
Is a pack
Like a pedler's sack.
Does the baby understand?
Then the fly shall kiss her hand;
Put a crumb
On her thumb,
Maybe he will come.

Catch him? No,
Let him go,
Never hurt an insect so;
But no doubt
He flies out
Just to gad about.
Now you see his wings of silk
Drabbled in the baby's milk;
Fie, oh fie,
Foolish fly!
How will he get dry?

All wet flies
Twist their thighs;
Thus they wipe their heads and eyes
Cats you know
Wash just so.
Then their whiskers grow.
Flies have hairs too short to comb,
So they fly bareheaded home;
But the gnat
Wears a hat,
Do you believe that?

Flies can see
More than we,
So how bright their eyes must be!
Little fly,
Ope your eye;
Spiders are near by.
For a secret I can tell,
Spiders never use flies well.
Then away,
Do not stay,
Little fly, good-day.

THEODORE TILTON.

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

"WHY would'st thou leave me, oh gentle child,
Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild—
A straw-roofed cabin, with lowly wall;
Mine is a fair and pillared hall,
Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of pictures for ever streams."

"Oh! green is the turf where my brothers play,
Through the long bright hours of the summer's day;
They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme,
And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know;
Lady, kind lady! oh let me go."

"Content thee, boy! in my bower to dwell
Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well:
Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,
Harps which the wandering breezes tune,
And the silvery wood-note of many a bird
Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountain heard."

"Oh! my mother sings at the twilight's fall,
A song of the hills far more sweet than all;
She sings it under our own green tree
To the babe half slumbering on her knee;
I dreamt last night of that music low—
Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go."

"Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest;
She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast;
Thou would'st meet her footstep, my boy, no more,
Nor hear her song at the cabin door.
Come thou with me to the vineyard nigh,
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye."

"Is my mother gone from her home away?—
But I know that my brothers are there at play—
I know they are gathering the fox-glove's bell,
Or the long fern leaves by the sparkling well;
Or they launch their boats where the bright streams flow—
Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go."

"Fair child, thy brothers are wanderers now;
They sport no more on the mountain's brow;
They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
And the streams where the fairy barks were tied.
Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For the cabin home is a lonely spot."

Are they gone, all gone from the the sunny hill?—
But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still;
And the red-deer bound in their gladness free,
And the heath is bent by the singing bee,
And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow;
Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go."

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

TO J. H.

FOUR YEARS OLD:—A NURSERY SONG

. . . . Pien d'amori,
Pien di canti, e pien di fiori.
FRUGONI.

Full of little loves of ours,
Full of songs, and full of flowers.

AH, little ranting Johnny,
For ever blithe and bonny,
And singing nonny, nonny,
With hat just thrown upon ye;
Or whistling like the thrushes,
With a voice in silver gushes;
Or twisting random posies
With daisies, weeds, and roses;
And strutting in and out so,
Or dancing all about so;

TO J. H.

With cock-up nose so lightsome,
And sidelong eyes so brightsome,
And cheeks as ripe as apples,
And head as rough as Dapple's,
And arms as sunny shining
As if their veins they 'd wine in,
And mouth that smiles so truly
Heaven seems to have made it newly—
It breaks into such sweetness
With merry-lipped completeness
Ah Jack, ah Gianni mio,
As blithe as Laughing Trio!
—Sir Richard, too, you rattler,
So christened from the Tattler,
My Bacchus in his glory,
My little Cor-di-fiori,
My tricksome Puck, my Robin,
Who in and out come bobbing,
As full of feints and frolics as
That fibbing rogue Autolycus,
And play the graceless robber on
Your grave-eyed brother Oberon,—
Ah Dick, ah Dolce-riso,
How can you, can you be so?

One cannot turn a minute,
But mischief—there you 're in it:
A-getting at my books, John,
With mighty bustling looks, John,
Or poking at the roses,
In midst of which your nose is;
Or climbing on a table,
No matter how unstable,
And turning up your quaint eye
And half-shut teeth, with "May n't I?"
Or else you 're off at play, John,
Just as you 'd be all day, John,
With hat or not, as happens;
And there you dance, and clap hands,
Or on the grass go rolling,
Or plucking flowers, or bowling,
And getting me expenses
With losing balls o'er fences;
Or, as the constant trade is,
Are fondled by the ladies
With "What a young rogue this is!"
Reforming him with kisses;
Till suddenly you cry out,
As if you had an eye out,
So desperately fearful,
The sound is really fearful;
When, lo! directly after,
It bubbles into laughter.

Ah, rogue! and do you know, John,
Why, 'tis we love you so, John?
And how it is they let ye
Do what you like, and pet ye,
Though all who look upon ye,
Exclaim, "Ah, Johnny, Johnny!"
It is because you please 'em
Still more, John, than you teaze 'em;
Because, too, when not present,
The thought of you is pleasant;
Because, though such an elf, John,
They think that if yourself, John,
Had something to condemn, too,
You'd be as kind to them, too;
In short, because you're very
Good-tempered, Jack, and merry;
And are as quick at giving
As easy at receiving;
And in the midst of pleasure
Are certain to find leisure
To think, my boy, of ours,
And bring us heaps of flowers.

But see, the sun shines brightly,
Come, put your hat on rightly,
And we'll among the bushes,
And hear your friends, the thrushes;
And see what flowers the weather
Has rendered fit to gather;
And, when we home must jog, you
Shall ride my back, you rogue you—
Your hat adorned with fine leaves,
Horse-chestnut, oak, and vine-leaves:
And so, with green o'erhead, John,
Shall whistle home to bed, John.

LEIGH HUNT.

CRADLE SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THY father's watching the sheep,
Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy mother's shaking the dream-land tree,
And down drops a little dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
The bright moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
And cry not like a sheep,
Else the sheep-dog will bark and whine,
And bite this naughty child of mine.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The Saviour loves his sheep;
He is the Lamb of God on high
Who for our sakes came down to die.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Away to tend the sheep,
Away thou sheep-dog fierce and wild,
And do not harm my sleeping child!
Sleep, baby, sleep!

ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

THE BIRD CATCHER.

GENTLY, gently yet, young stranger,
Light of heart and light of heel!
Ere the bird perceives its danger,
On it slyly steal.
Silence!—ah! your scheme is failing—
No; pursue your pretty prey;
See, your shadow on the paling
Startles it away.

Caution! now you're nearer creeping;
Nearer yet—how still it seems!
Sure, the winged creature's sleeping,
Wrapt in forest dreams!
Golden sights that bird is seeing.
Nest of green, or mossy bough;
Not a thought it hath of fleeing;
Yes, you'll catch it now.

How your eyes begin to twinkle!
Silence, and you'll scarcely fail.
Now stoop down, and softly sprinkle
Salt upon its tail.
Yes, you have it in your tether,
Never more to skim the skies;
Lodge the salt on that long feather—
Ha! it flies! it flies!

Hear it—hark! among the bushes,
Laughing at your idle lures!
Boy, the self-same feeling gushes
Through my heart and yours.
Baffled sportsman, childish Mentor,
How have I been—hapless fault!
Led, like you, my hopes to centre
On a grain of salt!

On what captures I've been counting,
Stooping here, and creeping there,
All to see my bright hope mounting
High into the air!
Thus have children of all ages,
Seeing bliss before them fly,
Found their hearts but empty cages,
And their hopes on high!

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

LULLABY.

GOLDEN slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty wantons; do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby:
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you;
You are care, and care must keep you.
Sleep, pretty wantons; do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby:
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

THOMAS DEKKER.

DANAE.

WHILST, around her lone ark sweeping,
Wailed the winds and waters wild,
Her young cheeks all wan with weeping,
Danae clasped her sleeping child,
And "Alas," (cried she,) "my dearest,
What deep wrongs, what woes, are mine!
But nor wrongs nor woes thou fearest,
In that sinless rest of thine.
Faint the moonbeams break above thee,
And, within here, all is gloom;
But fast wrapt in arms that love thee,
Little reck'st thou of our doom.
Not the rude spray round thee flying,
Has e'en damped thy clustering hair,—
On thy purple mantlet lying,
O mine Innocent, my Fair!
Yet, to thee were sorrow sorrow,
Thou would'st lend thy little ear,
And this heart of thine might borrow
Haply yet a moment's cheer.
But no; slumber on, Babe, slumber;
Slumber, Ocean-waves; and you,
My dark troubles, without number,—
Oh, that ye would slumber too!
Though with wrongs they've brimmed my chalice,
Grant Jove, that, in future years,
This boy may defeat their malice,
And avenge his mother's tears!"

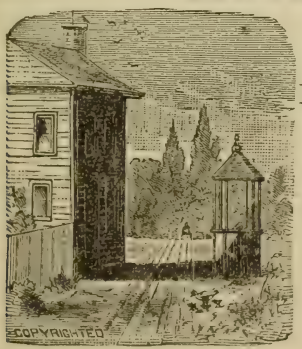
SIMONIDES. (Greek.)
Translation of WILLIAM PETER.

MY SERMON.

I HAVE been siting here for an hour, noting down some thoughts for the sermon which I hope to write during this week, and to preach next Sunday. I have not been able to think very connectedly, indeed; for two little feet have been pattering round me, two little hands pulling at me occasionally, and a little voice entreating that I should come and have a race upon the green. Of course I went; for like most men who are not very great or very bad, I have learned, for the sake of the little owner of the hands and the voice, to love every little child. My sermon will be the better for these interruptions. I do not mean to say it will be absolutely good, though it will be as good as I can make it; but it will be better for these races with my little girl.

BOYD.

LITTLE TYRANT.



ET every sound be dead;
Baby sleeps.
The Emperor softly tread!
Baby sleeps.
Let Mozart's music stop!
Let Phidia's chisel drop!
Baby sleeps.
Demosthenes be dumb!
Our tyrant's hour has come!
Baby sleeps.

THE RIDE IN A WHEEL-BARROW.

WHO does not remember the keen relish of the rapid run in the wheelbarrow of early youth, bumping and rolling about, and finally turning a corner at full speed and upsetting? Who does not remember the delight of the little springless carriage that threatened to dislocate and grind down the bones? Luxury destroys real enjoyment. There is more real enjoyment in riding in a wheelbarrow than in driving in a carriage-and-four.

BOYD.

THE SUNDAY BABY.

YOU wonderful little Sunday child!
Half of your fortune scarce you know,
Although you have blinked and winked and smiled
Full seven and twenty days below.

"The bairn that was born on Sabbath day,"
So say the old wives over their glass—
"Is bonny and healthy, and wise and gay!"
What do you think of that, my lass?

Health and wisdom, and beauty and mirth!
And (as if that were not enough for a dower),
Because of the holy day of your birth,
Abroad you may walk in the gloaming's hour.

When we poor bodies, with backward look,
Shiver and quiver and quake with fear
Of fiend and fairy, and kelpie and spook,
Never a thought need you take, my dear—

For "Sunday's child" may go where it please,
Sunday's child shall be free from harm!
Right down through the mountain side it sees
The mines unopened where jewels swarm!

Oh, fortunate baby! Sunday lass!
The veins of gold through the rocks you'll see;
And when o'er the shining sands you pass,
You can tell where the hidden springs may be.

And never a fiend or an airy sprite
May thwart or hinder you all your days,
Whenever it chances, in mirk midnight,
The lids of your marvelous eyes you raise.

You may see, while your heart is pure and true,
The angels that visit this lower sphere,
Drop down the firmament, two and two,
Their errands of mercy to work down here.

This is the dower of a Sunday child;
What do you think of it, little brown head,
Winking and blinking your eyes so mild,
Down in the depths of your snowy bed?

ALICE WILLIAMS.

THE BLIND BOY.

OH, say what is that thing called Light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight,
Oh, tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy;
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

COLLEY CIBBER.

A FATHER'S WISH.

LITTLE sportive beauty, say,
Must thy childish joys decay?
Every thought where life is new,
Is as fresh as morning dew;
Fancy on its buoyant wing,
Seeks the breast of laughing Spring;
And the young heart takes delight
In each natural sound and sight.
Might thy childhood almost past
Blissful age! forever last,
Mingling with expanded sense
Spotless truth and innocence;
Like the painted bow above,
Full of promise, peace, and love!
Like a bark upon the sea,—
Such is Childhood's memory,
Leaving on the infant mind
Not a trace of grief behind;
Like a sky of summer blue,
Such is childhood's onward view,
All as vague and all as bright
Beaming with unclouded light.
Thy mind knows not an anxious doubt,
It never heard of sin.
'Tis heedless of the world without,
Wrapt in its world within.

With flaxen hair and bright blue eyes
A sprightlier fairy never smiled,
And I would some spell devise
To keep my favorite still a child.
I know that soon a riper grace
Will rest upon thy maiden face;
But then thou wilt not be
The same fair child to me,
That came on winged feet
My well-known steps to greet.

With flaxen hair and bright blue eyes
A sprightlier fairy never smiled,
And I would fain some spell devise
To keep my fairy still a child.

LORD PORCHESTER.

MY BABY.

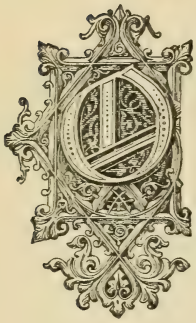
ANOTHER little wave upon the sea of life;
Another soul to save amid its toil and strife.

Two more little feet to walk the dusty road;
To choose where two paths meet, the narrow and the broad.

Two more little hands to work for good or ill;
Two more little eyes, another little will.

Another heart to love, receiving love again;
And as the baby came, a thing of joy and pain.

Safe Folded.



H, it is hard when o'er the face
We scarce can see for weeping
The little loving baby face,
That last, still shadow comes creeping;
Full hard to close the tender eyes,
And fold the hands for sleeping.

Yet when the world our own would claim,
It doth not greatly grieve us;
We calmly see as days go by,
Our little children leave us—
And, smiling, heed not how the swift,
Soft-footed years bereave us.

Oh mother hearts I count you rich
Beyond mere earth-possessing,
Whose little babies never grow
Away from your caressing—
Safe-folded in His tender arms,
Who gives again with blessing.

CAROLINE LESLIE.

CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair
If I try to escape, they surround me:
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon.
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you for ever,
Yes, for ever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

HENRY. WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Introduction to "Songs of Innocence."

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a lamb!
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again;"
So I piped; he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer!"
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read."
So he vanish'd from my sight;
And I pluck'd a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE NEW COMER.

Lancashire Dialect.

THA 'rt welcome, little bonny brid,
But should n't ha' come just when
tha did;
Toimes are bad.
We 're short o' pobbies for eawr Joe,
But that, of course, tha did n't know,
Did ta, lad?

Aw 've often yeard mi feyther tell
'At when aw coom i' th' world misel
Trade wur slack;
An' neaw it 's hard wark pooin' throo—
But aw munna fear thee, iv aw do
Tha 'll go back.

Cheer up! these toimes 'll awter soon;
Aw 'm beawn to beigh another spoon—
One for thee;
An', as tha 's sich a pratty face,
Aw 'll let thee have eawr Charley's place
On mi knee.

Hush! hush! tha munno cry this way,
But get this sope o' cinder tay
While it 's warm;
Mi mother used to give it me,
When aw wur sich a lad as thee,
In her arm.

Hush a babby, hush a bee—
Oh, what a temper! dear a me,
Heaw tha skroikes!
Here 's a bit o' sugar, sithee;
Howd thi noise, an' then aw 'll gie thee
Owt tha loikes.

We 'n nobbut getten coarsish fare,
But eawt o' this tha 'll ha' thi share,
Never fear.
Aw hope tha 'll never want a meal,
But allus fill thi bally weel
While tha 'rt here.

And tho' we 'n childer two or three,
We 'll make a bit o' reawm for thee—
Bless thee, lad!
Tha 'rt th' prattiest brid we han i' th' nest;
Come, hutch up closer to mi breast—
Aw 'm thi dad.

CRADLE SONG.

SLEEP little baby of mine,
Night and the darkness are near
But Jesus looks down
Through the shadows that frown,
And baby has nothing to fear.

Shut little sleepy blue eyes;
Dear little head be at rest;
Jesus like you,
Was a baby once too,
And slept on his own mother's breast.

Sleep little baby of mine
Soft on your pillow so white;
Jesus is here
To watch over you, dear,
And nothing can harm you to-night.

Oh little darling of mine,
What can you know of the bliss,
The comfort I keep,
Awake and asleep,
Because I am certain of this?

BED-TIME.

I.

THE children are going to bed
In nurseries shaded and clean,
And many a bright and curly head
Is nestling the white sheets between.

Little faces all washed white as snow,
Are dewy with kisses to-night,
And young lips are murmuring low
Sweet prayers—words from consciences white.

Tiny dresses and jackets and shoes
Lie folded away till the morn,
Like the chrysalis, no more of use
To the gayly-striped insect new-born.

The angel of sleep hovers near,
And curtains the room with his wings;
That incense to angels is dear
Which from the nursery altars upsprings.

Little eyelids quite tired with play,
Are drooping and closing like flowers,
And restless young forms laid away,
To sleep through the long midnight hours.

In cottage and castle and hall,
In valley, on prairie, or hill,
The calm hush of evening doth fall,
And life hath grown suddenly still.

At sunset a blessing comes down,
And peace upon all things is shed,
For in city and village and town
The children are going to bed.

II.

The children are going to bed,
Such bed as their lives ever know,
In alley and attic and shed,
And cellar-ways fetid and low,
In homes where wrangle and din
Turn night into hideous noon,
Where the voice of shame, sorrow, and sin
Will break their light slumbers too soon.

All tumbled and dirty they lie,
No kiss on the heavy young brow,
A tear scarcely dried in the eye,
The flush of a blow ling'ring now.
They sleep upon pavement or floor,
With never a low word of prayer,
Or gasp at the window or door
For a breath of the life-giving air.

Far up in the tenement high
They sob at the falling of day,
And angels bend down from the sky
To hear what the poor children say.
It may be that even in heaven
Some bright tears of pity are shed,
And sins of the day all forgiven
When the children are going to bed.

III.

"The children are going to bed!"
Hushed voices speak gently the word:
All muffled the mother's light tread,
No merry "Good-evening" is heard,
No breath stirs the ringlets of gold,
No dimple the passionless cheek,
No tossing limbs ruffle a fold
Laid over the hands folded meek.

Oh! quiet the cradle, though small,
Where the children are laid to their rest:
There is room and to spare for them all,
In Earth's warm and welcoming breast.
What matter if castle or cot
Once held the fair image of snow?
All alike are they now in their lot,
As they nestle the flowers below.

COMRADES.

Then cover them up from our sight,
Spread the freshest green turf o'er their head,
Bid them one more caressing "good-night,"
The children are going to bed.
The children are folded in dreams,
Bright angels have sung them to sleep,
And stars with their great solemn beams,
Loving watch o'er their tired forms keep.

No waking to sorrow or gloom,
No hunger, no shame, and no sin,
Oh! faithful and loving the tomb
That safe from life's ills shuts them in.
The sweet name of Jesus our Lord
Once more o'er their pillows be said,
And praise, that, secure in His Word,
The children are going to bed.

M. E. WINSLOW.

A Parent's Prayer.

SEND down thy winged Angel, God!
Amidst this night so wild,
And bid him come where now we watch,
And breathe upon our child.

She lies upon her pillow, pale,
And moans within her sleep,
Or wakeneth with a patient smile,
And striveth *not* to weep!

How gentle and how good a child
She is, we know too well,
And dearer to her parents' hearts
Than our weak words can tell.

We love—we watch throughout the night,
To aid, when need may be;
We hope—and have despair'd at times,
But *now* we turn to Thee.

Send down thy sweet-soul'd Angel, God!
Amidst the darkness wild,
And bid him soothe our souls to-night,
And heal our gentle child!

BARRY CORNWALL.

CHOOSING A NAME.

I HAVE got a new-born sister;
I was nigh the first that kissed her.
When the nursing woman brought her
To papa, his infant daughter,
How papa's dear eyes did glisten!—
She will shortly be to christen;
And papa has made the offer,
I shall have the naming of her.

Now I wonder what would please her,—
Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa?
Ann and Mary, they're too common;
Joan's too formal for a woman;
Jane's a prettier name beside;
But we had a Jane that died.
They would say, if 't was Rebecca,
That she was a little Quaker.
Edith's pretty, but that looks
Better in old English books;
Ellen's left off long ago;
Blanche is out of fashion now.
None that I have named as yet
Are so good as Margaret.
Emily is neat and fine;
What do you think of Caroline?
How I'm puzzled and perplexed
What to choose or think of next!
I am in a little fever
Lest the name that I should give her
Should disgrace her or defame her;—
I will leave papa to name her.

MARY LAMB.

ON THE PICTURE OF AN INFANT PLAYING NEAR A PRECIPICE.

WHILE on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,
And the blue vales a thousand joys recall,
See, to the last, last verge her infant steals!
Oh fly—yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall.—
Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,
And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

LEONIDAS of Alexandria. (Greek.)
Translation of SAMUEL ROGERS.

TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL beauteous stranger of the grove,
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy way,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year!

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring!

JOHN LOGAN.

SWEET BABY, SLEEP.

SWEET baby, sleep! what ails my dear?
What ails my darling, thus to cry?
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,
To hear me sing thy lullaby.
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou blessed soul, what canst thou fear?
What thing to thee can mischief do?
Thy God is now thy Father dear,
His holy Spouse thy mother too.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Though thy conception was in sin,
A sacred bathing thou hast had;
And though thy birth unclean hath been,
A blameless babe thou now art made.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

While thus thy lullaby I sing,
For thee great blessings ripening be;
Thine eldest brother is a King,
And hath a kingdom bought for thee.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Sweet baby, sleep, and nothing fear;
For whosoever thee offends
By thy Protector threaten'd are,
And God and angels are thy friends.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here,
In little babes He took delight;
Such innocents as thou, my dear,
Are ever precious in His sight.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

A little infant once was He;
And strength in weakness then was laid
Upon His virgin mother's knee,
That power to thee might be convey'd.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

In this thy frailty and thy need
He friends and helpers doth prepare,
Which thee shall cherish, clothe, and feed,
For of thy weal they tender are.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be till, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The King of kings, when He was born,
Had not so much for outward ease;
By Him such dressings were not worn,
Nor such-like swaddling-clothes as these.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Within a manger lodged thy Lord,
Where oxen lay and asses fed:
Warm rooms we do to thee afford,
An easy cradle or a bed.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The wants that He did then sustain
Have purchased wealth my babe, for thee;
And by His torments and His pain
Thy rest and ease secured be.
My baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby sleep.

Thou hast, yet more to perfect this,
A promise and an earnest got
Of gaining everlasting bliss,
Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not:
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

GEORGE WITHER.

"THAT LITTLE HAT."

I FIND it in the garden path,
Its little crown half full
Of white flowers; where's the rogue
Who dared my roses pull?
I find it on the roadside there,
The flowers tossed away,
And in the crown, packed carefully,
A load of stones and clay.

I find it in the daisied field,
Or hidden in the clover,
Inspected by the wandering bees,
And crawled by insects over.
I find it on the old barn floor,
Or in the manger resting,
Or swinging from the beams above,
Where cooing doves are nesting.

I find it 'neath my busy feet
Upon the kitchen floor,
Or lying midway up the stairs,
Or by my chamber door.
I find it in, I find it out,
'Neath table, lounge, or chair,
The little shabby brimless thing,
I find it everywhere

But on the curly, golden pate,
For which alone 'twas meant,
That little restless, sunny head,
On mischief always bent.
Oh! baby boy, this problem solve,
And tell me, darling, whether
Your roguish pate and this old hat
Were *ever* seen together?

MARY D. BRINE.

MY BOY.

A LITTLE roll of flannel fine;
A thrill in mother's heart—"'tis mine;"
A little head of golden hair;
A lifted eye to heaven in prayer.

A smile that ripples to a laugh;
A tear with grief in its behalf;
A pushing of a slender chair;
A climbing of the oaken stair;

A stride o'er everything at hand;
A horse at Santa Claus' command;
A little cart all painted red;
A train of cars at full steam sped;

A pair of "pants" that reach the knee;
A strut like midshipman from sea;
A pair of boots with tops of red;
A knife, a ball, a gallant sled;

A pocket full of everything;
A "shooter," skates, and yards of string;
A voting fractions "such a bore;"
A holiday rejoicing o'er;

A stretching down the pantaloon;
A swim—a wrestling match at noon;
A little Latin now, and Greek;
A letter home just once a week;

A roaming through collegiate halls;
A summer evening spent in calls;
A rapture o'er a sunny face;
A bow, a ring, some bridal lace;

A kneeling at the chancel rail;
A trembling bride, a bridegroom pale;
A leap into the world's wide sea;
My boy was gone—ah me! ah me!

FRANCES A. M. JOHNSON.

If I Could Keep Her So.

UST a little baby lying in my arms,
Would that I could keep you with your baby charms;
Helpless, clinging fingers; downy, golden hair,
Where the sunshine lingers, caught from otherwhere;
Blue eyes asking questions, lips that cannot speak,
Roly-poly shoulders, dimple in your cheek;
Dainty little blossom, in a world of woe;
Thus I fain would keep you, for I love you so.

Roguish little damsel, scarcely six years old;
Feet that never weary, hair of deeper gold;
Restless, busy fingers, all the time at play,
Tongue that never ceases talking all the day,
Blue eyes learning wonders of the world about,
Have come to tell you them—what an eager shout!
Winsome little damsel, all the neighbors know;
Thus I long to keep you, for I love you so.

Sober little school-girl with your strap of books,
And such grave importance in your puzzled looks,
Solving weary problems, poring over sums,
Yet with tooth for sponge cake and for sugar plums,
Reading books of romance in your bed at night,
Waking up to study in the morning light;
Anxious as to ribbons, deft to tie a bow,
Full of contradictions—I would keep you so.

Sweet and thoughtful maiden, sitting by my side,
All the world's before, and the world is wide;
Hearts are there for winning, hearts are there to break,
Has your own, shy maiden, just begun to wake?
Is that rose of dawning, glowing on your cheek.
Telling us in blushes what you will not speak?
Shy and tender maiden, I would fain forego
All the golden future, just to keep you so.

All the listening angels saw that she was fair,
Ripe for rare unfolding in the upper air;
Now the rose of dawning turns to lily white,
And the close-shut eyelids veil the eyes from sight.
All the past I summon as I kiss her brow—
Babe, and child, and maiden, all are with me now,
O! my heart is breaking; but God's love I know—
Safe among the angels, He will keep her so.

LOUISE C. MOULTON.

Willie Winkie.

WEE Willie Winkie rins through the town,
Up stairs and doon stairs, in his nicht gown,
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed?—for it's now ten o'clock."

Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' ben?
The cat's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin' hen,
The doug's speldered on the floor, and disna gie a cheep;
But here's a waukrife laddie that winna fa' asleep.

Onything but sleep, ye rogue!—glowerin' like the moon,
Rattlin' in an airn jug with an airn spoon,
Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about, crawin like a cock,
Skirlin' like a kenna-what—wauknin' sleepin' folk.

Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean's in a creel!
Waumblin' aff a bodie's knee like a vera eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravellin' a' her thrumse;
Hey, Willie Winkie!—See, there he comes!

Weary is the mither that has a storie wean,
A wee stumpie stoussie, that canna rin his lane,
That has a battle aye wi' sleep before he'll close an ee;
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength anew to me.

WILLIAM MILLER.

THE BABIE.

NAE shoon to hide her tiny taes,
Nae stockin' on her feet;
Her supple ankles white as snaw,
Or early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress o' sprinkled pink,
Her double, dimplit chin,
Her puckered lips and balmy mou'
With nae an tooth within.

Her een sae like her mother's een,
Twa gentle, liquid things;
Her face is like an angel's face:
We're glad she has nae wings.

She is the buddin' o' our love,
A giftie God gied us:
We maun na have the gift owre wee.,
'Twad be na blessin' thus.

We still maun lo'e the Giver mair,
An' see Him in the given;
An' sae she'll lead us up to Him,
Our babie straight frae heaven.

J. E. RANKIN.

Demeanor toward Children.

BE always frank and open with your children. Make them trust you and tell you all their secrets. Make them feel at ease with you, and make free with them. There is no such good plaything for grown-up children like you and me as weans, wee ones. It is wonderful what you can get them to do with a little coaxing and fun. You all know this as well as I do, and you will practice it every day in your own families. There is a pleasant little story out of an old book:—"A gentleman having led a company of children beyond their usual journey, they began to be weary, and all cried to him to carry them on his back, but because of their multitude he could not do that. 'But,' says he, 'I'll get horses for us all;' then cutting little wands out of the hedges as ponies, and a great stake as a charger for himself, this put mettle into their little legs, and they rode cheerily home." So much for a bit of ingenious fun.

DR. BROWN.

DEATH OF A BABE.

She had seen
All of earth's year except the winter's snows,
Spring, summer, autumn, like sweet dreams, had smiled
On her. Eva—or *living*—was her name;
A bud of life folded in leaves and love;
The dewy morning star of summer days;
The golden lamps of happy fire-side hours;
The little ewe-lamb nestling by our side;
The dove whose cooing echoed in our hearts;
The sweetest chord upon our harp of praise:
The quiet spring the rivulet of joy;
The pearl among His gifts who gave us all;
On whom not we alone, but all who look'd,
Gazing would breath the involuntary words,
"God bless thee, Eva—God be bless'd for thee."
Alas, clouds gather'd quickly, and the storm
Fell without warning on our tender bud,
Scattering its leaflets; and the star was drench'd
In tears; the lamp burnt dimly unawares
The little lamb was faint; the weary dove
Cower'd its young head beneath its drooping wing;
The chord was loosen'd on our harp; the fount
Was troubled, and the rill ran nearly dry;
And in our souls we heard our Father saying,
"Will ye return the gift?" The Voice was low—
The answer lower still—"Thy will be done."
And now where we had often pictured her,
I saw her one of the beatified;
Eva, our blossom, ours forever now,
Unfolding in the atmosphere of love:
The star that set upon our earthly home
Had risen in glory, and in purer skies
Was shining; and the lamp we sorely miss'd,
Shed its soft radiance in a better home;
Our lamb was pasturing in heavenly meads;
Our dove had settled on the trees of life;
Another chord was ringing with delight,
Another spring of rapture was unseal'd,
In Paradise; our treasure was with God;
The gift in the great Giver's strong right hand;
And none who look'd on her could choose but say,
"Eva, sweet angel, God be bless'd for thee."

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

PRAYERS OF CHILDREN.

IN the quiet nursery chambers,—
Snowy pillows yet unpressed,—
See the forms of little children
Kneeling, white-robed, for their rest.
All in quiet nursery chambers,
While the dusky shadows creep,
Hear the voices of the children;
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

In the meadow and the mountain
Calmly shine the Winter stars,
But across the glistening lowlands
Stand the moonlight's silver bars.
In the silence and the darkness,
Darkness growing still more deep,
Listen to the little children,
Praying God their souls to keep.

"If we die"—so pray the children,
And the mother's head droops low,
One from out her fold is sleeping
Deep beneath the winter's snow—
"Take our souls;"—and past the casement
Flits a gleam of crystal light,
Like the trailing of his garments,
Walking evermore in white.

Little souls that stand expectant,
Listening at the gates of life,
Hearing, far away, the murmur
Of the tumult and the strife,
We who fight beneath those banners,
Meeting ranks of foemen there,
Find a deeper, broader meaning
In your simple vesper prayer.

When your hand shall grasp this standard
Which to-day you watch from far,
When your deeds shall shape the conflict
In this universal war:
Pray to Him, the God of battles,
Whose strong eyes can never sleep,
In the warring of temptation,
Firm and true your souls to keep.

When the combat ends, and slowly
Clears the smoke from out the skies;
When, far down the purple distance,
All the noise of battle dies;
When the last night's solemn shadow
Settles down on you and me,
May the love that never faileth
Take our souls eternally!

A CHILD'S MOOD.

I WANT that rose the wind took yesterday,
I want it more than this:
It had no thorn—it was the best that grew,
I want my last night's kiss.

I want that butterfly with spotted wings
That brushed across my hand,
Last night, between the sunset and the dew,
It came from fairy-land.

It would have stayed, I guess, it wavered so,
Where all those pansies bloom:
They gave it wings to get away from me,
I lost it in the gloom.

And yesterday the bees on all the heads
Of clover swung so low,
I saw them take their honey; but to-day
They only sting and go.

That star that always comes before the moon,
Dropped out of heaven last night;
I hunted where I saw it fall—and found
A worm with yellow light.

I want the sun to go, and let the dark
Hide everything away.
That was the sweetest rose in all the world
The wind took yesterday.

JULIET C. MARSH.

TWO YEARS OLD.

PLAYING on the carpet near me
Is a little cherub girl;
And her presence, much I fear me,
Sets my senses in a whirl;
For a book is near me lying,
Full of grave philosophizing,
And I own I'm vainly trying
There my thoughts to hold;
But in spite of my essaying,
They will evermore be straying,
To that cherub near me playing
Only two years old.

With her hair so long and flaxen,
And her sunny eyes of blue,
And her cheek so plump and waxen,
She is charming to the view.
Then her voice, to all who hear it,
Breathes a sweet entrancing spirit.
Oh, to be forever near it,
Is a joy untold;
For 'tis ever sweetly telling
To my heart, with rapture swelling,
Of affection inly dwelling—
Only two years old.

With a new delight I'm hearing,
All her sweet attempts at words
In their melody endearing,
Sweeter far than any birds;
And the musical mistaking
Which her baby lips are making,
For my heart a charm is waking
Firmer in its hold
Than the charm so rich and glowing,
From the Roman's lip o'erflowing;
Then she gives a look so knowing,
Only two years old.

Now her ripe and honeyed kisses,
(Honeyed, ripe, for me alone,)
Thrill my soul with varied blisses
Venus never yet hath known.
When her twining arms are round me,
All domestic joy hath crowned me,
And a fervent spell hath bound me,
Never to grow old.
O, there's not, this side of Aiden,
Aught with loveliness so laden,
As my little cherub maiden
Only two years old.

MY BIRD.

ERE last year's moon had left the sky,
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded, O, so lovingly!
Her tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge,
In winsome helplessness she lies;
Two rose leaves with a silken fringe,
Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind a lovelier bird,
Broad earth owns not a happier nest;
O God, thou hast a fountain stirred,
Whose waters never more shall rest.

This beautiful mysterious thing,
This seeming visitant from heaven,
This bird with the immortal wing,
Come to me, thy hand has given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
The blood its crimson hue from mine;
This life, which I have dared invoke
Henceforth is parallel with thine.

A silent awe is in my room,
I tremble with delicious fear;
The future, with its light and gloom,
Time and Eternity are here.

Doubts, hopes, in eager tumult rise;
Hear, O, my God! one earnest prayer;
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel plumage there!

EMILY JUDSON (Fanny Forrester)

The Cry of the Children.

DO ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in their sorrow
Why their tears are falling so?
The old man may weep for his to-morrow
Which is lost in Long Ago;
The old tree is leafless in the forest,
The old year is ending in the frost,
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,
The old hope is hardest to be lost:
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,
In our happy Fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy;
"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary,
Our young feet," they say, "are very weak;
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
Our grave-rest is very far to seek:
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children,
For the outside earth is cold,
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
And the graves are for the old.

"True," say the children, "it may happen
That we die before our time:
Little Alice died last year, her grave is shapen
Like a snowball, in the rime.
We looked into the pit prepared to take her:
Was no room for any work in the close clay!
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,
Crying, 'Get up little Alice! it is day.'
If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never cries;
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,
For the smile has time for growing in her eyes;
And merry go her moments, lull'd and still'd in
The shroud by the kirk-chime.
It is good when it happens," say the children,
"That we die before our time."

Alas, alas, the children! they are seeking
Death in life, as best to have:
They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,
With a cerement from the grave.
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city,
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do;
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty,
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through!
But they answer, "Are your cowslips of the meadows
Like our weeds a-near the mine?
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows,
From your pleasures fair and fine!

"For, oh," say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap;
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.

For all day we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark, underground;
Or all day we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

"For all day the wheels are droning, turning;
Their wind comes in our faces,
Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places;
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling,
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall,
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling,
All are turning, all the day, and we with all.
And all day the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels' (breaking out in a mad moaning)
'Stop! be silent for to-day!'"

Ay, be silent! Let them hear each other breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth!
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing
Of their tender human youth!
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals;
Let them prove their living souls against the notion
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,
To look up to Him and pray;
So the blessed One who blesseth all the others,
Will bless them another day.
They answer, "Who is God, that He should hear us,
While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirr'd?
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word.
And *we* hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)
Strangers speaking at the door:
Is it likely God, with angels singing round Him,
Hears our weeping any more?

"Two words, indeed, of praying we remember,
And at midnight's hour of harm,
'Our Father,' looking upward in the chamber
We say softly for a charm.
We know no other words except 'Our Father,'
And we think that, in some pause of angels' song,
God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,
And hold both within His right hand which is strong.
'Our Father!' If He heard us He would surely
(For they call Him good and mild)
Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,
'Come and rest with me, my child.'
"But no!" say the children, weeping faster,
"He is speechless as a stone:
And they tell us of His image is the master,
Who commands us to work on.
Go to!" say the children,—"up in heaven,
Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.
Do not mock us; grief has made us unbelieving:
We look up for God, but tears have made us blind."
Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,
O my brothers, what ye preach?
For God's possible is taught by His world's loving,
And the children doubt of each.

And well may the children weep before you!
They are weary ere they run;
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun.
They know the grief of man, without its wisdom;
They sink in man's despair, without its calm;
Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom,
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm:
Are worn as if with age, yet unretrievingly
The harvest of its memories cannot reap,—
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly.
Let them weep! let them weep!

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For they 'mind you of their angels in high places,
With eyes turned on Deity.
"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart,—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And your purple shows your path!
But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE LITTLE CAVALIER.

HE walks beside his mother,
And looks up in her face;
He wears a glow of boyish pride
With such a royal grace!
He proudly waits upon her;
Would shield her without fear—
The boy who loves his mother well,
Her little cavalier.

To see no tears of sorrow
Upon her loving cheek,
To gain her sweet, approving smile,
To hear her softly speak—
Ah! what in all this wide world
Could be to him so dear?—
The boy who loves his mother well,
Her little cavalier.

Look for him in the future
Among the good, the true:
All blessings on the upward way
His little feet pursue.
Of robed and crowned and sceptered kings
He stands the royal peer—
The boy who loves his mother well,
Her little cavalier.

GEORGE COOPER.

COUNTRY CHILDREN.

LITTLE fresh violets,
Born in the wildwood;
Sweetly illustrating
Innocent childhood:
Shy as the antelope,
Brown as a berry,
Free as the mountain air,
Romping and merry.

Blue eyes and hazel eyes
Peep from the hedges,
Shaded by sun-bonnets,
Frayed at the edges!
Up in the apple trees,
Careless of danger,
Manhood in embryo,
Stares at the stranger.

Out in the hilly patch,
Seeking the berries—
Under the orchard trees,
Feasting on cherries—
Trampling the clover blooms,
Down 'mong the grasses,
No voice to hinder them,
Dear lads and lasses!

No grim propriety—
No interdiction;
Free as the birdlings
From city restriction!
Coining the purest blood,
Strength'ning each muscle,
Donning health armor
'Gainst life's coming bustle.

Dear little innocents!
Born in the wildwood;
Oh, that all little ones
Had such a childhood!
Blue skies spread over them,
Earth's green beneath them,
No sweeter heritage
Could we bequeath them.

Calling a Boy in the Morning.

THE Connecticut editor who wrote the following, evidently knew what he was talking about:—

Calling a boy up in the morning can hardly be classed under the head of "pastimes," especially if the boy is fond of exercise the day before. And it is a little singular that the next hardest thing to getting a boy out of bed is getting him into it. There is rarely a mother who is a success at rousing a boy. All mothers know this; so do their boys. And yet the mother *seems* to go at it in the right way. She opens the stair-door and insinuatingly observes, "Johnny." There is no response. "Johnny." Still no response. Then there is a short, sharp, "John," followed a moment later by a long and emphatic "John Henry." A grunt from the upper regions signifies that an impression has been made; and the mother is encouraged to add, "You'd better be getting down here to your breakfast, young man, before I come up there, an' give you something you'll feel." This so startles the young man that he immediately goes to sleep again. And the operation has to be repeated several times. A father knows nothing about this trouble. He merely opens his mouth as a soda-bottle ejects its cork, and the "John Henry" that cleaves the air of that stairway goes into that boy like electricity, and pierces the deepest recesses of his nature. And he pops out of that bed and into his clothes, and down the stairs, with a promptness that is commendable. It is rarely a boy allows himself to disregard the paternal summons. About once a year is believed to be as often as is consistent with the rules of health. He saves his father a great many steps by his thoughtfulness.

Good-Night.

GOOD-NIGHT! the sun is setting,
"Good-night!" the robins sing,
And blue-eyed dolls and blue-eyed girls
Should soon be following.
Come! lay the Lady Geraldine
Among the pillows white;
'T is time the little mother kissed
Her sleepy doll good-night.

And, Willie, put the cart away,
And drive into the shed
The pony and the mooly cow;
'T is time to go to bed.
For, listen! in the lilac tree
The robin does not sing;
"Good-night!" he sang, and tucked his head
Beneath his weary wing.

Soon all the world will go to rest,
And all the sky grow dim;
God "giveth his beloved sleep,"
So we may trust in Him.
The Lord is in the shadow,
And the Lord is in the light,
To guard His little ones from harm;
Good-night, dear hearts, good-night!

DEATH OF LITTLE PAUL

"FLOY" said Paul, "what is that?" "Where, dearest?" "There! at the bottom of the bed." "There's nothing there except Papa!" The figure lifted up its head and rose, and, coming to the bedside, said, "My own boy, don't you know me?" Paul looked it in the face, and thought, Was this his father? But the face, so altered to his thinking, thrilled while he gazed, as if it were in pain; and, before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them and draw it toward him, the figure turned away quickly from the little bed, and went out at the door. Paul looked at Florence with a fluttering heart; but he knew what she was going to say, and stopped her with his face against her lips. The next time he observed the figure sitting at the bottom of the bed, he called to it, "Don't be sorry for me, dear papa; indeed, I am quite happy!" His father coming, and bending down to him—which he did quickly, and without first pausing by the bedside—Paul held him round the neck, and repeated these words to him several times, and very earnestly; and Paul never saw him again in his room at any time, whether it were day or night, but he called out, "Don't be sorry for me; indeed, I am quite happy." This was the beginning of his always saying in the morning that he was a great deal better, and that they were to tell his father so.

How many times the golden water danced upon the wall—how many nights the dark, dark river rolled toward the sea in spite of him—Paul never counted, never sought to know. If their kindness, or his sense of it, could have increased, they were more kind, and he more grateful, everyday; but whether they were many days or few, appeared of little moment now to the gentle boy. One night he had been thinking of his mother and her picture in the drawing-room down stairs, and had thought she must have loved sweet Florence better than his father did, to have held her in her arms when she felt that she was dying; for even he, her brother, who had such dear love for her, could have no greater wish than that. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother; for he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no—the river running very fast, and confusing his mind. "Floy, did I ever see mamma?" "No, darling: why?" "Did I ever see any kind face, like mamma's, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?" he asked, incredulously, as if he had some vision of a face before him. "Oh, yes, dear." "Whose, Floy?" "Your old nurse's, often." "And where is my old nurse?" said Paul. "Is she dead, too? Floy, are we *all* dead, except you?"

There was a hurry in the room for an instant—longer, perhaps, but it seemed no more—then all was still again; and Florence, with her face quite colorless, but smiling, held his head upon her arm.

Her arm trembled very much. "Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please!" "She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow." "Thank you, Floy."

* * * * * * * *

"And who is this?" Is this my old nurse?" said the child, regarding with a radiant smile a figure coming in. Yes, yes! No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity. "Floy, this is a kind, good face!" said Paul. "I am glad to see it again. Don't go away old nurse. Stay here!"

"Now lay me down," he said; "and, Floy, come close to me and let me see you!" Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in and fell upon them, locked together. "How fast the river runs between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so." Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now! how bright the flowers growing on them! and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on; and now there was a shore before them. Who stood on the bank? He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it, but they saw him fold them so, behind her neck. "Mamma is like you, Floy; I know her by the face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

CHARLES DICKENS.

SLUMBER SONG.

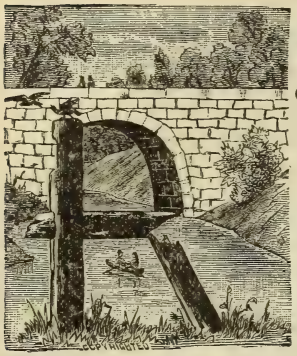
HUSHABYE, baby!
How the hours run!
Now the night is coming,
Soon the day'll be done.
The door of the dreamland is ajar;
Haste thee in, it is not far.
Bye, baby, bye!

Hushabye, baby!
Now the day is done.
See, the shadows gather
And the light is gone.
The door of dreamland open stands,
You must haste away:
The little stars have set their lamps,
To guide you in your way.
Bye, baby, bye!

Hushabye, baby!
Close your little eyes,
Sleep is standing o'er thee,
Waiting for her prize.
She has sweetest dreams to give thee,
Softest arms which will enfold thee.
She will keep thee from all harm.
Yield thee quickly to her charm.
Bye, baby, bye!

ELLA BRANCH.

TO FERDINAND SEYMOUR.



ROSY child, with forehead fair,
Coral lip, and shining hair,
In whose mirthful, clever eyes
Such a world of gladness lies;
As thy loose curls idly straying
O'er thy mother's cheek, while playing,
Blend her soft lock's shadowy twine
With the glittering light of thine—
Who shall say, who gazes now,
Which is fairest, she or thou?

In sweet contrast are ye met,
Such as heart could ne'er forget;
Thou art brilliant as a flower,
Crimsoning in the sunny hour;
Merry as a singing bird,
In the green wood sweetly heard;
Restless as if fluttering wings
Bore thee on thy wanderings;
Ignorant of all distress,
Full of childhood's carelessness.

She is gentle; she hath known
Something of the echoed tone
Sorrow leaves, where'er it goes,
In this world of many woes.
On her brow such shadows are
As the faint cloud gives the star,
Veiling its most holy light,
Though it still be pure and bright;
And the color in her cheek
To the hue on thine is weak,
Save when flushed with sweet surprise,
Sudden welcomes light her eyes;
And her softly chiselled face
(But for living, moving grace)
Looks like one of those which beam
In th' Italian painter's dream,—
Some beloved Madonna, bending
O'er the infant she is tending:
Holy, bright, and undefiled
Mother of the Heaven-born child;
Who, though painted strangely fair,
Seems but made for holy prayer,
Pity, tears, and sweet appeal,
And fondness such as angels feel:
Baffling earthly passion's sigh
With serenest majesty!

Oh! may those enshrouded years
Whose fair dawn alone appears,—
May that brightly budding life,
Knowing yet nor sin nor strife,—
Bring its store of hoped-for joy,
Mother, to thy laughing boy!
And the good thou dost impart
Lie deep-treasured in his heart,
That, when he at length shall strive
In the bad world where we live,
Thy sweet name may still be blest,
As one who taught his soul true rest!

CAROLINE NORTON.

TO H. C.

TWO YEARS OLD.

O THOU whose fancies from afar are brought;
Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel,
And fittest to unutterable thought
The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol,
Thou fairy voyager! that dost float
In such clear water, that thy boat
May rather seem
To brood on air than on an earthly stream—
Suspended in a stream as clear as sky,
Where earth and heaven do make one imagery;
O blessed vision! happy child!
Thou art so exquisitely wild,
I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years.

I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,
Lord of thy house and hospitality;
And Grief, uneasy lover, never rest
But when she sat within the touch of thee.
O too industrious folly!
O vain and causeless melancholy!
Nature will either end thee quite;
Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
Preserve for thee, by individual right,
A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks.
What hast thou to do with sorrow,
Or the injuries of to-morrow?
Thou art a dew-drop, which the morn brings forth,
Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,
Or to be trailed along the soiling earth;
A gem that glitters while it lives,
And no forewarning gives,
But, at the touch of wrongs, without a strife,
Slips in a moment out of life. WM. WORDSWORTH.

CHILDREN AND GEESE.

THE MOTHER'S HEART.

WHEN first thou camest, gentle, shy and fond,
My eldest born, first hope, and dearest treasure,
My heart received thee with a joy beyond
All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure;
Nor thought that any love again might be
So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and true, with sense beyond thy years,
And natural piety that leaned to heaven;
Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,
Yet patient to rebuke when justly given;
Obedient---easy to be reconciled—
And meekly cheerful; such wert thou, my child!

Not willing to be left—still by my side,
Haunting my walks, while summer day was dying;
Nor leaving in thy turn, but pleased to glide
Through the dark room where I was sadly lying;
Or by the couch of pain, a sitter meek,
Watch the dim eye, and kiss the fevered cheek.

O boy! of such as thou are oftenest made
Earth's fragile idols; like a tender flower,
No strength in all thy freshness, prone to fade,
And bending weakly to the thunder-shower;
Still, round the loved, thy heart found force to bind,
And clung, like woodbine shaken in the wind!

Then THOU, my merry love—bold in thy glee,
Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,
With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free,
Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing glancing,
Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth,
Like a young sunbeam to the gladdened earth!

Thine was the shout, the song, the burst of joy,
Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip resoundeth;
Thine was the eager spirit naught could cloy,
And the glad heart from which all grief reboundeth;
And many a mirthful jest and mock reply
Lurked in the laughter of thy dark-blue eye.

And thine was many an art to win and bless,
The cold and stern to joy and fondness warming;
The coaxing smile, the frequent soft caress,
The earnest, tearful prayer all wrath disarming!
Again my heart a new affection found,
But thought that love with thee had reached its bound.

At length THOU camest—thou, the last and least,
Nick-named "the Emperor" by thy laughing brothers—

Because a haughty spirit swelled thy breast,
And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others—
Mingling with every playful infant wile
A mimic majesty that made us smile.

And oh! most like a regal child wert thou!
An eye of resolute and successful scheming!
Fair shoulders, curling lips and dauntless brow—
Fit for the world's strife, not for poet's dreaming;
And proud the lifting of thy stately head
And the firm bearing of thy conscious, tread.

Different from both! yet each succeeding claim
I, that all other love had been forswearing,
Forthwith admitted, equal and the same;
Nor injured either by this love's comparing
Nor stole a fraction for the newer call—
But in the mother's heart found room for all!

CAROLINE NORTON.

CHILDREN.

CHILDREN are what the mothers are.
No fondest father's fondest care
Can fashion so the infant heart
As those creative beams that dart,
With all their hopes and fears, upon
The cradle of a sleeping son.

His startled eyes with wonder see
A father near him on his knee,
Who wishes all the while to trace
The mother in his future face;
But 't is to her alone uprise
His wakening arms; to her those eyes
Open with joy, and not surprise.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

TO GEORGE.

YES, I do love thee well, my child!
Albeit mine's a wandering mind
But never, darling, hast thou smiled
Or breathed a wish that did not find
A ready echo in my heart.
What hours I've held thee on my knee,
Thy little rosy lips apart!
Or, when asleep, I've gazed on thee
And with old tunes sung thee to rest,
Hugging thee closely to my bosom;
For thee my very heart hath blest,
My joy, my care, my blue-eyed blossom.

THOMAS MILLER.

Little Brown Hands.

THEY drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields,
That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find in the thick waving grasses
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows
They gather the earliest snowdrops
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder-bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the long thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings;
And at night time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And so from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman—
The noble and wise of the land—
The sword, and the chisel and palette
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

M. H. KROUT.

JAMES MELVILLE'S CHILD.

ONE time my soul was pierced as with a sword,
Contending still with men untaught and wild,
When He who to the prophet lent his gourd
Gave me the solace of a pleasant child.

A summer gift my precious flower was given,
A very summer fragrance was its life;
Its clear eyes soothed me as the blue of heaven,
When home I turn'd, a weary man of strife.

With unform'd laughter, musically sweet,
How soon the wakening babe would meet my kiss:
With outstretch'd arm its care-wrought father greet!
Oh, in the desert, what a spring was this!

A few short months it blossom'd near my heart:
A few short months, else, toilsome all, and sad;
But that home-solace nerved me for my part,
And of the babe I was exceeding glad.

Alas! my pretty bud, scarce form'd, was dying
(The prophet's gourd, it wither'd in a night);
And He who gave me all, my heart's pulse trying,
Took gently home the child of my delight.

Not rudely cull'd, not suddenly it perish'd,
But gradual faded from our love away:
As if, still, secret dews, its life that cherish'd,
Were drop by drop withheld, and day by day.

My blessed Master saved me from repining,
So tenderly He sued me for His own·
So beautiful He made my babe's declining,
Its dying bless'd me as its birth had done.

And daily to my board at noon and even
Our fading flower I bade his mother bring,
That we might commune of our rest in Heaven,
Gazing the while on death without its sting.

And of the ransom for that baby paid
So very sweet at times our converse seem'd,
That the sure truth of grief a gladness made:
Our little lamb by God's own Lamb redeem'd!

There were two milk-wite doves my wife had nourish'd;
And I too loved, erewhile, at times to stand
Marking how each other fondly cherish'd,
And fed them from my baby's dimpled hand.

So tame they grew that, to his cradle flying,
Full oft they coo'd him to his noontide rest;
And to the murmurs of his sleep replying,
Crept gently in and nestled in his breast.

'Twas a fair sight: the snow-pale infant sleeping,
So fondly guardian'd by those creatures mild,
Watch o'er his closed eyes their bright eyes keeping:
Wondrous the love betwix the birds and child!

Still as he sicken'd seem'd the doves too dwining,
Forsook their food, and loathed their pretty play;
And on the day he died, with sad note pining,
One gentle bird would not be fray'd away.

His mother found it, when she rose, sad-hearted,
At early dawn, with sense of nearing ill;
And when, at last, the little spirit parted,
The dove died too, as if of its heart-chill.

The other flew to meet my sad home-riding,
As with a human sorrow in its coo;
To my dear child and its dead mate then guiding,
Most pitifully plan'd—and parted too.

'Twas my first hansel and propine to Heaven;
And as I laid my darling 'neath the sod,
Precious His comforts—once an infant given,
And offer'd with two turtle-doves to God.

MRS. A. STUART MENTEATH.

THE IDLE SHEPHERD BOYS.

A PASTORAL.

THE valley rings with mirth and joy;
Among the hills the echoes play
A never, never-ending song,
To welcome in the May.
The magpie chatters with delight;
The mountain raven's youngling brood
Have left the mother and the nest;
And they go rambling east and west
In search of their own food;
Or through the glittering vapors dart
In very wantonness of heart.

Beneath a rock, upon the grass,
Two boys are sitting in the sun;
Their work, if any work they have,
Is out of mind,—or done.
On pipes of sycamore they play
The fragments of a Christian hymn;
Or with that plant which in our dale
We call stag-horn, or fox's tail,
Their rusty hats they trim:
And thus, as happy as the day,
Those shepherds wear the time away.

Along the river's stony marge
The sand-lark chants a joyous song;
The thrush is busy in the wood,
And carols loud and strong.
A thousand lambs are on the rocks,
All newly born! both earth and sky
Keep jubilee, and more than all,
Those boys with their green coronal;
They never hear the cry,
That plaintive cry! which up the hill
Comes from the depth of Dungeon-Ghyll.

Said Walter, leaping from the ground,
"Down to the stump of yon old yew
We'll for our whistles run a race."
——Away the shepherds flew;
They leapt—they ran—and when they came
Right opposite to Dungeon-Ghyll,
Seeing that he should lose the prize,
"Stop!" to his comrade Walter cries.
James stopped with no good will.
Said Walter then, exulting, "Here
You'll find a task for half a year.

"Cross, if you dare, where I shall cross,—
Come on, and tread where I shall tread"
The other took him at his word,
And followed as he led.
It was a spot which you may see
If ever you to Langdale go;
Into the chasm a mighty block
Hath fallen, and made a bridge of rock.
The gulf is deep below;
And, in a basin black and small,
Receives a lofty waterfall.

With staff in hand across the cleft
The challenger pursued his march;
And now, all eyes and feet, hath gained
The middle of the arch.
When list! he hears a piteous moan.
Again!—his heart within him dies;
His pulse is stopped, his breath is lost,
He totters, pallid as a ghost,
And, looking down, espies
A lamb, that in the pool is pent
Within that black and frightful rent.

The lamb had slipped into the stream,
And safe without a bruise or wound
The cataract had borne him down
Into the gulf profound.
His dam had seen him when he fell—
She saw him down the torrent borne;
And, with all a mother's love,
She from the lofty rocks above
Sent forth a cry forlorn;
The lamb, still swimming round and round
Made answer in that plaintive sound.

When he had learnt what thing it was
That sent this rueful cry, I ween
The boy recovered heart, and told
The sight which he had seen.
Both gladly now deferred their task;
Nor was there wanting other aid:
A Poet, one who loves the brooks
Far better than the sages' books,
By chance had hither strayed;
And there the helpless lamb he found
By those huge rocks encompassed round.

He drew it from the troubled pool,
And brought it forth into the light;
The shepherds met him with his charge.
An unexpected sight!
Into their arms the lamb they took,
Whose life and limbs the flood had spared;
Then up the steep ascent they hied,
And placed him at his mother's side;
And gently did the Bard
Those idle shepherd boys upbraid,
And bade them better mind their trade.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD

ART thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth?
Does human blood with life imbue
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue
That stray along that forehead fair,
Lost mid a gleam of golden hair?
Oh! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doomed to death;
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent;
Or, art thou, what thy form would seem,
A phantom of a blessed dream?
A human shape I feel thou art—
I feel it at my beating heart,
Those tremors both of soul and sense
Awoke by infant innocence!
Though dear the forms by Fancy wove,
We love them with a transient love;
Thoughts from the living world intrude
Even on her deepest solitude:
But, lovely child! thy magic stole
At once into my inmost soul,
With feelings as thy beauty fair,
And left no other vision there.
To me thy parents are unknown;
Glad would they be their child to own!
And well they must have loved before,
If since thy birth they loved not more.
Thou art a branch of noble stem,
And, seeing thee, I figure them.
What many a childless one would give,
If thou in their still home wouldst live!
Though in thy face no family line
Might sweetly say, "This babe is mine!"
In time thou wouldst become the same
As their own child,—all but the name.
How happy must thy parents be
Who daily live in sight of thee!
Whose hearts no greater pleasure seek
Than see the smile, and hear thee speak,
And feel all natural griefs beguiled
By thee, their fond, their duteous child.
What joy must in their souls have stirred
When thy first broken words were heard—
Words, that inspired by Heaven, expressed
The transports dancing in thy breast!
And for thy smile!—thy lip, cheek, brow
Even while I gaze, are kindling now
I called thee duteous; am I wrong?
No! truth, I feel, is in my song:
Duteous, thy heart's still beatings move
To God, to Nature, and to love!
To God!—for thou, a harmless child,
Hast kept his temple undefiled;
To Nature!—for thy tears and sighs
Obey alone her mysteries;
To love!—for fiends of hate might see
Thou dwell'st in love, and love in thee.
What wonder then, though in thy dreams
Thy face with mystic meaning beams!
Oh! that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy!
That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts above thy years;
Thou smilest as if thy soul were soaring
To heaven, and heaven's God adoring.
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye?
What brighter throne can brightness find
To reign on, than an infant's mind,
Ere sin destroy, or error dim,
The glory of the seraphim?
But now thy changing smiles express
Intelligible happiness.
I feel my soul thy soul partake.
What grief, if thou wouldst now awake!
With infants happy as thyself
I see thee bound, a playful elf;
I see thou art a darling child,
Among thy playmates bold and wild;
They love thee well; thou art the queen
Of all their sports, in bower or green;
And if thou livest to woman's height,
In thee will friendship, love, delight.

And live thou surely must; thy life
Is far too spiritual for the strife
Of mortal pain; nor could disease
Find heart to prey on smiles like these.
Oh! thou wilt be an angel bright—
To those thou lovest, a saving light—
The staff of age, the help sublime
Of erring youth, and stubborn prime;
And when thou goest to heaven again,
Thy vanishing be like the strain
Of airy harp—so soft the tone
The ear scarce knows when it is gone!

Thrice blessed he whose stars design
His spirit pure to lean on thine,
And watchful share, for days and years,
Thy sorrows, joys, sighs, smiles, and tears!
For good and guiltless as thou art,
Some transient griefs will touch thy heart—
Griefs that along thy altered face
Will breathe a more subduing grace
Than even those looks of joy that lie
On the soft cheek of infancy.
Though looks, God knows, are cradled there
That guilt might cleanse, or soothe despair.

O vision fair! that I could be
Again as young, as pure, as thee!
Vain wish! the rainbow's radiant form
May view, but cannot brave, the storm;
Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes
That paint the bird of Paradise;
And years, so Fate hath ordered, roll
Clouds o'er the summer of the soul.
Yet, sometimes, sudden sights of grace,
Such as the gladness of thy face,
O sinless babe, by God are given
To charm the wanderer back to heaven.
No common impulse hath me led
To this green spot, thy quiet bed,
Where, by mere gladness overcome,
In sleep thou dreamest of thy home.
When to the lake I would have gone,
A wondrous beauty drew me on—
Such beauty as the spirit sees
In glittering fields and moveless trees,
After a warm and silent shower
Ere falls on earth the twilight hour.
What led me hither, all can say
Who, knowing God, his will obey.

Thy slumbers now cannot be long;
Thy little dreams become too strong
For sleep—too like realities;
Soon shall I see those hidden eyes.
Thou wakest, and starting from the ground
In dear amazement look'st around;
Like one who, little given to roam,
Wonders to find herself from home!
But when a stranger meets thy view,
Glistens thine eye with wilder hue.
A moment's thought who I may be,
Blends with thy smiles of courtesy.

Fair was that face as break of dawn,
When o'er its beauty sleep was drawn,
Like a thin veil that half concealed
The light of soul, and half revealed.
While thy hushed heart with visions wrought
Each trembling eyelash moved with thought
And things we dream, but ne'er can speak,
Like clouds came floating o'er thy cheek—
Such summer-clouds as travel light,
When the soul's heaven lies cold and bright—
Till thou awokest; then to thine eye
Thy whole heart leapt in ecstasy!
And lovely is that heart of thine,
Or sure those eyes could never shine
With such a wild, yet bashful glee,
Gay, half-o'ercome timidity!
Nature has breathed into thy face
A spirit of unconscious grace—
A spirit that lies never still,
And makes thee joyous 'gainst thy will:
As, sometimes o'er a sleeping lake
Soft airs a gentle rippling make,
Till, ere we know, the strangers fly,
And water blends again with sky.

O happy sprite! didst thou but know
What pleasures through my being flow
From thy soft eyes! a holier feeling
From their blue light could ne'er be stealing;

But thou wouldst be more loth to part,
And give me more of that glad heart.
Oh! gone thou art! and bearest hence
The glory of thy innocence.
But with deep joy I breathe the air
That kissed thy cheek, and fanned thy hair,
And feel, though fate our lives must sever,
Yet shall thy image live for ever!

JOHN WILSON.

TO A CHILD.

DEAR child! whom sleep can hardly tame,
As live and beautiful as flame,
Thou glancest round my graver hours
As if thy crown of wild-wood flowers
Were not by mortal forehead worn,
But on the summer breeze were borne,
Or on a mountain streamlet's waves
Came glistening down from dreamy caves.

With bright round cheek, amid whose glow
Delight and wonder come and go;
And eyes whose inward meanings play,
Congenial with the light of day;
And brow so calm, a home for Thought
Before he knows his dwelling wrought;
Though wise indeed thou seemest not,
Thou brightenest well the wise man's lot.

That shout proclaims the undoubting mind;
That laughter leaves no ache behind;
And in thy look and dance of glee,
Unforced, unthought of, simply free,
How weak the schoolman's formal art
Thy soul and body's bliss to part!
I hail thee Childhood's very Lord,
In gaze and glance, in voice and word.
In spite of all foreboding fear,
A thing thou art of present cheer;
And thus to be beloved and known,
As is a rushy fountain's tone,
As is the forest's leafy shade,
Or blackbird's hidden serenade.
Thou art a flash that lights the whole—
A gush from Nature's vernal soul.

And yet, dear child! within thee lives
A power that deeper feeling gives,
That makes thee more than light or air,
Than all things sweet and all things fair;
And sweet and fair as aught may be,
Diviner life belongs to thee,
For 'mid thine aimless joys began
The perfect heart and will of Man.

Thus what thou art foreshows to me
How greater far thou soon shalt be;
And while amid thy garlands blow
The winds that warbling come and go,
Ever within, not loud but clear,
Prophetic murmur fills the ear,
And says that every human birth
Anew discloses God to earth.

JOHN STERLING.

A FAREWELL.

MY fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

HELP YOURSELVES.

MANY boys and girls make a failure in life because they do not learn to help themselves. They depend on father and mother even to hang up their hats and to find their playthings. When they become men and women, they will depend on husbands and wives to do the same thing. "A nail to hang a hat on," said an old man of eighty years, "is worth everything to a boy." He had been "through the mill," as people say, so that he knew. His mother had a nail for him when a boy—"a nail to hang his hat on," and nothing else. It was "Henry's nail" from January to January, year in and out, and no other member of the family was allowed to appropriate it for any purpose whatever. If the broom by chance was hung thereon, or an apron or coat, it was soon removed, because that nail was "to hang Henry's hat on." And that nail did much for Henry; it helped make him what he was in manhood—a careful, systematic, orderly man, at home and abroad, on his farm and in his house. He never wanted another to do what he could do for himself.

Young folks are apt to think that certain things, good in themselves, are not honorable. To be a blacksmith or a bootmaker, to work on a farm or drive a team, is beneath their dignity, as compared with being a merchant, or practising medicine or law. This is PRIDE, an enemy to success and happiness. No *necessary* labor is discreditable. It is never dishonorable to be *useful*. It is beneath no one's dignity to earn bread by the sweat of the brow. When boys who have such false notions of dignity become men, they are ashamed to help themselves as they ought, and for want of this quality they live and die unhonored. Trying to save their dignity, they lose it.

Here is a fact we have from a very successful merchant. When he began business for himself, he carried his wares from shop to shop. At length his business increased to such an extent, that he hired a room at the Marlboro' Hotel, in Boston, during the business season, and thither the merchants, having been duly notified, would repair to make purchases. Among all his customers, there was only one man who would carry to his store the goods which he had purchased. The buyers asked to have their goods carried, and often this manufacturer would carry them himself. But there was one merchant, and the largest buyer of the whole number, who was not ashamed to be seen carrying a case of goods through the streets. Sometimes he would purchase four cases, and he would say, "Now, I will take two, and you take two, and we will carry them right over to the store." So the manufacturer and the merchant often went through the streets of Boston quite heavily loaded. This merchant, of all the number who went to the Marlboro' Hotel for their purchases, succeeded in business. He became a wealthy man when all the others failed. The manufacturer, who was not ashamed to help himself, is now living—one of the wealthy men of Massachusetts, ready to aid, by his generous gifts, every good object that comes along, and honored by all who know him.

You have often heard and read the maxim, "God helps those who help themselves." Is it not true?

WILLIAM M. THAYER.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

COME back, come back together,
All ye fancies of the past,
Ye days of April weather,
Ye shadows that are cast
By the haunted hours before!
Come back, come back, my Childhood;
Thou art summoned by a spell
From the green leaves of the wildwood,
From beside the charmed well,
For Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore!

The fields were covered over
With colors as she went;
Daisy, buttercup, and clover
Below her footsteps bent;
Summer shed its shining store;
She was happy as she pressed them
Beneath her little feet;
She plucked them and caressed them;
They were so very sweet,
They had never seemed so sweet before,
To Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore.

How the heart of childhood dances
Upon a sunny day!
It has its own romances,
And a wide, wide world have they!
A world where Phantasie is king,
Made all of eager dreaming;
When once grown up and tall—
Now is the time for scheming—
Then we shall do them all!
Do such pleasant fancies spring
For Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore?

She seems like an ideal love,
The poetry of childhood shown,
And yet loved with a real love,
As if she were our own—
A younger sister for the heart;
Like the woodland pheasant,
Her hair is brown and bright;
And her smile is pleasant,
With its rosy light.
Never can the memory part
With Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore.

Did the painter, dreaming
In a morning hour,
Catch the fairy seeming
Of this fairy flower?
Winning it with eager eyes
From the old enchanted stories,
Lingering with a long delight
On the unforgotten glories
Of the infant sight?
Giving us a sweet surprise
In Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore?

Too long in the meadow staying,
Where the cowslip bends,
With the buttercups delaying
As with early friends,
Did the little maiden stay.
Sorrowful the tale for us;
We, too, loiter, 'mid life's flowers,
A little while so glorious,
So soon lost in darker hours.
All love lingering on their way,
Like Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore.

LÆTITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

OUR BABY.

"DOD will tate tare of baby dear,"
My winsome darling said,
When in her robe of white she knelt
Beside her little bed.

Her tiny dimpled hands were clasped,
As though she were in prayer,
And oh! methought a heavenly glow
Fell on her golden hair.

A ray, it may be, darted through
The door just pushed ajar
By angel hand, whose radiant face
Like a bright evening star

Looked down upon my darling one,
Kneeling beside her bed,
And smiled to hear the simple faith
In the sweet words she said.

"Dod will tate tare of baby dear,"
And then the eyelids drooped;
I laid her gently down to sleep,
But thought the angel stooped

To kiss good-night; for the red lips
Were parted as she slept,
And o'er her face a holy smile
In rippling dimples crept.

"God will take care of baby dear!"
Ah, yes! I knew it well,
E'en when the shadows, cold and chill,
Upon her young life fell.

And yet the mother-heart rebelled!
This puny hand, I said,
Can shield her, guide her in the path
Where God would have her led.

I could not lose my petted flower,
So beautiful, so dear,
Nor thought it was too dark and chill
For such sweet blossoms here.

"Dod will tate tare of baby dear,"
The parched lips murmured slow!
And then the eyelids drooped and closed
Forever, here below!

Oh, mourning heart, hush thy sad wail;
She's safe, now, in His love;
"God will take care of baby dear"
In His bright home above.

IDA GLENWOOD.

THE QUEEN IN HER CARRIAGE IS RIDING BY.

OH, the queen in her carriage is passing by:
Her cheeks are like roses, her eyes like the sky;
Her wonderful teeth are white as new milk,
Her pretty blonde hair is softer than silk.

She's the loveliest monarch that ever was seen;
You ask of what country the darling is queen;
Her empire extends not to far distant parts,
She is queen of our household, the mistress of hearts.

For scepter she lifts her soft dimpled hands;
Her subjects all hasten to heed her commands
Her smile is bewitching, and fearful her frown,
And all must obey when she puts her foot down.

May blessings descend on the bright little head,
From the time she awakes till she's safely in bed;
And now do you guess, when I speak of the queen,
'Tis only our six months baby I mean?

The Kitten and the Falling Leaves.

THAT way look, my infant, lo!
What a pretty baby-show!
See the kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall—
Withered leaves,—one, two, and three,—
From the lofty elder-tree!
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,
Eddying round and round, they sink
Softly, slowly; one might think,
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or fairy hither tending,
To this lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute
In his wavering parachute.
——But the Kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!
First at one, and then its fellow,
Just as light and just as yellow;
There are many now,—now one,—
Now they stop, and there are none.
What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire!
With a tiger-leap! Half-way
Now she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again;
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjurer;
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.
Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers-by,
Clapping hands with shout and stare,
What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the crowd?
Over happy to be proud,
Over wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure!

'Tis a pretty baby treat,
Nor, I deem, for me unmeet;
Here for neither Babe nor me
Other playmate can I see.
Of the countless living things
That with stir of feet and wings
(In the sun or under shade,
Upon bough or grassy blade),
And with busy revellings,
Chirp, and song, and murmurings,
Made this orchard's narrow space,
And this vale, so blithe a place;
Multitudes are swept away,
Never more to breathe the day.
Some are sleeping; some in bands
Traveled into distant lands;
Others slunk to moor and wood,
Far from human neighborhood;
And, among the kinds that keep
With us closer fellowship,
With us openly abide,
All have laid their mirth aside.

Where is he, that giddy sprite,
Blue-cap, with his colors bright,
Who was blest as bird could be
Feeding in the apple-tree—
Made such wanton spoil and rout,
Turning blossoms inside out—
Hung, head pointing towards the ground,
Fluttered, perched, into a round
Bound himself, and then unbound—
Lithest, gaudiest Harlequin!
Prettiest tumbler ever seen!
Light of heart, and light of limb—
What is now become of him?
Lambs, that through the mountains went
Frisking, bleating merriment,
When the year was in its prime,
They are sobered by this time.
If you look to vale or hill,
If you listen, all is still,
Save a little neighboring rill
That from out the rocky ground
Strikes a solitary sound.

Vainly glitter hill and plain,
And the air is calm in vain;
Vainly Morning spreads the lure
Of a sky serene and pure;
Creature none can she decoy
Into open sign of joy.
Is it that they have a fear
Of the dreary season near?
Or that other pleasures be
Sweeter even than gayety?

Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell
In the impenetrable cell
Of the silent heart which Nature
Furnishes to every creature—
Whatsoe'er we feel and know
Too sedate for outward show—
Such a light of gladness breaks,
Pretty Kitten! from thy freaks,—
Spreads with such a living grace
O'er my little Dora's face—
Yes, the sight so stirs and charms
Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms,
That almost I could repine
That your transports are not mine,
That I do not wholly fare
Even as ye do, thoughtless pair!
And I will have my careless season
Spite of melancholy reason,
Will walk through life in such a way
That, when time brings on decay,
Now and then I may possess
Hours of perfect gladsomeness.
Pleased by my random toy—
By a kitten's busy joy,
Or an infant's laughing eye.
Sharing in the ecstasy—
I would fare like that or this,
Find my wisdom in my bliss,
Keep the sprightly soul awake,
And have faculties to take,
Even from things by sorrow wrought,
Matter for a jocund thought—
Spite of care, and spite of grief,
To gambol with Life's falling leaf.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE FAIRY CHILD.

THE summer sun was sinking
With a mild light, calm and mellow;
It shone on my little boy's bonny cheeks,
And his loose locks of yellow.

The robin was singing sweetly,
And his song was sad and tender;
And my little boy's eyes, while he heard the song,
Smiled with a sweet soft splendor.

My little boy lay on my bosom
While his soul the song was quaffing;
The joy of his soul had tinged his cheek,
And his heart and his eye were laughing.

I sate alone in my cottage,
The midnight needle plying;
I feared for my child, for the rush's light
In the socket now was dying!

There came a hand to my lonely latch,
Like the wind at midnight moaning;
I knelt to pray; but rose again,
For I heard my little boy groaning.

I crossed my brow and I crossed my breast,
But that night my child departed—
They left a weakling in his stead,
And I am broken-hearted!

Oh! it cannot be my own sweet boy.
For his eyes are dim and hollow;
My little boy is gone—is gone,
And his mother soon will follow.

The dirge for the dead will be sung for me,
And the mass be chanted meetly,
And I shall sleep with my little boy,
In the moonlit churchyard sweetly.

JOHN ANSTER.

THRENODY.

THE South-wind brings
Life, sunshine, and desire,
And on every mount and meadow
Breathes aromatic fire;
But over the dead he has no power;
The lost, the lost, he cannot restore;
And, looking over the hills, I mourn
The darling who shall not return.

I see my empty house;
I see my trees repair their boughs;
And he, the wondrous child,
Whose silver warble wild
Outvalued every pulsing sound
Within the air's cerulean round—
The hyacinthine boy, for whom
Morn well might break and April bloom—
The gracious boy, who did adorn
The world whereinto he was born,
And by his countenance repay
The favor of the loving Day—
Has disappeared from the Day's eye;
Far and wide she cannot find him;
My hopes pursue, they cannot bind him.
Returned this day, the South-wind searches,
And finds young pines and budding birches;
But finds not the budding man;
Nature, who lost him, cannot remake him;
Fate let him fall, Fate can't retake him;
Nature, Fate, Men, him seek in vain.

And whither now, my truant wise and sweet,
Oh, whither tend thy feet?
I had the right, few days ago,
Thy steps to watch, thy place to know;
How have I forfeited the right?
Hast thou forgot me in a new delight?
I hearken for thy household cheer,
O eloquent child!
Whose voice, an equal messenger,
Conveyed thy meaning mild.
What though the pains and joys
Whereof it spoke were toys
Fitting his age and ken,
Yet fairest dames and bearded men,
Who heard the sweet request,
So gentle, wise, and grave,
Bended with joy to his behest,
And let the world's affairs go by,
Awhile to share his cordial game,
Or mend his wicker wagon-frame,
Still plotting how their hungry ear
That winsome voice again might hear
For his lips could well pronounce
Words that were persuasions.

Gentlest guardians marked serene
His early hope, his liberal mien;
Took counsel from his guiding eyes
To make this wisdom earthly wise.
Ah, vainly do these eyes recall
The school-march, each day's festival,
When every morn my bosom glowed
To watch the convoy on the road;
The babe in willow wagon closed,
With rolling eyes and face composed;
With children forward and behind,
Like Cupids studiously inclined;
And he the chieftain paced beside,
The centre of the troop allied,
With sunny face of sweet repose,
To guard the babe from fancied foes.
The little captain innocent
Took the eye with him as he went;
Each village senior paused to scan
And speak the lovely caravan.
From the window I look out
To mark thy beautiful parade,
Stately marching in cap and coat
To some tune by fairies played;
A music, heard by thee alone,
To works as noble led thee on.

Now Love and Pride, alas! in vain,
Up and down their glances strain.
The painted sled stands where it stood;
The kennel by the corded wood;
The gathered sticks to stanch the wall
Of the snow-tower, when snow should fall;
The ominous hole he dug in the sand,
And childhood's castles built or planned:
His daily haunts I well discern—
The poultry-yard, the shed, the barn—
And every inch of garden ground
Paced by the blessed feet around

From the roadside to the brook
Whereinto he loved to look.
Step the meek birds where erst they ranged
The wintry garden lies unchanged:
The brook into the stream runs on;
But the deep-eyed boy is gone.

On that shaded day,
Dark with more clouds than tempests are,
When thou didst yield thy innocent breath
In birdlike heavings unto death,
Night came, and Nature had not thee;
I said: "We are mates in misery."
The morrow dawned with needless glow;
Each snowbird chirped, each fowl must crow;
Each tramper started; but the feet
Of the most beautiful and sweet
Of human youth had left the hill
And garden—they were bound and still.
There's not a sparrow or a wren,
There's not a blade of Autumn grain,
Which the four seasons do not tend,
And tides of life and increase lend;
And every chick of every bird,
And weed and rock-moss is preferred.
Oh, ostrich-like forgetfulness!
Oh loss of larger in the less!
Was there no star that could be sent,
No watcher in the firmament,
No angel from the countless host
That loiters round the crystal coast,
Could stoop to heal that only child,
Nature's sweet marvel undefiled,
And keep the blossom of the earth,
Which all her harvests were not worth?
Not mine—I never called thee mine,
But Nature's heir—if I repine,
And seeing rashly torn and moved
Not what I made, but what I loved,
Grew early old with grief that thou
Must to the wastes of Nature go—
'T is because a general hope
Was quenched, and all must doubt and grope.
For flattering planets seemed to say
This child should ills of ages stay,
By wondrous tongue, and guided pen,
Bring the flown Muses back to men.
Perchance not he, but Nature, ailed;
The world and not the infant failed.
It was not ripe yet to sustain
A genius of so fine a strain,
Who gazed upon the sun and moon
As if he came unto his own;
And, pregnant with his grander thought,
Brought the old order into doubt.

His beauty once their beauty tried;
They could not feed him, and he died,
And wandered backward as in scorn,
To wait an æon to be born.
Ill day which made this beauty waste,
Plight broken, this high face defaced!
Some went and came about the dead;
And some in books of solace read;
Some to their friends the tidings say;
Some went to write, some went to pray;
One tarried here, there hurried one:
But their heart abode with none.
Covetous Death bereaved us all,
To aggrandize one funeral.
The eager fate which carried thee
Took the largest part of me.
For this losing is true dying;
This is lordly man's down-lying,
This his slow but sure reclining,
Star by star his world resigning.

O child of Paradise,
Boy who made dear his father's home,
In whose deep eyes
Men read the welfare of the times to come,
I am too much bereft.
The world dishonored thou hast left.
Oh, truth's and nature's costly lie!
Oh, trusted broken prophecy!
Oh richest fortune sourly crossed!
Born for the future, to the future lost!

The deep Heart answered: "Weepest thou?
Worthier cause for passion wild
If I had not taken the child.
And deemest thou as those who pore,
With aged eyes, short way before—
Think'st Beauty vanished from the coast
Of matter, and thy darling lost?
Taught he not thee—the man of eld,
Whose eyes within his eyes beheld
Heaven's numerous hierarchy span
The mystic gulf from God to man?
To be alone wilt thou begin
When worlds of lovers hem thee in?
To-morrow when the mask shall fall
That dizen Nature's carnival,
The pure shall see by their own will,
Which overflowing Love shall fill,
'Tis not within the force of Fate
The fate-conjoined to separate.

But thou, my votary, weepest thou?
I gave thee sight—where is it now?
I taught thy heart beyond the reach
Of ritual, bible, or of speech;
Wrote in thy mind's transparent table,
As far as the incommunicable;
Taught thee each private sign to raise,
Lit by the super-solar blaze.
Past utterance, and past belief,
And past the blasphemy of grief,
The mysteries of Nature's heart;
And though no Muse can these impart,
Throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast,
And all is clear from east to west.

"I came to thee as to a friend;
Dearest, to thee I did not send
Tutors, but a joyful eye,
Innocence that matched the sky,
Lovely locks, a form of wonder,
Laughter rich as woodland thunder,
That thou might'st entertain apart
The richest flowering of all art;
And, as the great all-loving Day
Through smallest chambers takes its way,
That thou might'st break thy daily bread
With prophet, saviour, and head;
That thou might'st cherish for thine own
The riches of sweet Mary's son,
Boy-rabbi, Israel's paragon.
And thoughtest thou such guest
Would in thy hall take up his rest?
Would rushing life forget her laws,
Fate's glowing revolution pause?
High omens ask diviner guess,
Not to be conned to tediousness.
And know my higher gifts unbind
The zone that girds the incarnate mind.
When the scanty shores are full
With Thought's perilous, whirling pool;
When frail Nature can no more,
Then the Spirit strikes the hour:
My servant Death, with solving rite,
Pours finite into infinite.

'Wilt thou freeze Love's tidal flow,
Whose streams through Nature circling go?
Nail the wild star to its track
On the half-climbed zodiac?
Light is light which radiates;
Blood is blood which circulates;
Life is life which generates;
And many-seeming life is one—
Wilt thou transfix and make it none?

Its onward force too starkly pent
In figure, bone, and lineament?
Wilt thou, uncalled, interrogate,
Talker! the unreplying Fate?
Nor see the genius of the whole
Ascendant in the private soul,
Beckon it when to go and come,
Self-announced its hour of doom?
Fair the soul's recess and shrine,
Magic-built to last a season;
Masterpiece of love benign;
Fairer than expansive reason,
Whose omen 'tis, and sign.
Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know
What rainbows teach, and sunsets show?
Verdicts which accumulates
From lengthening scroll of human fates,
Voice of earth to earth returned,
Prayers of saints that inly burned—
Saying: *What is excellent,*
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Hearts' love will meet thee again.
Revere the Maker; fetch thine eye
Up to his style, and manners of the sky.
Not of adamant and gold
Built he heaven stark and cold;
No, but a nest of bending reeds,
Flowering grass, and scented weeds:
Or like a traveller's fleeing tent,
Or bow above the tempest bent;
Built of tears and sacred flames,
And virtue reaching to its aims;
Built of furtherance and pursuing,
Not of spent deeds, but of doing.
Silent rushes the swift Lord
Through ruined systems still restored,
Broadsowing, bleak and void to bless,
Plants with worlds the wilderness;
Waters with tears of ancient sorrow
Apples of Eden ripe to-morrow.
House and tenant go to ground,
Lost in God, in Godhead found."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THE MORNING-GLORY.

WE wreathed about our darling's head
The morning-glory bright;
Her little face looked out beneath,
So full of life and light,
So lit as with a sunrise,
That we could only say,
"She is the morning glory true,
And her poor types are they."

So always from that happy time
We called her by their name,
And very fitting did it seem;
For sure as morning came,
Behind her cradle-bars she smiled
To catch the first faint ray,
As from the trellis smiles the flower
And opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear
Their airy cups of blue
As turned her sweet eyes to the light,
Brimmed with sleep's tender dew;
And not so close their tendrils fine
Round their supports are thrown
As those dear arms whose outstretched plea
Clasped all hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come,
Even as comes the flower,
The last and added perfect gift
To crown Love's morning hour;
And how in her was imaged forth
The love we could not say,
As on the little dewdrops round
Shines back the heart of day.

We never could have thought, O God,
That she must wither up
Almost before a day was flown,
Like the morning-glory's cup;
We never thought to see her droop
Her fair and noble head,
Till she lay stretched before our eyes,
Wilted, and cold, and dead!

The morning-glory's blossoming
Will soon be coming round;
We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves
Upspringing from the ground;
The tender things the winter killed
Renew again their birth,
But the glory of our morning
Has passed away from earth.

O Earth! in vain our aching eyes
Stretch over thy green plain!
Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air,
Her spirit to sustain;
But up in groves of Paradise
Full surely we shall see
Our morning-glory beautiful
Twine round our dear Lord's knee.

MARIA WHITE LOWELL

A MOTHER'S MORNING PRAYER.

UP to me sweet childhood looketh,
Heart and mind and soul awake;
Teach me of thy ways, oh Father!
For sweet childhood sake,

In their young hearts, soft and tender,
  Guide my hand good seed to sow,
That its blossoming may praise thee
  Wheresoe'er they go.

Give to me a cheerful spirit,
  That my little flock may see
It is good and pleasant service
  To be taught of Thee.

Father, order all my footsteps;
  So direct my daily way
That, in following me, the children
  May not go astray.

Let thy holy counsel lead me—
  Let thy light before me shine,
That they may not stumble over
  Word or deed of mine.

Draw us hand in hand to Jesus,
  For his word's sake—unforgot,
"Let the little ones come to me,
  And forbid them not."

THE LITTLE BLACK BOY.

MY mother bore me in the southern wild,
  And I am black, but, oh, my soul is white!
White as an angel is the English child,
  But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree;
  And, sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kissed me,
  And, pointing to the East, began to say:

"Look on the rising sun; there God does live,
  And gives his light, and gives his heat away,
And flowers, and trees, and beasts, and men, receive
  Comfort in morning, joy in the noon-day.

"And we are put on earth a little space,
  That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
And these dark bodies and this sunburnt face
  Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

"For, when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear,
  The cloud will vanish, we shall hear His voice
Saying: 'Come from the grove, my love and care,
  And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.'"

Thus did my mother say, and kissed me,
  And thus I say to little English boy,
When I from black, and he from white cloud free,
  And round the tent of God, like lambs we joy.

I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear
  To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

THRENODIA.

HOW peacefully they rest,
  Crossfolded there
  Upon his little breast,
Those small white hands that ne'er were still before,
But ever sported with his mother's hair,
  Or the plain cross that on her breast she wore;
Her heart no more will beat
  To feel the touch of that soft palm,
That ever seemed a new surprise,
Sending glad thoughts up to her eyes
  To bless him with their holy calm.

Full short his journey was; no dust
  Of earth unto his sandals clave;
The weary weight that old men must,
  He bore not to the grave.
He seemed a cherub who had lost his way
And wandered hither; so his stay
  With us was short; and 'twas most meet
That he should be no delver in earth's clod,
  Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
To stand before his God,
  O blest word—evermore!

J. R. LOWELL.

A SUNBEAM AND A SHADOW.

I HEAR a shout of merriment, a laughing boy I see;
Two little feet the carpet press, and bring the child to me;
Two little arms are round my neck, two feet upon my knee;
How fall the kisses on my cheek! how sweet they are to me!

That merrry shout no more I hear, no laughing child I see;
No little arms are round my neck, nor feet upon my knee!
No kisses drop upon my cheek; those lips are sealed to me.
Dear Lord! how could I give him up to any but to thee!

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

SOME MOTHER'S CHILD.

AT home or away, in the alley or street,
Wherever I chance in this wide world to meet
A girl that is thoughtless, or a boy that is wild,
My heart echoes softly, "'Tis some mother's child."

And when I see those o'er whom long years have rolled,
Whose hearts have grown hardened, whose spirits are cold,—
Be it woman all fallen, or man all defiled,
A voice whispers sadly, "Ah! some mother's child."

No matter how far from the right she hath strayed;
No matter what inroads dishonor hath made:
No matter what elements cankered the pearl—
Though tarnished and sullied, she is some mother's girl.

No matter how wayward his footsteps have been;
No matter how deep he is sunken in sin:
No matter how low is his standard of joy;—
Though guilty and loathsome, he is some mother's boy.

That head hath been pillowed on some tender breast;
That form hath been wept o'er, those lips have been pressed;
That soul hath been prayed for, in tones sweet and mild:
For *her* sake deal gently with—some mother's child.

FRANCIS L. KEELER.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

A CLOUD is on my heart and brow,
The tears are in my eyes,
And wishes fond, all idle now,
Are stifled into sighs;—
As, musing on thy early doom,
Thou bud of beauty, snatched to bloom,
So soon, 'neath milder skies,
I turn, thy painful struggle past,
From what thou art to what thou wast!

I think of all thy winning ways,
Thy frank but boisterous glee,
Thy arch, sweet smiles, thy coy delays,
Thy step, so light and free;
Thy sparkling glance, and hasty run,
Thy gladness when the task was done
And gained thy mother's knee;—
Thy gay, good-humored, childish ease,
And all thy thousand arts to please!

Where are they now, and where, oh where!
The eager, fond caress,
The blooming cheek, so fresh and fair,
The lips all sought to press?
The open brow, and laughing eye,
The heart that leaped so joyously?
Ah! had we loved them less!
Yet there are thoughts can bring relief,
And sweeten even this cup of grief.

Thou hast escaped a thorny scene,
A wilderness of woe,
Where many a blast of anguish keen
Had taught thy tears to flow;
Perchance some wild and withering grief
Had sered thy summer's earliest leaf,
In these dark bowers below,
Or sickening thrills of hope deferred,
To strife thy gentlest thoughts had stirred!

Thou hast escaped life's fitful sea,
Before the storm arose,
Whilst yet its gliding waves were free
From aught that marred respose;
Safe from the thousand throes of pain,
Ere sin or sorrow breathed a stain
Upon thine opening rose;—
And who can calmly think of this,
Nor envy thee thy doom of bliss?

I culled from home's beloved bowers
To deck thy last long sleep,
The brightest-hued, most fragrant flowers
That summer's dews may steep:
The rosebud, emblem meet, was there,
The violet blue, and jasmine fair,
That drooping seemed to weep;—
And now I add this lowlier spell:—
Sweets to the passing sweet, farewell!

ALARIC A. WATTS.

THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

IS there, when the winds are singing
In the happy summer time—
When the raptured air is ringing
With Earth's music heavenward springing,
Forest chirp, and village chime—
Is there, of the sounds that float
Unsighingly, a single note
Half so sweet, and clear, and wild,
As the laughter of a child?

Listen! and be now delighted:
Morn hath touched her golden strings;
Earth and Sky their vows have plighted;
Life and Light are reunited,
Amid countless carollings;
Yet, delicious as they are,
There is a sound that's sweeter far—
One that makes the heart rejoice
More than all—the human voice!

Organ finer, deeper, clearer,
Though it be a stranger's tone—
Than the winds or waters dearer,
More enchanting to the hearer
  For it answereth to his own.
But, of all its witching words,
Those are sweetest, bubbling wild
Through the laughter of a child.

Harmonies from time-touched towers,
  Haunted strains from rivulets,
Hum of bees among the flowers,
Rustling leaves and silver showers,—
  These, ere long, the ear forgets;
But in mine there is a sound
Ringing on the whole year round—
Heart-deep laughter that I heard
Ere my child could speak a word.

Ah! 'twas heard by ear far purer,
  Fondlier formed to catch the strain—
Ear of one whose love is surer---
Hers, the mother, the endurer
  Of the deepest share of pain;
Hers the deepest bliss to treasure
Memories of that cry of pleasure;
Hers to hoard, a life-time after,
Echoes of that infant laughter.

'T is a mother's large affection
  Hears with a mysterious sense—
Breathings that evade detection,
Whisper faint and fine inflexion,
  Thrill in her with power intense.
Childhood's honey'd words untaught
Hiveth she in loving thought---
Tones that never thence depart;
For she listens---with her heart.

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

VACATION.

O MASTER, no more of your lessons!
  For a season we bid them good by,
And turn to the manifold teachings
  Of ocean, and forest, and sky.
We must plunge into billow and breaker;
  The fields we must ransack anew;
And again must the sombre woods echo
  The glee of our merry-voiced crew.

From teacher's and preacher's dictation—
  From all the dreaded lore of the books—
Escaped from the thraldom of study,
  We turn to the babble of brooks;
We hark to the field-minstrels' music,
  The lowing of herds on the lea,
The surge of the winds in the forest,
  The roar of the storm-angered sea.

To the tree-tops we'll climb with the squirrels;
  We will race with the brooks in the glens;
The rabbits we'll chase to their burrows;
  The foxes we'll hunt to their dens;
The woodchucks, askulk in their caverns,
  We'll visit again and again;
And we'll peep into every bird's nest
  The copses and meadows contain.

For us are the blackberries ripening
  By many a moss-covered wall;
There are bluehats enough in the thickets
  To furnish a treat for us all;
In the swamps there are ground-nuts in plenty;
  The sea-sands their titbits afford;
And, O, most delectable banquet,
  We will feast at the honey-bee's board!

O, comrades, the graybeards assure us
  That life is a burden of cares;
That the highways and byways of manhood
  Are fretted with pitfalls and snares.
Well, school-days have *their* tribulations;
  Their troubles, as well as their joys.
Then give us vacation forever,
  If we must forever be boys!

BEVERLY MOORE.

THUS like a sailor by the tempest hurled
Ashore, the babe is shipwrecked on the world;
Naked he lies, and ready to expire,
Helpless of all that human wants require;
Exposed upon inhospitable earth
From the first moment of his hapless birth.
Straight with foreboding cries he fills the room,
(Too sure presages of his future doom).
But flocks. and herds, and ev'ry savage beast,
By more indulgent Nature are increased.
They want no rattle for their froward mood,
No nurse to reconcile 'em to their food
With broken words: nor winter blasts they fear,
Nor change their habits with the changing year:
Nor for their safety citadels prepare;
Nor forge the wicked instruments of War:
Unlabored Earth her bounteous treasures grants,
And Nature's lavish hand supplies their common wants.

JOHN DRYDEN

SUFFER THEM TO COME.

UFFER that little children come to Me,
Forbid them not." Emboldened by His words,
The mothers onward press; but finding vain
The attempt to reach the Lord, they trust their babes
To stranger's hands; the innocents alarmed
Amid the throng of faces all unknown,
Shrink trembling till their wandering eyes discern
The countenance of Jesus, beaming love
And pity; eager then they stretch their arms
And, cowering, lay their heads upon His breast.

JAMES GRAHAME.

CHILDHOOD.

NOW is the May of life. Careering round,
Joy wings his feet, joy lifts him from the ground,
Pointing to such, well might Cornelia say,
When the rich casket shone in bright array,
"These are my jewels!" Well of such as he,
When Jesus spake, well might His language be,
"Suffer these little ones to come to Me!"

SAMUEL RODGERS.

"THESE ARE MY JEWELS."

CORNELIA, the author of the words, "These are my jewels," whose portrait appears on another page, was the youngest daughter of Scipio Africanus the Elder and Amelia, his wife. She was born one hundred and eighty-nine years before Christ. No details have reached us of her early life. In her twentieth year she married Tiberius Gracchus. The union was a happy one, and they were blessed with many noble children. The public duties of Tiberius claimed his time, so that the care of the household and the education of the family devolved wholly upon Cornelia, and she acquitted herself of the duties in a manner which had elicited the admiration of the world. She maintained in herself and transmitted to her sons the grand and severe virtues of her father. She had inherited from Scipio a love of the arts and for literature, and her letters which were extant in the time of Quintilian—two hundred years afterward—were often cited with praise by him and by Cicero. The reply of Cornelia to a wealthy lady of Campania who requested to see her jewels, is the most memorable incident of her career. Adroitly turning the conversation upon subjects likely to interest and detain her visitor, till her boys came home from school, she said, as they entered the room, "These are my jewels!" Probably no character was ever so clearly drawn in so few words; no delineation can possibly add to it; if nothing were known of Cornelia but this one speech, the historian would still find it a sufficient basis upon which to construct the whole character. The three obscure lines in which Valerius Maximus narrates the anecdote, have probably been as often translated, as widely repeated, and as deeply reflected upon, as any other three which have been left us by the writers of antiquity.

ARE ALL THE CHILDREN IN?

THE darkness falls, the wind is high,
Dense black clouds fill the western sky;
The storm will soon begin.
The thunders roar, the lightnings flash,
I hear the great round rain-drops dash—
Are all the children in?

They're coming softly to my side;
Their forms within my arms I hide—
No other arms as sure.
The storm may rage with fury wild,
With trusting faith each little child
With mother feels secure.

But future days are drawing near—
They'll go from this warm shelter here,
Out in the world's wild din.
The rain will fall, the cold winds blow;
I'll sit alone and long to know,
Are all the children in?

Will they have shelters then secure,
Where hearts are waiting strong and sure,
And love is true when tried?
Or will they find a broken reed,
When strength of heart they so much need
To help them brave the tide?

God knows it all; His will is best;
I'll shield them now, and leave the rest
In His most righteous hand.
Sometimes the souls He loves are riven
By tempests wild, and thus are driven
Nearer the better land.

If He should call me home before
The children go, on that blest shore,
Afar from care and sin,
I know that I shall watch and wait
Till He, the Keeper of the gate,
Lets all the children in.

MRS. S. T. PERRY.

DEATH IN THE CRADLE.

SWEET flower! no sooner blown than blighted—
Sweet voice! no sooner heard than lost—
Young wanderer! in thy morn benighted—
Fair barque! scarce launched ere tempest-tost!
Oh! who would wail thy brief career
With lamentation's selfish tear?
Oh! who would stay thy upward flight
Unto thy native land of light?
Who to this world of sin and pain
Thy spotless spirit would enchain?

* * * * *

Sweet flower! transplanted to a clime
Where never come the blights of Time—
Sweet voice! which now shall join the hymn
Of the undying seraphim.
Young wanderer! who hast reached thy rest
With everlasting glory blest.
Fair barque! that wrecked on life's dark sea,
Hast anchored in eternity.
To toils so long, so hard, as mine,
Be such a recompense as thine!

REV. W. B. CLARKE.

CHRIST BLESSING CHILDREN.

I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that His hand had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
Let the little ones come unto me.

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love,
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

MRS. J. LUKE.

LETTER TO A NEW BORN CHILD.

YOU are heartily welcome, my dear little cousin, into this unquiet world; long may you continue in it in all the happiness it can give, and bestow enough on all your friends, to answer fully the impatience with which you have been expected. May you grow up to have every accomplishment that your good friend, the Bishop of Derry, can already imagine in you; and in the meantime, may you have a nurse with a tuneable voice, who may not talk an immoderate deal of nonsense to you. You are at present, my dear, in a very philosophic disposition; the gaities and follies of life have no attraction for you; its sorrows you kindly commiserate! but, however, do not suffer them to disturb your slumbers, and find charms in nothing but harmony and repose. You have as yet contracted no partialities, are entirely ignorant of party distinctions, and look with a perfect indifference on all human splendor. You have an absolute dislike to the vanities of dress; and are likely for many months, to observe the Bishop of Bristol's first rule of conversation, Silence, though tempted to transgress it by the novelty and strangeness of all objects around you. As you advance further in life this philosophic temper will, by degrees, wear off; the first object of your admiration will probably be the candle, and thence (as we all of us do) you will contract a taste for the gaudy and the glaring, without making one moral reflection upon the danger of such false admiration as leads people many a time to burn their fingers. You will then begin to show great partiality for some very good aunts, who will contribute all they can towards spoiling you; but you will be equally fond of an excellent mamma, who will teach you, by her example, all sorts of good qualities; only let me warn you of one thing, my dear, that is not to learn of her to have such an immoderate love of home as is quite contrary to all the privileges of this polite age, and to give up so entirely all those pretty graces of whim, flutter, and affection, which so many charitable poets have declared to be the prerogative of our sex. Oh! my poor cousin, to what purpose will you boast this prerogative, when your nurse tells you, (with a pious care to sow the seeds of jealousy and emulation as early as possible,) that you have a fine little brother "come to put your nose out of joint?" There will be nothing to be done then but to be mighty good; and prove what, believe me, admits of very little dispute (though it has occasioned abundance) that we girls, however people give themselves airs of being disappointed, are by no means to be despised. The men unenvied shine in public; but it is we must make their homes delightful to them; and, if they provoke us, no less uncomfortable. I do not expect you to answer this letter yet awhile; but, as I dare say, you have the greatest interest with your papa, will beg you to prevail upon him that we may know by a line (before his time is engrossed by another secret committee) that you and your mamma are well. In the meantime, I will only assure you that all here rejoice in your existence extremely; and that I am, my very young correspondent, most affectionately yours, &c.

CATHERINE TALBOT.

As he came forth of his mother's womb, naked shall he return to go as he came, and shall take nothing of his labour, which he may carry away in his hand. BIBLE.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

LITTLE Bessie wakes at midnight,
And upon the nursery wall,
Sees she by the flickering fire light,
Shadows dancing grim and tall.

Now they rise and now they beckon,
Nearer still they seem to come,
Bessie's blue eyes gaze wide open,
And her lips are stricken dumb.

Bessie thinks they are "the witches,"
"Mary said they'd take away
All the naughty little children,
And I've not been good to-day.

"Once I did not mind my mother,
And I broke the china cup,"
So the little tender conscience
All the past day's sins sums up.

Still the dancing shadows waken
Childhood's grief and childhood's fear,
And there sink into the pillow
Many a sob and many a tear;

Till the mother, sleeping lightly,
Just within the open door,
Wakes and listens for a moment;
Hastens barefoot o'er the floor;

Folds the little weeping maiden
Close within her loving arms;
And upon that tender bosom
Bessie sobs out her alarms.

Then the mother, softly smiling,
Whispers, "All your witches tall,
Oh, my foolish little Bessie,
Are but shadows on the wall!

"See, the tall ones are the andirons;
That the wardrobe; this the chair;
And the shawl upon the sofa
Makes the face with flowing hair.

"Has my darling then forgotten,
When she said her evening prayer,
How she prayed that God's good angels
Still might have her in their care?

"Sure she knows that the Good Shepherd
Guards his flock by day and night,
And the lambs are folded safely,
In the dark as in the light."

Soon upon her mother's bosom
Little Bessie falls asleep,
Murmuring, as she clings the closer,
"Pray the Lord my soul to keep."

And the mother, softly kissing
The wet eyelids and the hair,
Tossed back from the snowy forehead,
Clasps her close in voiceless prayer.

That the Love which gave her darling,
Still may keep till dawns the day
When earth's haunting fears are over,
And the shadows flee away.

BAPTISM.

HERE with an infant, joyful sponsors come,
Then bear the new-made Christian to his home:
A few short years and we behold him stand
To ask a blessing, with his bride in hand:
A few, still seeming shorter, and we hear
His widow weeping at her husband's bier:—
Thus as the months succeed, shall infants take
Their names; thus parents shall the child forsake;
Thus brides again and bridegrooms blithe shall kneel,
By love or law compelled their vows to seal. CRABBE.

CASTLES IN THE FIRE.

SITTING by the fire-light,
In the twilight gray,
Building airy castles,
Bessie, Jack, and May,
Curly brown and golden locks,
Nestled close together,
Heeding not the wailing winds
Of November weather.

Seeing in the wood-fire
Many a vision rare;
Tracing in their fancies,
The future gay and fair.
Well it is each dreamer
Sees not down the years
All his cares and sorrows,
All his toils and tears.

"Look! I see a war-horse,
Prancing, inky black,
Don't you see me charging
Fiercely on his back?
Now, again, I'm bowing
To the loud 'Hurrah!'
I've come back victorious—
A hero from the war."

"See the haughty lady,
Turning cold away
From the throng of suitors,
Who all vainly pray.
Oh, she will not listen,
Noble though they be,
She's waiting for her sailor,
Sailing o'er the sea."

Now it is sweet May's turn,
Peering in the blaze,
What can see dear blue eyes
Of the future days?

"I can see a little urn,
'Neath a willow tree,
In a churchyard, all alone,
That I think's for me."

Boyish peals of laughter,
Ring out clear and free,
"Yes, I see the little urn,
It's to make the tea.
I'll come back from battle,
Bessie from the sea,
Dearest May shall sit at home,
And brew us cups of tea."

E. V. C.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

AMONG the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all;
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies,
That lean from the fragrant ledge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams.
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep;
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep:
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,

And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.
Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

ALICE CARY

For the Children.

COME stand by my knee, little children,
Too weary for laughter or song;
The sports of the daylight are over,
And evening is creeping along;
The snow-fields are white in the moonlight,
The winds of the winter are chill,
But under the sheltering roof-tree
The fire shineth ruddy and still.

You sit by the fire, little children,
Your cheeks are ruddy and warm;
But out in the cold of the winter
Is many a shivering form.
There are mothers that wander for shelter,
And babes that are pining for bread;
Oh, thank the dear Lord, little children,
From whose tender hand you are fed.

Come look in my eyes, little children,
And tell me, through all the long day,
Have you thought of the Father above us,
Who guarded from evil our way?
He heareth the cry of the sparrow,
And careth for great and small;
In life and in death, little children,
His love is the truest of all.

Now come to your rest, little children,
And over your innocent sleep,
Unseen by your vision, the angels
Their watch through the darkness shall keep;
Then pray that the Shepherd who guideth
The lambs that He loveth so well
May lead you, in life's rosy morning,
Beside the still waters to dwell.

THE CHILD ASLEEP.

SWEET babe! true portrait of thy father's face,
Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed!
Sleep, little one; and closely, gently place
Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,
Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me!
I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend;
'T is sweet to watch for thee—alone for thee!

His arms fall down; sleep sits upon his brow;
His eye is closed; he sleeps, nor dreams of harm.
Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,
Would you not say he slept on Death's cold arm?

Awake, my boy! I tremble with affright!
Awake and chase this fatal thought!—Unclose
Thine eye but for one moment on the light!
Even at the price of thine give me repose!

Sweet error!—he but slept—I breathe again.
Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep beguile!
Oh! when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain,
Beside me watch to see thy waking smile?

CLOTILDE DE SURVILLE (French.)
Translation of H. W. Longfellow.

My Mother's Stories.

I RECALL a little verse my mother taught me one summer twilight, which, she remarked, she had taught the older children when they were little like me. It was this:

"HAVE COMMUNION WITH FEW, BE INTIMATE WITH ONE, DEAL JUSTLY BY ALL, AND SPEAK EVIL OF NONE."

And then she added cheerfully, "It took some time to get your brother to repeat it correctly; he would say *untimate* for intimate, and *justless* instead of justly. But he learned it correctly at last, and, I may add, has never forgotten it. So with amusement were mother's good instructions blended; after the pleasant story about my brother's childhood it was impossible to forget the text.

But, alas, I have never taught it to my children; so many papers, books, and magazines made expressly for children of this generation, hasten the lighting of the evening lamp, and the twilight lessons of home become fewer. But in them all I never read a more comprehensive paragraph, and one that would do to put in practice in every particular so thoroughly, and I hope if it gets into print, not only my children, but those of other households, will commit it to memory, imbibe its spirit, and put it in practice through life.

E. E.

DULL BOYS.

WINES, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright, and squared and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas Orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged and dull natures of youth, acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country, and therefore their dullness at first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. That schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself who beats nature in a boy for a fault, and I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts which are naturally sluggish, rise one minute before the hour nature has appointed.

DR. THOMAS FULLER.

A Remarkable Baby.

IT was the peculiarity of *this* baby to be always cutting teeth. Whether they never came, or whether they came and went away again is not in evidence; but it had certainly cut enough, on the showing of its mother, to make a handsome dental provision for the sign of the Bull and Mouth. All sorts of objects were impressed for the rubbing of its gums, notwithstanding that it always carried, dangling at its waist, (which was immediately under its chin,) a bone ring, large enough to have represented the rosary of a young nun. Knife-handles, umbrella-tops, the heads of walking sticks selected from the stock, the fingers of the family, nutmeg-graters, crusts, the handles of doors, and the cool knobs of the tops of pokers, were among the commonest instruments indiscriminately applied for the baby's relief. The amount of electricity that must have been rubbed out of it in a week, is not to be calculated. Still, its mother always said, "*It was coming through, and then the child would be herself,*" and still it never did come through and the child continued to be somebody else.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Sufferings of Childhood.

THE sufferings of a bashful boy! Can torture chamber be more dreadful than the juvenile party, the necessary parade of the Christmas dinner, to a shy boy! I have sometimes taken the hand of such a one, and have found it cold and clammy; desperate was the struggle of that young soul, afraid of he knew not what, caught by the machinery of society, which mangled him at every point, crushed every nerve, and filled him with faintness and fear. How happy he might have been with that brood of young puppies in the barn, or the soft rabbits in their nest of hay! How grand he was paddling his poor, leaky boat down the rapids, jumping into the river, and dragging it with his splendid strength over the rocks! Nature and he were friends; he was not afraid of her; she recognized her child and greeted him with smiles. The young animals loved him, and his dog looked up into his fair blue eyes, and recognized his king. But this creature must be tamed; he must be brought into prim parlors, and dine with propriety; he must dress himself in garments which scratch, and pull, and hurt him; boots must be put on his feet which pinch; he must be clean—terrible injustice to a faun who loves to roll down-hill, to grub for roots, to follow young squirrels to their lair, and to polish old guns rather than his manner.

And then the sensitive boy, who has a finer grain than the majority of his fellows, suddenly thrown in the pandemonium of a public school! Nails driven into the flesh could not inflict such pain as such a one suffers; and the scars remain. One gentleman told me, in mature life, that the loss of a toy stolen from him in childhood still rankled. How much of the infirmity of human character may be traced to the anger, the sense of wounded feeling, engendered by a wrong done in childhood when one is helpless to avenge!

All this may be called the necessary hardening process, but I do not believe in it. We have learned how to temper iron and steel, but we have not learned how to treat children. Could it be made a money-making process, like the Bessemer, I believe one could learn how to temper the the human character. Our instincts of intense love for our children are not enough; we should study it as a science. The human race is very busy; it has to take care of itself, and to feed its young; it must conquer the earth—perhaps it has not time to study Jim and Jack and Charley, and Mary and Emily and Jane, as problems. But, if it had, would it not perhaps pay? There would be fewer criminals.

Many observers recommend a wise neglect—not too much inquiry, but a judicious surrounding of the best influences, and then—let your young plant grow up. Yes; but it should be a very wise neglect—it should be a neglect which is always on the watch lest some insidious parasite, some unnoticed but strong bias of character, take possession of the child, and mould or ruin him. Of the ten boys running up yonder hill, five will be failures, two will be moderate successes, two will do better, one will be great, good and distinguished. If such are the terrible statistics—and I am told that they are so—who is to blame? Certainly the parent or guardian, or circumstance—and what is circumstance?

APPLETON'S JOURNAL.

THE PET LAMB.

A PASTORAL.

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began
to blink;
I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty
creature, drink!"
And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain-lamb with a maiden
at its side.

Nor sheep nor kine were near; the lamb was
all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone;
With one knee on the grass did the little
maiden kneel,
While to that mountain-lamb she gave its
evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his
supper took,
Seemed to feast with head and ears; and his
tail with pleasure shook.
"Drink, pretty creature, drink!" she said, in
such a tone
That I almost received her heart into my own.

'T was little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of
beauty rare!
I watched them with delight: they were a
lovely pair.
Now with her empty can the maiden turned
away;
But ere ten yards were gone, her footsteps did
she stay.

Right towards the lamb she looked; and from
a shady place
I unobserved could see the workings of her
face.
If nature to her tongue could measured num-
bers bring,
Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little maid
might sing:—

"What ails thee, young one? what? Why
pull so at thy cord?
Is it not well with thee? well both for bed and
board?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass
can be;
Rest, little young one, rest; what is 't that
aileth thee?

"What is it thou wouldst seek? What is want-
ing to thy heart?
Thy limbs, are they not strong? And beautiful
thou art.
This grass is tender grass; these flowers they
have no peers;
And that green corn all day is rustling in thy
ears!

"If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy
woollen chain—
This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst
gain;
For rain and mountain-storms—the like thou
need'st not fear;
The rain and storm are things that scarcely
can come here.

"Rest, little young one, rest; thou hast forgot
the day
When my father found thee first in places far
away;
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert
owned by none,
And thy mother from thy side for evermore
was gone.

"He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought
thee home:
A blessed day for thee! Then whither wouldst
thou roam?
A faithful nurse thou hast—the dam that did
thee yean
Upon the mountain-tops no kinder could have
been.

"Thou know'st that twice a day I have brought
thee in this can
Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever
ran;
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet
with dew,
I bring thee draughts of milk—warm milk it
is, and new.

"Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as
they are now;
Then I 'll yoke thee to my cart like a pony in
the plough.

My playmate thou shalt be; and when the wind is cold,
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy fold.

"It will not, will not rest!—Poor creature, can it be
That 't is thy mother's heart which is working so in thee?
Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear,
And dreams of things which thou canst neither see nor hear.

"Alas, the mountain-tops that look so green and fair!
I 've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come there;
The little brooks, that seem all pastime and all play,
When they are angry roar like lions for their prey.

"Here thou need'st not dread the raven in the sky;
Night and day thou art safe—our cottage is hard by
Why bleat so after me? Why pull so at thy chain?
Sleep—and at break of day I will come to thee again!"

—As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,
This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat;
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one-half of it was mine.

Again and once again, did I repeat the song;
"Nay," said I, "more than half to the damsel must belong,
For she looked with such a look, and she spake with such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into my own."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LITTLE MISS MEDDLESOME.

LITTLE Miss Meddlesome, scattering crumbs
Into the library noiselessly comes—
Twirls off her apron, tilts open some books,
And into a work-basket rummaging, looks.

Out go the spools spinning over the floor,
Beeswax and needle-case stepped out before;
She tosses the tape-rule and plays with the floss,
And says to herself, "Now won't mamma be cross!"

Little Miss Meddlesome climbs to the shelf,
Since no one is looking, and, mischievous elf,
Pulls down the fine vases, the cuckoo clock stops,
And sprinkles the carpet with damaging drops.

She turns over the ottoman, frightens the bird,
And sees that the chairs in a medley are stirred;
Then creeps on the sofa, and, all in a heap,
Drops out of her frolicsome mischief asleep.

But here comes the nurse, who is shaking her head,
And frowns at the Mischief asleep on her bed;
But let's hope when Miss Meddlesome's slumber is o'er
She may wake from good dreams and do mischief no more.

JOEL BENTON.

FATHER IS COMING!

NAY, do not close the shutters, child;
For, far along the lane,
The little window looks, and he,
Can see it shining plain;
I've heard him say he loves to mark
The cheerful fire-light in the dark.

I know he's coming by this sign,
That baby's almost wild;
See how he laughs, and crows, and stares—
Heaven bless the merry child;
He's father's self in face and limb,
And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark! hark! I hear his footsteps now;
He's through the garden-gate;
Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
And do not let him wait;
Shout, baby, shout! and clap thy hands,
For father on the threshold stands.

MARY HOWITT.

CHILDHOOD.

HAPPY season of childhood! Kind nature, that art to all a bountiful mother; that visitest the poor man's hut with auroral radiance; and for thy nurseling hast provided a soft swathing of love and infinite hope, wherein he waxes and slumbers, danced-round (*umgaukelt*) by sweetest dreams! If the paternal cottage shuts us in, its roof still screens us; with a father we have as yet a prophet, priest and king, and an obedience that makes us free. The young spirit has awakened out of eternity, and knows not what we mean by time; as yet time is no fast-hurrying stream, but a sportful, sunlit ocean; years to the child are as ages: ah! the secret of vicissitude, of that slower or quicker decay and ceaseless down-rushing of the universal world fabric, from the granite mountain to the man or day-moth, is yet unknown; and in a motionless universe, we taste, what afterwards in this quick-whirling universe is forever denied us, the balm of rest. Sleep on, thou fair child, for thy long rough journey is at hand! A little while, and thou too shalt sleep no more, but thy very dreams shall be mimic battles; thou too, with old Arnauld, wilt have to say in stern patience: "Rest? Rest? Shall I not have all eternity to rest in?" Celestial Nepenthe! though a Pyrrhus conquer empires, and an Alexander sack the world, he finds thee not; and thou hast once fallen gently, of thy own accord, on the eyelids, on the heart of every mother's child. For as yet, sleep and waking are one: the fair life-garden rustles infinite around, and everywhere is dewy fragrance, and the budding of hope; which budding, if in youth, too frostnipt, it grow to flowers, will in manhood yield no fruit, but a prickly, bitter-rinded stone fruit, of which the fewest can find the kernel.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

CRADLE SONG

SLEEP my baby beside the fire,
Sleep, child, sleep,
Winds are wailing, nigher and nigher,
Waves are raising, higher and higher,
Sleep, child, sleep,
While thy father out on the sea,
Toils all night for thee and me.

Sleep, my baby content and blest,
Sleep, child, sleep;
Whether the heart in thy mother's breast
Be light or heavy—so best! so best!
Sleep, child, sleep,
While thy father out on the sea,
Toils all night for thee and me.

THE VILLAGE BARBER

Baby Zulma's Christmas Carol,

A LIGHTER scarf of richer fold
The morning flushed upon our sight,
And Evening trimmed her lamps of gold
From deeper springs of purer light;
And softer drips bedewed the lea,
And whiter blossoms veiled the tree,
And bluer waves danced on the sea
When baby Zulma came to be!

The day before, a bird had sung
Strange greetings on the roof and flown;
And Night's immaculate priestess flung
A diamond from her parted zone
Upon the crib beside the bed,
Whereunto, as the doctor said,
A king or queen would soon be led
By some sweet Ariel overhead.

Ere yet the sun had crossed the line
When we at Aries' double bars,
Behold him, tempest-beaten, shine
In stormy Libra's triple stars;
What time the hillsides shake with corn
And boughs of fruitage laugh unshorn
And cheery echoes wake the morn
To gales of fragrance harvest-born

In storied spots of vernal flame
And breezy realms of tossing shade,
The tripping elves tumultuous came
To join the fairy cavalcade;
From blushing chambers of the rose,
And bowers the lily's buds enclose,
And nooks and dells of deep repose,
Where human sandal never goes,

The rabble poured its motley tide;
Some upon airy chariots rode,
By cupids showered from side to side,
And some the dragon-fly bestrode;
While troops of virgins, left and right,
Like microscopic trails of light,
The sweeping pageant made as bright
As beams a rainbow in its flight!

It passed; the bloom of purple plums
Was rippled by trumpets rallying long
O'er beds of pink's and dwarfish drums
Struck all the insect world to song;
The milkmaid caught the low refrain,
The ploughman answered to her strain,
And every warbler of the plain
The ringing chorus chirped again!

Beneath the sunset's faded arch,
It formed and filed within our porch,
With not a ray to guide its march
Except the twilight's silver torch;
And thus she came from clouds above,
With spirits of the glen and grove,
A flower of grace, a cooing dove,
A shrine of prayer and star of love!

A queen of hearts!—her mighty chains
Are beads of coral round her strung,
And, ribbon-diademed, she reigns,
Commanding in an unknown tongue;
The kitten spies her cunning ways,
The patient cur romps in her plays,
And glimpses of her earlier days
Are seen in picture-books of fays.

To fondle all things doth she choose,
And when she gets, what some one sends,
A trifling gift of tinny shoes,
She kisses both as loving friends;
For in her eyes this orb of care,
Whose hopes are heaps of frosted hair,
Is but a garland, trim and fair,
Of cherubs twining in the air.

O, from a soul suffused with tears
Of trust thou mayst be spared the thorn
Which it has felt in other years,—
Across the morn our Lord was born.
I waft thee blessings! At thy side
May his invisible seraphs glide;
And tell thee still, what'er betide,
For thee, for thine, for all, He died!

AUGUSTUS JULIAN REQUIER

LITTLE FEET.

WO little feet, so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand,—
Two tender feet upon the untried border
Of life's mysterious land.

Dimpled and soft, and pink as peach-tree blossoms
In April's fragrant days,
How can they walk among the briery tangles,
Treading the world's rough ways?

These rose-white feet along with the doubtful future,
Must bear a mothers load;
Alas! since Woman has the heaviest burden,
And walks the harder road.

Love for a while will make the path before them
All dainty, smooth and fair,—
Will cull away the brambles, letting only
The roses blossom there.

But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded
Away from sight of men,
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,
Who shall direct them then?

How will they be allured, betrayed, deluded,
Poor little untaught feet!
Into what dreary mazes will they wander,
What dangers will they meet?

Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness
Of sorrow's tearful shades?
Or find the upland slopes of Peace and Beauty,
Whose sunlight never fades?

Will they go toiling up ambition's summit,
The common world above?
Or in some nameless vale, securely sheltered,
Walk side by side with Love?

Some feet there be which walk Life's track unwounded
Which find but pleasant ways:
Some hearts there be to which this life is only
A round of happy days.

But these are few. Far more there are who wander
Without a hope or friend,—
Who find their journey full of pains and losses
And long to reach the end.

How shall it be with her, the tender stranger
Fair-faced and gentle-eyed,
Before whose unstained feet the worlds rude highway
Stretches so fair and wide?

Ah who may read the future? For our darling
We crave all blessings sweet,
And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens
Will guide the baby's feet.

FLORENCE PERCY.

Crown of Childhood.

THE cows are lowing along the lane,
The sheep to the fold have come,
And the mother looks from the cottage door,
To see how the night comes over the moor,
And calls the children home.

Their feet are bare in the dusty road,
Their cheeks are tawny and red,
They have waded the shallow below the mill,
They have gathered wild roses up the hill,
A crown for each tangled head.

The days will come and the days will go,
And life hath many a crown,
But none that will press upon manhood's brow,
As light as the roses resting now
On the children's foreheads brown.

Childhood Eternal.

LITTLE children, young and aged,
Bear the blessing up!
Pour around the life elixir
From your golden cup.

Love is the divine restorer
Of the souls of men;
This the new perpetual Eden
We must seek again.

Love is the eternal childhood;
Hither all must come,
Who the kingdom would inherit
Of the heavenly home.

SAILING THE BOATS.

HO! the jolly sailors,
Lounging into port!
Heave ahead, my hearties—
That's your lively sort!
Splendid sky above us,
Merrily goes the gale.
Stand by to launch away
Rag and paper sail!

Archie owns a schooner,
Jack a man-o'-war,
Joe a clipper A 1
Named the Morning Star;
Charlie sails a match-box,
Dignified a yawl;
Breakers on the lee shore—
Look out for a squall!

Now we're bound for China—
That's across the pond;
Then we go a-cruising
Many a mile beyond.
Man-o'-war is watching
A rakish-looking craft—
Kerchunk! goes a bullfrog
From his rushy raft.

There's a fleet of lillies
We go scudding round,—
Bumblebees for sailors,—
And they're fast aground.
Here's a drowning fly
In her satin dress.
All hands, about ship!
Signals of distress.

Argosies of childhood,
Laden down with joys,
Gunwale-deep with treasures!
Happy sailor boys,
May your merry ventures
All their harbors win,
And upon life's stormy sea
Every ship come in.

—GEO. COOPER.

In Memoriam.

ANOTHER little form asleep,
And a little spirit gone;
Another little voice is hushed,
And a little angel born.
Two little feet are on the way
To the home beyond the skies,
And our hearts are like the void that comes
When a strain of music dies!

A pair of little baby shoes,
And a lock of golden hair;
The toys our little darling loved,
And the dress she used to wear;
The little grave in the shady nook,
Where the flowers love to grow;
And these are all of the little hope
That came three years ago!

The birds will sit on the branch above,
And sing a requiem
To the beautiful little sleeping form
That used to sing to them;
But never again with the little lips
To their songs of love reply,
For that silvery voice is blended with
The minstrelsy on high!

KNICKERBOCKER.

TOUCH NOT.

TOUCH not the tempting cup, my boy;
Though urged by friend or foe;
Dare when the tempter urges most,
Dare nobly say, No—No!
The joyous angel from on high
Shall tell your soul the reason why.

Touch not the tempting cup, my boy!
In righteousness be brave;
Take not the first, a single step,
Towards a drunkard's grave;
The widow's groan, the orphan's sigh
Shall tell your soul the reason why.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

I AM all alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near,
And the fagot's crack and the clock's dull tick
Are the only sounds I hear;
And over my soul, in its soltitude,
Sweet feelings of sadness glide;
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house—
Went home to the dear ones all,—
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall;
My mother came out to meet her son,
She kissed me and then she sighed,
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

And when I gazed on his innocent face,
As still and cold he lay,
And thought what a lovely child he had been
And how soon he must decay,
"O death, thou lovest the beautiful,"
In the woe of my spirit I cried;
For sparkled the eyes, and the forehead was fair,
Of the little boy that died!

Again I will go to my father's house,—
Go home to the dear ones all,—
And sadly I'll open the garden gate,
And sadly the door of the hall;
I shall meet my mother, but nevermore
With her darling by her side,
But she'll kiss me and sigh and weep again
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come
In the garden where he played;
I shall miss him more by the fireside,
When the flowers have all decayed;
I shall see his toys and his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride;
And they will speak, with a silent speech,
Of the little boy that died.

I shall see his little sister again
With her playmates about the door,
And I'll watch the children in their sports,
As I never did before;
And if in the group I see a child
That's dimpled and laughing-eyed,
I'll look and see if it may not be
The little boy that died.

We shall all go home to our Father's house,—
To our Father's house in the skies,
Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight,
And our love no broken ties;
We shall roam on the bank of the River of Peace,
And bathe in its blissful tide:
And one of the joys of our heaven shall be
The little boy that died.

J. D. ROBINSON.

No Baby in the House.

NO baby in the house, I know,
'T is far too nice and clean.
No toys, by careless fingers strewn,
Upon the floors are seen.

No finger-marks are on the panes,
No scratches on the chairs;
No wooden men set up in rows,
Or marshalled off in pairs;

No little stockings to be darned,
All ragged at the toes;
No pile of mending to be done,
Made up of baby-clothes;

No little troubles to be soothed;
No little hands to fold;
No grimy fingers to be washed;
No stories to be told;

No tender kisses to be given;
No nicknames, "Dove" and "Mouse;"
No merry frolics after tea,—
No baby in the house!

CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

Romance of a Swan's Nest.

LITTLE Ellie sits alone
'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side on the grass,
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by,
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow.
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly uses
Fills the silence like a speech,
While she thinks what shall be done,—
And the sweetest pleasure chooses
For her future within reach.

Little Ellie, in her smile,
Chooses, . . . "I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds!
He shall love me without guile,
And to *him* I will discover
The swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath;
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

"And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure,
And the mane shall swim the wind;
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

"But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face.
He will say, 'O love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in,
And I kneel here for thy grace.'

"Then, ay, then—he shall kneel low
With the red-roan steed a-near him,
Which shall seem to understand,—
Till I answer, 'Rise and go!
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.'

"Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a yes I must not say,
Nathless maiden brave, 'Farewell,'
I will utter, and dissemble—
'Light to-morrow with to-day,'

"Then he'll ride among the hills
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong,
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

"Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream and climb the mountain
And kneel down beside my feet:
'Lo, my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity's counting!
What will thou exchange for it?'

"And the first time I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon,—
And the second time, a glove;
But the third time I may bend
From my pride, and answer, 'Pardon
If he comes to take my love.'

"Then the young foot-page will run—
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee:
'I am a duke's eldest son!
Thousand serfs do call me master,—
But, O Love, I love but *thee!*'

"He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover
Through the crowds that praise his deeds;
And, when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gayly,
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
Winding up the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads—
Past the boughs she stoops—and stops.
Lo, the wild swan had deserted—
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

Ellie went home sad and slow,
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not; but I know
She could never show him—never
That swan's nest among the reeds!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE HALLOWED DRAWER.

RS BIRD slowly opened the drawer. There were little coats of many a form and pattern, piles of aprons, and rows of small stockings; and even a pair of little shoes, worn and rubbed at the toes, were peeping from the folds of a paper. There was a toy, horse and wagon, a top, a ball—memorials gathered with many a tear, and many a heart-break! She sat down by the drawer, and leaning her head on her hands over it, wept till the tears fell through her fingers into the drawer. And oh, mother that reads this, has there never been in your house a drawer, or a closet, the opening of which has been to you like the opening again of a little grave.

MRS. H. B. STOWE.

The Faults of Children.

IT does not do to be always too keen-sighted, or to appear to be so, to little fits of wilfulness. Perhaps there is a struggle in the child's mind between the wish to be good and the temptation to be naughty. Have we never such struggles ourselves? Would not a harsh word terminate the conflict in favor of wrong; while a smile, a look of kindly encouragement, will strengthen the feeble wish to do right? If we have felt temptation ourselves, let us pity and aid the little creatures, even as we are taught that our Saviour, "in that he himself suffered being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted."

MRS. PULLAN.

NURSE'S WATCH.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE moon it shines,
My darling whines;
The clock strikes twelve:—God cheer
The sick both far and near.

God knoweth all;
Mousy nibbles in the wall;
The clock strikes one:—like day
Dreams o'er thy pillow play.

The matin—bell
Wakes the nun in convent cell;
The clock strikes two:—they go
To choir in a row.

The wind it blows,
The cock he crows;
The clock strikes three:—the wagoner
In his straw bed begins to stir.

The steed he paws the floor,
Breaks the stable door;
The clock strikes four;—'tis plain
The coachman sifts his grain

The swallows laugh, the still air shakes,
The sun awakes;
The clock strikes five:—the traveller must be gone,
He puts his stockings on.

The hen is clacking,
The ducks are quacking;
The clock strikes six:—awake, arise,
Thou lazy hag, come, ope' thy eyes.

Quick to the bakers run;
The rolls are done;
The clock strikes seven:—
'Tis time the milk were in the oven.

Put in some butter, do,
And some fine sugar too,
The clock strikes eight:—
Now bring my baby's porridge straight.

Translated by CHARLES T. BROOKS.

TAKE CARE OF THE CHILDREN.

HANG me all the thieves in Gibbet Street to-morrow, and the place will be crammed with fresh tenants in a week; but catch me up the young thieves from the gutter and the door steps; take Jonathan Wild from the breast; send Mrs. Sheppard to Brideswell, but take hale young Jack out of her arms; teach and wash me this unkempt young vicious colt, and he will run for the Virtue Stake yet; take the young child, the little lamb, before the great Jack Sheppard ruddles him and folds him for his own black flock in Hades; give him some soap, instead of whipping for stealing a cake of brown Windsor; teach him the Gospel, instead of sending him to the treadmill for hunting chapels and purloining prayer books out of pews; put him in the way of filling shop tills, instead of transporting him when he crawls on his hands and knees to empty them; let him know that he has a body fit and made for something better than to be kicked, bruised, chained, pinched with hunger, clad in rags or prison gray, or mangled with gaoler's cat; let him know that he has a soul to be saved. In God's name, *take care of the children*, somebody; and there will soon be an oldest inhabitant in Gibbet Street, and never a new one to succeed him.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

Precocity of Intellect in Children.

I NEVER dared hope much from those great beginnings of intellect and of memory, which are nevertheless so much admired in children. I know well that they must first come to their strength, and if those things show themselves earlier, it is not the better for it.

BISHOP HALL.

Answer to a Child's Question.

DO you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet and the thrush say "I love and I love!"
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;
What it says I do not know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves and blossoms and sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving, all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings and he sings, and for ever sings he,
"I love my love, and my love loves me."

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

GO forth in the battle of life, my boy,
Go while it is called to-day;
For the years go out and the years come in,
Regardless of those who may lose or win—
Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy,
To the army gone before;
You may hear the sound of their falling feet,
Going down to the river where the two worlds meet;
They go to return no more.

There is room for you in the ranks, my boy,
And duty, too, assigned;
Step into the front with cheerful grace—
Be quick, or another may take your place,
And you may be left behind.

There is work to be done by the way, my boy,
That you never can tread again;
Work for the loftiest, lowliest men—
Work for the plow, adze, spindle, and pen;
Work for the hands and the brain.

The Serpent will follow your steps, my boy,
To lay for your feet a snare;
And pleasure sits in her fairy bowers,
With garlands of poppies and lotus flowers
Enwreathing her golden hair.

Temptations will wait by the way, my boy,
Temptations without and within;
And spirits of evil, in robes as fair
As the holiest angels in Heaven wear,
Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armor of God, my boy,
In the beautiful days of youth;
Put on the helmet, breast-plate, and shield,
And the sword that the feeblest arm may wield
In the cause of Right and Truth.

And go to the Battle of Life, my boy,
With the peace of the Gospel shod,
And before High Heaven do the best you can
For the great reward, for the good of man,
For the Kingdom and crown of God.

The Mother's Sacrifice.

THE cold winds swept the mountain's height,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And mid the cheerless hours of night
A mother wandered with her child:
As through the drifting snow she pressed,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifting snow:
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone.
"Oh God!" she cried in accents wild,
"If I must perish, save my child,!"

She stripped her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm,
And round the child she wrapped the vest,
And smiled to think her babe was warm.
With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
And sunk upon her snowy bed.

At dawn a traveller passed by,
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil;
The frost of death was in her eye,
Her cheek was cold and hard and pale.
He moved the robes from off the child,—
The babe looked up and sweetly smiled!

SEBA SMITH.

LITTLE BOOTS.

NOT those I sadly laid away,
With little stockings soft and gay,
That sunless, heart-sick, saddest day,
I passed beneath the rod;
I wipe from them the gathering mould,
I wonder at their growing old,
Then think how long the streets of gold
My little one has trod!

To-day a little larger pair
Are traversing the hall and stair,
Or somersaulting in the air,
Are never, never still:
Down at the heel! Out at the toes!
Mud-covered! Every mother knows
How "in-and-out" her dear boy goes,
Oft chide him as she will.

But life and strength and glowing health,
Come through those little boots by stealth
And willing errands, loves sweet wealth
At bidding bring us joy.
Bear with the little boots, I pray;
Soon into life they'll walk away,
And, sitting lone, your heart will say,
Where is my little boy?

MRS. L. R. JONES.

THE BALD-HEADED TYRANT.

OH! the quietest home on earth had I,
No thought of trouble, no hint of care;
Like a dream of pleasure the day fled by,
And Peace had folded her pinions there.
But one day there joined in our household band
A bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

Oh, the despot came in the dead of night.
And no one ventured to ask him why;
Like slaves we trembled before his might,
Our hearts stood still when we heard him cry;
For never a soul could his power withstand,
That bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

He ordered us here and he sent us there—
Though never a word could his small lips speak—
With his toothless gums and his vacant stare,
And his helpless limbs so frail and weak,
Till I cried, in a voice of stern command,
"Go up thou baldhead from No-man's-land!"

But his abject slaves they turned on me;
Like the bears in Scripture, they'd rend me there,
The while they worshipped with bended knee
This ruthless wretch with the missing hair;
For he rules them all with relentless hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

Then I searched for help in every clime,
For peace had fled from my dwelling now,
Till I finally thought of old Father Time,
And low before him I made my bow.
"Wilt thou deliver me out of his hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land?"

Old Time he looked with a puzzled stare,
And a smile came over his features grim,
"I'll take the tyrant under my care;
Watch what my hour-glass does to him.
The veriest humbug that ever was planned
Is this same bald-head from No-man's-land."

Old Time is doing his work full well—
Much less of might does the tyrant wield;
But, ah! with sorrow my heart will swell
And sad tears fall as I see him yield.
Could I stay the touch of that shriveled hand,
I would keep the bald-head from No-man's-land.

For the loss of Peace I have ceased to care;
Like other vassals, I've learned, forsooth,
To love the wretch who forgot his hair
And hurried along without a tooth,
And he rules me, too, with his tiny hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

MARY R. VANDYNE.

The period of childhood is y^e^ happiest.

A Mother to Her New-Born Child.

SWEET cry! as sacred as the blessed Hymn
Sung at Christ's birth by joyful Seraphim!
Exhausted nigh to death by that dread pain,
That voice salutes me to dear life again.
Ah, God! my child; my first, my loving child!
I have been dreaming of a thing like thee
Ere since, a babe, upon the mountains wild
I nursed my mimic babe upon my knee.

In girlhood I had visions of thee; love
Came to my riper youth, and still I clove
Unto thine image, born within my brain
So like! as even there thy germ had lain!
My blood! my voice! my thought! my dream achieved!
Oh, till this double life, I have not lived!

THOMAS WADE.

Baby Louise.

I'M in love with you, Baby Louise!
With your silken hair, and your soft blue eyes,
And the dreamy wisdom that in them lies,
And the faint, sweet smile you brought from the skies,
God's sunshine, Baby Louise.

When you fold your hands, Baby Louise,
Your hands, like a fairy's, so tiny and fair,
With a pretty, innocent, saint-like air,
Are you trying to think of some angel-taught prayer.
You learned above, Baby Louise?

I'm in Love with you, Baby Louise!
Why, you never raise your beautiful head!
Some day, little one, your cheek will grow red
With a flush of delight to hear the word said,
"I love you," Baby Louise.

Do you hear me, Baby Louise?
I have sung your praises for nearly an hour,
And your lashes keep drooping lower and lower,
And—you've gone to sleep like a weary flower,
Ungrateful Baby Louise.

—MARGARET EYTINGE.

WILLIE'S PRAYER.

ONE sweet morning little Willie,
Springing from his trundle-bed,
Bounded to the vine-wreathed window
And put out his sunny head.

It was in the joyous spring-time,
When the sky was soft and fair,
And the blue-bird and the robin
Warbled sweetly everywhere.

In the field the lambs were playing,
Where the babbling brook ran clear
To and fro, in leafy tree-tops,
Squirrels frisked without a fear.

In his ear his baby-brother
Baby-wonders tried to speak,
And the kiss of a fond mother
Rested on his dimpled cheek.

Zephyrs from the fragrant lilacs
Fanned his little rosy face,
And the heart's ease, gemmed with dewdrops,
Smiled at him with gentle grace.

Gliding back with fairy footsteps,
Willie, dropping on his knees,
Softly prayed "Dear God, I love you!
Make it always happy, please!"

On the Picture of a "Child Tired of Play."

TIRED of play! Tired of play!
What hast thou done this livelong day!
The birds are silent, and so is the bee;
The sun is creeping up the steeple and tree;
The doves have flown to the sheltering eaves,
And the nests are dark with the drooping leaves,
Twilight gathers, and day is done—
How hast thou spent it, restless one!

Playing? But what hast thou done beside
To tell thy mother at eventide?
What promise of morn is left unbroken?
What kind word to thy playmate spoken?
Whom hast thou pitied, and whom forgiven?
How with thy faults has duty striven?
What hast thou learn'd by field and hill,
By greenwood path, and by singing rill?

There will come an eve to a longer day,
That will find thee tired—but not of play!
And thou wilt lean, as thou leanest now,
With drooping limbs and aching brow,
And wish the shadows would faster creep,
And long to go to thy quiet sleep.
Well were it then if thine aching brow
Were as free from sin and shame as now!
Well for thee if thy lip could tell
A tale like this, of a day spent well.
If thine open hand has relieved distress—
If thy pity has sprung to wretchedness—
If thou hast forgiven the sore offence,
And humbled thy heart with penitence—
If Nature's voices have spoken with thee
With her holy meanings eloquently—
If every creature hath won thy love,
From the creeping worm to the brooding dove—
If never a sad, low-spoken word
Hath plead with thy human heart unheard—
Then, when the night steals on, as now
It will bring relief to thine aching brow
And, with joy and peace at the thought of rest,
Thou wilt sink to sleep on thy mother's breast.

N. P. WILLIS.

A MOTHER'S JOYS.

I'VE gear enough, I've gear enough,
I've bonnie bairnies three;
Their welfare is a mine of wealth,
Their love is a crown to me.

The joys, the dear delights they bring,
I'm sure I'd not agree
To change for every worldly good
That could be given to me.

Let others flaunt in fashion's ring,
Seek rank and high degree;
I wish them joy with all my heart,
They're envied not by me.
I would not give those loving looks,
The heaven of those smiles,
To bear the proudest name—to be
The Queen of Britain's isles.

My sons are like their father dear,
And all the neighbors tell
That my young blue-eyed daughter's just
The picture of mysel'.
Oh, blessings on my darlings all!
They're dear as summers shine,
My heart runs o'er with happiness
To think that they are mine.

At evening, morning, every hour
I've an unchanging prayer,
That Heaven would my bairnies bless,
My hope, my joy, my care.
I've gear enough, I've gear enough,
I've bonnie bairnies three·
Their welfare is a mine of wealth,
Their love a crown to me.

WILLIAM FERGUSON.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

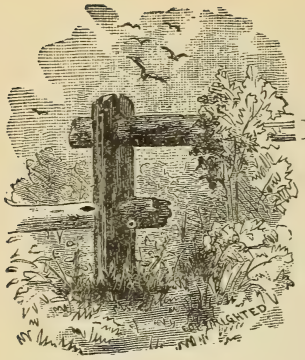
Where children are there is the Golden Age.

NOVALIS.

THE SPORTIVE BOY.

WHILE childhood reigns, the sportive boy
Learns only prettily to toy,
And while he roves from play to play,
The wanton trifles life away.

BROOME.



What Education Comprises.

FIRST there must proceed a way how to discern the natural inclinations and capacities of children. Secondly, next must ensue culture and furnishment of the mind. Thirdly, the moulding of behaviour and decent forms. Fourthly, the tempering of affections. Fifthly, the quickening and exciting of observation and practical judgement. Sixthly, and the last in order, but the principal in value, being that which must knit and consolidate all the rest, is the timely instilling of conscientious principles and seeds of religion.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

The Education of Children.

AN anxious mother asked Mrs. Barbauld at what age she should begin to teach her child to read? "I should much prefer that a child should not be able to read before five years of age," was the reply. Why then have you written books for children of three? "Because if young Mammas will be over busy, they had better teach in a good way than a bad one." I have known clever precocious children at three years dunces at twelve, and dunces at six particularly clever at sixteen. One of the most popular authoresses of the present day could not read when she was seven. Her mother was rather uncomfortable about it, but said, that as everybody did learn to read with opportunity, she supposed her child would do so at last By eighteen this apparently slow genius paid the heavy but inevitable debts of her father from the profits of her first work, and before thirty had published thirty volumes.

HON. MISS MURRAY.

Children pick up words as pigeons peas:
And utter them again as God shall please.

How to Bring Up Children.

BRING thy children up in learning and obedience, yet without outward austerity. Praise them openly, reprehend them secretly. Give them good countenance and convenient maintenance, according to thy ability; otherwise thy life will seem their bondage, and what portion thou shalt leave them at thy death, they will thank death for it and not thee. And I am persuaded that the foolish cockering of some parents, and the over stern carriage of others, causeth more men and women to take ill courses, than their own vicious inclinations.

LORD BURLEIGH.

Good Life, Long Life.

IN small proportion we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON.

LITTLE HOME BODY.

LITTLE Home-body is mother's wee pet,
Fairest and sweetest of Housekeepers yet;
Up when the roses in golden light peep,
Helping her mother to sew and and to sweep.
Tidy and prim in her apron and gown,
Brightest of eyes, of the bonniest brown;
Tiniest fingers, and needles so fleet,
Pattern of womanhood, down at my feet!

Little home-body is grave and demure,
Weeps when you speak of the wretched and the poor,
Though she can laugh in the merriest way
While you are telling a tale that is gay.
Lily that blooms in some lone, leafy nook;
Sly little hide-away, moss-sided brook;
Fairies are fine, where the silver dews fall;
Home fairies—these are the best of them all!

GEORGE COOPER.

What Does Little Birdie Say?

FROM "SEA DREAMS."

WHAT does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger,
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger,
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ADVICE TO CHILDREN.

DO no sinful action,
Speak no angry word;
Ye belong to Jesus,
Children of the Lord.

Christ is kind and gentle,
Christ is pure and true,
And his little children
Must be holy too.

There's a wicked spirit
Watching round you still
And he tries to tempt you
To all harm and ill.

But ye must not hear him
Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil
And the good to do.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

O LITTLE feet; that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears;
Must ache and bleed beneath the load;
I, nearer to the wayside inn,
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary thinking of your road.

O, little hands! that weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask;
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O, little hearts! that throb and beat
With much impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires;
Mine, that so long has glowed and burned,
With passions into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O, little souls; as pure and white,
As crystalline, as rays of light
Direct from Heaven, their source divine;
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears;
How lurid looks this sun of mine!

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME?

EACH day when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy-chair,
And watch from the open doorway
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,
Echoing boyish strife,
We two are waiting together;
And oft, as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me,
"It is night! are the children home?"

"Yes, love!" I answer him gently,
"They're all home long ago;"
And I sing, in my quivering treble,
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
Home in a better land.

Home, where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears!
Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years!
I know!—Yet my arms are empty
That fondly folded seven,
And the mother heart within me
Is almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes in the dusk of evening,
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies;
The babes whose dimpled fingers
Lost the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
Passed to the world of the blessed.

With never a cloud upon them,
I see their radiant brows;
My boys that I gave to freedom—
The red sword sealed their vows!
In a tangled Southern forest,
Twin brothers, bold and brave,
They fell; and the flag they died for,
Thank God! floats over their grave.

A breath, and the vision is lifted
Away on wings of light,
And again we two are together,
All alone in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing,
But I smile at idle fears;
He is only back with the children,
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset
Fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner,
"Say, love! have the children come?"
And I answer, with eyes uplifted,
"Yes, dear! they are all at home!"

MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

IN DISTRESS.

OUR WEE WHITE ROSE.

ALL in our marriage garden
Grew smiling up to God,
A bonnier flower than ever
Suckt the green warmth of the sod;
O, beautiful unfathomably
Its little life unfurled;
And crown of all things was our wee
White Rose of all the world.

From out a balmy bosom
Our bud of beauty grew;
It fed on smiles of sunshine,
On tears for daintier dew:
Aye nestling warm and tenderly,
Our leaves of love were curled
So close and close about our wee
White Rose of all the world.

With mystical faint fragrance
Our house of life she filled;
Revealed each hour some fairy tower
Where winged hopes might build!
We saw—though none like us might see—
Such precious promise pearled
Upon the petals of our wee
White Rose of all the world.

But evermore the halo
Of angel-light increased,
Like the mystery of moonlight
That folds some fairy feast,
Snow-white, snow-soft, snow-silently
Our darling bud upcurled,
And dropt i' the grave—God's lap—our wee
White Rose of all the world.

Our Rose was but in blossom,
Our life was but in spring,
When down the solemn midnight
We heard the spirits sing,
"Another bud of infancy
With holy dews impearled!"
And in their hands they bore our wee
White Rose of all the world.

You scare could think so small a thing
Could leave a loss so large;
Her little light such shadow fling
From dawn to sunset's marge.
In other springs our life may be
In bannered bloom unfurled,
But never, never match our wee
White Rose of all the world.

GERALD MASSEY.

SWEET BABE.

SWEET babe!
She glanced into our world to see
A sample of our misery;
Then turned away her languid eye,
To drop a tear or two—and die.

Sweet babe!
She tastes of life's bitter cup,
Refused to drink the portion up;
But turned her little head aside,
Disgusted with the taste and died.

Sweet babe!
She listened for a while to hear
Our mortal griefs; then turned her ear
To angel harps and songs, and cried
To join their notes celestial—sighed and died.

Sweet babe no more, but seraph now;
Before the throne behold her bow;
To heavenly joys her spirit flies,
Blest in the triumph of the skies;

Adores the grace that brought her there,
Without a wish without a care,
That washed her soul in Calvary's stream,
That shortened life's distressing dream.

Short pain, short grief, dear babe were thine;
Now joys eternal and divine;
Yes, thou art fled, and saints a welcome sing:
Thine infant spirit soars on angel-wing;
Our dark affection might have hoped thy stay
The voice of God has called this child away.
Like Samuel early in the temple found,
Sweet rose of Sharon, plant of holy ground,
Oh! more than Samuel blest to thee is given,
The God he served on earth to serve in heaven.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

ANGEL CHARLIE.

HE came—a beauteous vision,
  Then vanished from my sight;
His wing one moment cleaving
  The blackness of my night;
My glad ear caught its rustle,
  Then, sweeping by, he stole
The dew-drop that his coming
  Had cherished in my soul.

Oh, he had been my solace
  When grief my spirit swayed,
And on his fragile being
  Had tender hopes been stayed;
Where thought, where feeling lingered,
  His form was sure to glide,
And in the lone night-watches
  'Twas ever by my side.

He came; but as the blossom
  Its petals closes up,
And hides them from the tempest
  Within its sheltering cup,
So he his spirit gathered
  Back to his frightened breast,
And passed from earth's grim threshold,
  To be the Saviour's guest.

My boy—ah, me! the sweetness,
  The anguish of that word!
My boy, when in strange night-dreams
  My slumbering soul is stirred;
When music floats around me,
  When soft lips touch my brow,
And whisper gentle greetings,
  Oh, tell me, is it thou?

I know by one sweet token
  My Charlie is not dead;
One golden clue he left me
  As on his track he sped;
Were he some gem or blossom,
  But fashioned for to-day,
My love would slowly perish
  With his dissolving clay.

Oh, by this deathless yearning,
  Which is not idly given;
By the delicious nearness
  My spirit feels to heaven;
By dreams that throng my night-sleep,
  By visions of the day,
By whispers when I'm erring,
  By promptings when I pray;—

I know this life so cherished,
  Which sprang beneath my heart,
Which formed of my own being
  So beautiful a part;
This precious, winsome creature,
  My unfledged, voiceless dove,
Lifts now a seraph's pinion,
  And warbles lays of love.

Oh, I would not recall thee,
  My glorious angel-boy!
Thou needest not my bosom,
  Rare bird of light and joy!
Here dash I down the tear-drops,
  Still gathering in my eyes;
Blest—oh how blest!—in adding
  A seraph to the skies!

—EMILY C. JUDSON

By the Alma River.

WILLIE, fold your little hands;
  Let it drop that soldier toy:
Look where father's picture stands,—
  Father, who here kissed his boy
Not two months since—father kind,
Who this night may—Never mind
Mother's sob, my Willie dear,
Call aloud that He may hear
Who is God of battles,—say,
"Oh, keep father safe this day
  By the Alma River."

Ask no more, child. Never heed
  Either Russ, or Frank, or Turk,
Right of nations or of creed,
  Chance-poised victory's bloody work:
Any flag i' the wind may roll
On thy heights, Sebastopol!
Willie, all to you and me
Is that spot, where'er it be,
Where he stands—no other word!
Stands—God sure the child's prayer heard—
  By the Alma River.

Willie, listen to the bells
  Ringing through the town to-day.
That's for victory. Ah, no knells
  For the many swept away—
Hundreds—thousands! Let us weep,
We, who need not—just to keep
Reason steady in my brain
Till the morning comes again;
Till the third dread morning tell
Who they were that fought and *fell*
  By the Alma River.

Come, we 'll lay us down, my child;
  Poor the bed is,—poor and hard;
Yet thy father, far exiled,
  Sleeps upon the open sward,
Dreaming of us two at home:
  Or beneath the starry dome
Digs out trenches in the dark,
Where he buries—Willie, mark!—
Where *he buries* those who died
Fighting bravely at his side
  By the Alma River.

Willie, Willie, go to sleep;
  God will keep us, O my boy;
He will make the dull hours creep
Faster, and send news of joy,
When I need not shrink to meet
Those dread placards in the street,
Which for weeks will ghastly stare
In some eyes—Child, say thy prayer
Once again,—a different one,—
Say, "O God, thy will be done
  By the Alma River."

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

My Beautiful Child.

BEAUTIFUL child! by thy mother's knee,
In the golden future what wilt thou be?
Angel or demon, or god sublime,
Upas of evil, or flower of time?
  Dashing, flashing, madly down,
  Weaving of horror a fairy crown;
Or, gliding on in a shining track,
Like the kingly sun that ne'er looks back?
Daintiest dreamer that ever smiled!
What wilt thou be, my beautiful child?

Beautiful child! in my garden bowers,
Friend of the butterflies, birds, and flowers;
Crystal and pure as the sparkling stream,
Goodness and truth in thy features beam.
  Brighter, whiter soul than thine
  Never was seen in a mortal shrine.
My heart thou hast gladdened two sweet years
With rainbows of hope suffused my tears;
Wherever thy sunny smile doth fall,
The glory of God beams over all.

Beautiful child! to thy look is given
A purity less of earth than heaven,
With thy tell-tale eyes and prattling tongue,
I wish thou couldst ever thus be young.
  Tripping, skipping, humming bird,
  Everywhere thy voice is heard;
In the garden nooks thou oft art found,
With flowers thy bosom and neck around;
And when at thy prayers, with figure quaint,
Oh! how I love thee, my infant saint!

Beautiful child! what thy fate shall be
Is wisely hidden, perchance, from me.
A fallen star thou may'st leave my side,
And sorrow and shame may thee betide:
  Shivering, quivering, through the street,
  Wretched, down-trampled, cursed and beat;
Ashamed to live, and afraid to die,
No home, no friend, and a frowning sky.
Merciful Father! my brain grows wild;
Good angels guard my beautiful child!

Beautiful child! thou may'st soar above,
A warbling cherub of joy and love;
A wave on eternity's mighty sea;
A blossom on life's immortal tree;
  Flowering, towering, evermore,
  'Mid vernal airs of the golden shore.
Oh! as I gaze on thy sinless bloom,
And thy radiant face that laughs at gloom,
I pray God keep thee thus undefiled;
I pray Heaven bless my beautiful child.

W. A. H. SIGOURNEY.

ANNIE.

I'VE a sweet little pet; she is up with the lark,
And at eve she's asleep when the valleys are dark,
And she chatters and dances the blessed day long,
Now laughing in gladness, now singing a song.
She never is silent; the whole summer day
She is off on the green with the blossoms at play;
Now seeking a buttercup, plucking a rose,
Or laughing aloud at the thistle she blows.

She never is still; now at some merry elf
You'll smile as you watch her, in spite of yourself;
You may chide her in vain, for those eyes, full of fun,
Are smiling in mirth at the mischief she's done;
And whatever you do, that same thing, without doubt,
Must the mischievous Annie be busied about;
She's as brown as a nut, but a beauty to me,
And there's nothing her keen little eyes cannot see.

She dances and sings, and has many sweet airs;
And to infant accomplishments adding her prayers,
I have told everything that the darling can do,
For 'twas only last summer her years numbered two.
She's the picture of health, and a southern-born thing
Just as ready to weep as she's ready to sing,
And I fain would be foe to the lip that hath smiled
At this wee bit of song of the *dear little* child.

CHILDHOOD.

BEFORE life's sweetest mystery still
The heart in reverence kneels;
The wonder of the primal birth
The latest mother feels.

We need love's tender lessons taught
As only weakness can;
God has his small interpreters;
The child must teach the man.

We wander wide through evil years,
Our eyes of faith grow dim;
But he is freshest from His hands
And nearest unto Him!

And haply, pleading long with Him
For sin-sick hearts and cold,
The angles of our childhood still
The Father's face behold.

Of such the kingdom! Teach thus us,
Oh Master most divine,
To feel the deep significance
Of these wise words of thine!

The haughty feet of power shall fall
Where meekness surely goes;
No cunning find the key of heaven,
No strength its gates unclose.

Alone to guilelessness and love
Those gates shall open fall;
The mind of pride is nothingness,
The child-like heart is all.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The Comfort of a Child.

CALL not that man wretched, who, whatever else he suffers as to pain inflicted, pleasure denied, has a child for whom he hopes and on whom he dotes. Poverty may grind him to the dust, obscurity may cast its darkest mantle over him, the song of the gay may be far from his own dwelling, his face may be unknown to his neighbors, and his voice may be unheeded by those among whom he dwells---even pain may rack his joints, and sleep flee from his pillow; but he has a gem with which he would not part for wealth defying computation, for fame filling a world's ear, for the luxury of the hightest health, or for the sweetest sleep that ever sat upon a mortal eye.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

OUR DEAR ONES.

GOD gives us ministers of love,
Which we regard not being near;
Death takes them from us, then we feel
That angels have been with us here!

JAMES ALDRICH.

THE CHARGE OF INFANTRY.

BETSEY'S got another baby!
Charming, precious little type!
Grandma says—and she knows surely—
That you never saw its like.
Isn't it a beaming beauty,
Lying there so sweet and snug?
Mrs. Jones, pray stop your scandal,
Darling's nose is not a pug!

Some one says 'tis Pa all over,
Whereat Pa turns rather red,
And, to scan his features, quickly
To the looking-glass has fled;
But recovers his composure,
When he hears the nurse's story,
Who admits that of all babies
This indeed's the crowning glory!

Aunt Lucretia says she guesses—
Says, indeed, she knows it, pos,
That 't will prove to be a greater
Man than e'er its father was;
Proving thus the modern thesis
Held by reverend doctors sage,
That in babies, as in wisdom,
This is a "progressive" age.

Uncle Henry looks and wonders
At so great a prodigy;
Close and closer still he presses
Thinking something brave to see.
Up they hold the babe before him,
While they gather in a ring,
But, alas! the staggered uncle
Vainly tries his praise to sing.

As he stares, the lovely infant,
Nestling by its mother's side,
Opes its little mouth, and singing,
Gurgles forth a milky tide.
Uncle tries to hide his blushes,
Looks about to find his hat,
Stumbles blindly o'er the cradle,
And upsets the startled cat.

Why, Oh why such awkward blunders?
Better far have stayed away,
Nor have thrust yourself where woman
Holds an undisputed sway;
Do you think that now they'll name it,
As they mean to, after you?
Wretched mortal! let me answer,
You're deluded if you do!

Round about the noisy women
Pass the helpless stranger now,
Raptured with each nascent feature,
Chin and mouth, and eye and brow;
And for this young bud of promise
All neglect the rose in bloom,
Eldest-born, who, quite forgotten,
Pouts within her lonely room.

Sound the stage-horn! ring the cow-bell!
That the waiting world may know;
Publish it through all our borders,
Even unto Mexico.
Seize your pen, Oh dreaming poet!
And in numbers smooth as may be,
Spread afar the joyful tidings,
Betsey's got another baby!

—KNICKERBOCKER.

LITTLENESS

"Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmity."

WEARILY from stair to stair,
Slowly climb the little feet,
Dress awry and tangled hair,
Pouting lips as berries sweet.

"I'se so tired, don't 'ou see?
Dess I never 'll det up-stairs.
Dranpa, won't 'ou tarry me,
So as I tan say my prayers?"

Light the burden that I bore,
Nestling softly on my breast;
Arms that hugged me o'er and o'er,
Tiny form at perfect rest.

And the midget softly said,
"Ain't you glad I'se small? 'Ou see,
When I have to go to bed,
'Ou tan always tarry me."

Glad I clasped the maiden close,
Warm the beating of my heart;
Love which every parent knows,
Made the happy tear-drops start.

Ah! I thought my weary feet,
Toiling painfully life's stair,
Often find it passing sweet
When I meet my Father there.

Weak and sinful, poor and blind,
Glad I seek his sheltering arm;
Joyful welcome there I find,
Calm security from harm.

Whispering prattle faint and low,
In his ever open ear,
Words whose meaning I scarce know,
Yet he loves to pause and hear.

Does there ever o'er Him fall
That glad thrill of holy glee—
Gladness that I am so small
He can safely carry me?

M. E. WINSLOW,

To a Child During Sickness.

SLEEP breathes at last from out thee,
My little patient boy;
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.
I sit me down, and think
Of all thy winning ways;
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness;
Thy thanks to all that aid;
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,—
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,
I will not think of now;
And calmly, midst my dear ones,
Have wasted with dry brow;
But when thy fingers press
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness,—
The tears are in their bed.

Ah, first-born of thy mother,
When life and hope were new;
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father too;
My light where'er I go;
My bird, when prison-bound;
My hand-in-hand companion—No,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say, "He has departed"—
"His voice"—"his face"—is gone,
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on,—
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep insure
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed, and sleeping!
This silence too the while,—
Its very hush and creeping
Seem whispering us a smile;
Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of cherubim,
Who say, "We've finished here."

LEIGH HUNT.

THE MINUET.

GRANDMA told me all about it,
Told me so I couldn't doubt it,
How she danced—my grandma danced—
Long ago.
How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirt she spread,
How she turned her little toes—
Smiling little human rose!—
Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny;
Dimpled cheeks, too—ah, how funny!
Really quite a pretty girl,
Long ago.
Bless her! why she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day; and yet
Grandma danced the minuet
Long ago.

Now she sits there, rocking, rocking,
Always knitting grandpa's stocking—
(Every girl was taught to knit
Long ago),
Yet her figure is so neat.
And her way so staid and sweet,
I can almost see her now
Bending to her partner's bow,
Long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,
Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping,
Would have shocked the gentle folk
Long ago.
No—they moved with stately grace,
Everything in proper place,
Gliding slowly forward, then
Slowly courtesying back again,
Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says; but boys were charming—
Girls and boys I mean, of course—
Long ago.
Bravely modest, grandly shy—
What if all of us should try
Just to feel like those who met
In the graceful minuet
Long ago?

With the minuet in fashion,
Who could fly into a passion?
All would wear the calm they wore
Long ago.
In time to come, if I perchance
Should tell my grandchild of our dance,
I should really like to say,
"We did it, dear, in some such way
Long ago.

MRS. MARY M. DODGE.

WHO WOULD BE A BOY AGAIN?

IN company one evening, when the song, "Would I were a boy again," was called for, a gray-headed "old boy" discoursed thus:

A boy again! Who would be a boy again, if he could? To have measles, itch, and mumps; to get licked by bigger boys and scolded by older brothers; to stub toes; to slip up on the ice; to do chores; to get your ears boxed; to get whaled by a thick-headed schoolmaster; to be made to stand up as the dunce for the amusement of the whole school, and be told how miserable, weak, and stupid you were when you were born, and to have the master ask you what would have become of you at that interesting time in life if your parents had not been so patient with and so kind to you; to eat at the second table when company comes; to set out cabbage plants and thin corn because you are little, and consequently it wouldn't make your back ache so much; to be made to go to school when you don't want

to; to lose your marbles; to have your sled broken; to get hit in the eyes with frozen apples and soggy snow balls; to cut your finger; to lose your knife; to have a hole in your only pair of pants when your pretty cousin from the city comes to see you; to be called a coward at school if you don't fight; to be whaled at home if you do fight; to be struck after a little girl and dare not tell her; to have a boy too big for you to lick to tell you that your sweetheart squints; to have your sweetheart cut you dead and affiliate with that boy John Smith, whom you hate particularly, because he set your nose out of joint the week before; to be made to go to bed when you know you ain't a bit sleepy; to have no fire-crackers on the Fourth of July, no skates on Christmas; to want a piece of bread and butter with honey and get your ears pulled; to be kept from the circus when it comes to town, and when all other boys go; to get pounded for stealing roasting ears; to get run by bull-dogs for trying to nip watermelons; to have the canker rash, catechism, stone bruises; to be called up to kiss old women that visit your mother; to be scolded because you like Maggie Love better than your own sister; to be told of a scorching time little boys will have who tell lies, and are not like George Washington; to catch your big brother kissing the pretty school ma'am on the sly, and wish you were big so you could kiss her too, and—and—*why who'd be a boy again?*

MY BOY.

O LITTLE face, little, loved, tender face,
Set, like a saint's, in curls for aureole—
Little, loved face, in which the clear child soul
Is mirror'd with a changeful, perfect grace;
Where sudden ripples of light laughter chase
The dimples round the dainty mouth; where roll
Cloud shadows of great questionings, and dole
For human ills half realized, where race,
In restless sequence, gloom, gleam, shade and shine—
A thousand feelings, sorrow, love and joy,
A thousand thoughts, of folly half divine,
And bold imaginings, and fancies coy,
And reasonings dream-like!—
O my boy, my boy,
How I do love that little face of thine!

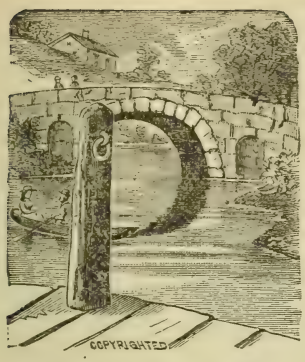
FRANK T. MARZIALS.

The Little Clothes in the Drawer.

In many a mother's heart these pathetic words, all the more tender and touching from the quaint Scotch brogue, will awaken an echo, that comes again and again, and never entirely dies away, assuring the sorrowing heart that the echo itself comes from the far-away land.

PUT in the drawer—my heart can bear nae mair;
Row up the paper wi' my dawty's hair;
I ken, I ken, it but renews my waes—
I ken I sudna' touch my lassie's claes;
But when the past comes crowdin' through my brain
I canna let her bits o' things alane.
Sin' e'er she dee'd I wauken wi' a start,
An' O, there's something saer comes ower my heart;
Then thochts like lightnin' minds me o' her death,
An' for a while I scarce can draw my breath.
I dream'd a dream before she took her bed,
An' O! wae's me, it's been ower truly read;
An' whan the cock began to craw at night,
I bodit aye that something wasna' richt;
An' whan the window shook frae head to fit,
I thocht my very heart lap aff the bit.
Nae mair 'hint the door I'll see her keek,
Nae mair to mine she'll lay her dimpled cheek!
An' never mair me roun' the neck she'll tak',
Nor dook her bonnie headie in my lap!
Weel she was likit by ilk neebor wean,
An' unco blythe they keepit my hearth-stane:
The dorty anes she'd pleasure sae auldfarran—
Wad let them see the "man that broke the barn"
Wad mak' doo's dookits wi' her fingers sma',
An' raise a lauch that wad delight them a';
Syne let them see, upon the auld kist head,
Hoo "Robie Salmon selt his gingerbread;"
Wad cock her head and gie sick pawkie looks—
Her tongueie gaed as it wad clippit cloots,
But when my wee drap tea I set agaun,
My wee bit lassie sune was at my han';
A drappie i' the saucer aye she gat,
An' syne contentit at my fit she sat.
But noo when I set down I scarce break bread,
I scarce can lift the saucer to my head.
Ah! never mair at nippit cakes I'll growl,
Nor catch her fingers i' the sugar bowl!
I ken, I ken she's in a bright warl' noo,
Among the flowers that death can never poo
I ken, O! *weel I ken*, we're born to part—
But if I didna greet I'd break my heart!"

BOYHOOD.



PARENTS should remember that the children of to-day, and especially those born in cities, are peculiarly exposed to temptation. The opportunities which came to many of us from the old home life in the country, with its crisp atmosphere of Puritan goverment, its habits of honesty and honorable industry, its conservative customs, and its simple reverent faith in God, all centered around one spot, all hallowing one locality, will not come to our children, because the causes and incentives which operated to establish them in us, do not operate to establish them in the rising generation. A boyhood passed in the city is a far different thing from one passed in the country. The sights and sounds and surroundings of metropolitan life force the growth of the young, and at a time, too, when the physical and sensuous preponderate in the nature. These beget a looseness of thought and freedom of conduct before the judgement is sufficiently matured by experience to check them. These educate one into necessities faster than individual effort can earn the means of supplying them; and foster that worst of all habits of the young man —eating, and wearing, and spending what he has not earned. We do not say, parents, that these evil tendencies cannot be lessened or wholly counterbalanced, but we do say that they call for the utmost effort on your part, and make anxiety reasonable. They may achieve what the world calls success, although even this will be hazarded. But they will never lead that life of piety and holiness which can alone commend them in their character and conduct to the favor of God They will live and labor as those whose lives end at the grave. The line of pure selfishness will circumscribe their lives, and shame and confusion of face will cover them when they appear to render their account before God.

REV. W. H. H. MURRAY.

BE GENTLE.

BE ever gentle with the children God has given you; watch over them constantly; reprove them earnestly, but not in anger. In the forcible language of Scripture, "Be not bitter against them." I once heard a kind father say: "Yes, they are good boys; I talk to them very much, but do not like to beat my children—the world will beat them." It was a beautiful thought, though not elegantly expressed. Yes: there is not one child in the circle round the table, healthful and happy as they look now, on whose head, if long enough spared, the storm will not beat. Adversity may wither them, sickness may fade, a cold world may frown on them, but amidst all let memory carry them back to home where the law of kindness reigned, where the mother's reproving eye was moistened with a tear, and the father frowned "more in sorrow than in anger."

ELIHU BURRITT.

The Mother to her Child.

THEY tell me thou art come from a far world,
Babe of my bosom! that these little arms,
Whose restlessness is like the spread of wings,
Move with the memory of flights scarce o'er—
That through these fringed lids we see the soul
Steep'd in the blue of its remember'd home;
And while thou sleep'st come messengers, they say,
Whispering to thee—and 'tis then I see
Upon thy baby lips that smile of heaven.
And what is thy far errand, my fair child?
Why away, wandering from a home of bliss,
To find thy way through darkness home again?
Wert thou an untried dweller in the sky?
Is there, betwixt the cherub that thou wert,
The cherub and the angel thou mayst be,
A life's probation in this sadder world?
Art thou with memory of two things only,
Music and light, left upon earth astray
And, by the watchers at the gate of heaven,
Look'd for with fear and trembling?
God! who gavest
Into my guiding hand this wanderer,
To lead her through a world whose darkling paths
I tread with steps so faltering—leave not me
To bring her to the gates of heaven, alone!
I feel my feebleness. Let *these* stay on—
The angels who now visit her in dreams!
Bid them be near her pillow till in death
The closed eyes look upon Thy face once more!
And let the light and music, which the world
Borrows of heaven, and which her infant sense
Hails with sweet recognition, be to her
A voice to call her upward, and a lamp
To lead her steps unto Thee!

N. P. WILLIS.

He that spareth his rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes.

BIBLE.

KITTIE IS GONE.

KITTIE is gone. Where? To heaven. An angel came, and took her away. She was a lovely child, gentle as a lamb; the pet of the whole family; the youngest of them all. But she could not stay with us any longer. * * * * If a little voice sweeter and more musical than others were heard, I knew Kittie was near. If my study door opened so gently and slily that no sound could be heard, I knew Kittie was coming. If after an hour's quiet play, a little shadow passed me, and the door opened and shut as no one else could open and shut it, "so as not to disturb papa," I knew Kittie was going. When, in the midst of my composing, I heard a gentle voice saying, "Papa, may I stay with you a little while? I will be *very* still;" I did not need to look off my work to assure me that it was my little lamb. You staid with me too long, Kittie dear, to leave me so suddenly, and you are too *still* now. You became my little assistant, my home angel, my youngest and sweetest singing bird, and I miss the little voice that I have heard in an adjoining room, catching up and echoing little snatches of melody as they were being composed. I miss those soft and sweet kisses. I miss the little hand that was always first to be placed on my forehead to "drive away the pain." I miss the sound of those little feet upon the stairs. * * * * I miss you in the garden. I miss you everywhere, but I will try not to miss you in heaven. "Papa, if we are good, will an angel truly come and take us to heaven when we die?" When the question was asked, how little did I think the angel was so near! But he did truly come, and the sweetest flower was transplanted to a more genial clime. "I do wish papa would come." Wait a little while, Kittie, and papa will come. The journey is not long. He will soon be Home.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

BENEFIT OF CHILDREN.

I AM fond of children. I think them the poetry of the world, the fresh flowers of our hearths and homes; little conjurors with their "natural magic," evoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalizes the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them. Only think, if there was never anything anywhere to be seen, but great grown-up men and women! How we should long for the sight of a little child! Every infant comes into the world like a delegated prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office it is "to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children," and to draw "the disobedient to the wisdom of the just." A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting it by its gentle presence; it enriches the soul by new feeling, and awakens within it what is favorable to virtue. It is a beam of light, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, that freezes the affections, roughens the manners, indurates the heart: they brighten the home, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage, and vivify and sustain the charities of life. It would be a terrible world, I do think, if it was not embellished by little children!

THOMAS BINNEY.

AGAINST BOYS.

CERTAIN feeble poetasters are always mourning that they are no longer in the Classical or Commercial Seminary of their younger days, but I believe that there are few honest men who do not look back upon their school-days with a shudder. I was not a very bad boy myself, I believe, but the comparison of my Now with my Then is certainly not odious. I can now meet a cat without wishing to kill it; I can behold two dogs without yearning to set them by the ears; I can listen to the twitter of a hedge-sparrow without longing for a horse-pistol; I can pass in the street an individual smaller than myself without experiencing an uncontrollable desire to snatch off his cap, and throw it over the wall. When I go to church, I take a church-service in my hand, and not a novel of similar external appearance; I do not distend my pockets with filberts purloined from my host's dinner-table; I do not smoke bits of cane until I am sick; I do not think it ungentlemanly to ride in a 'bus; I am no longer irresistibly attracted to any barrow full of strange delicacies, such as Albert rock or Alicam-pane, and if I were, the fruit of all others I should leave untouched would be exposed slices of cocoa-nut. Upon the whole, in short, I flatter myself that my relations with society are improved since I was that dreadful being—a boy. If all the grown-up people in the world should suddenly fail, what a frightful thing would society become reconstructed by boys!—*Chambers' Journal.*

———o———

A QUESTION.

WHEN yet was ever found a mother
Who'd give her booby for another?

JOHN GAY.

OFF FOR BOYLAND.

HO! All aboard! A traveler
Sets sail for babyland;
Before my eyes there comes a blur;
But still I kiss my hand,
And try to smile as off he goes,
My bonny, winsome boy!
Yes, bon voyage! God only knows
How much I wish thee joy.

Oh! tell me, have you heard of him?
He wore a sailor's hat
All silver-corded round the brim,
And—stranger e'en than that—
A wondrous suit of navy blue,
With pocket deep and wide;
Oh! tell me, sailor, tell me true,
How fares he on the tide?

We've now no baby in the house;
'Twas but this very morn
He doffed his dainty, 'broidered blouse,
With skirts of snowy lawn;
And shook a mass of silken curls
From off his sunny brow;
They fretted him—"so like a girl's,"
Mamma can have them now.

He owned a brand-new pocket-book,
But that he could not find;
A knife and string was all he took,
What did he leave behind?
A heap of blocks with letters gay,
And here and there a toy;
I cannot pick them up to-day,
My heart is with my boy.

Ho! Ship ahoy! At boyhood's town
Cast anchor strong and deep,
What tears upon this little gown,
Left for mamma to keep?
Weep not, but smile; for through the air
A merry message rings—
"Just sell it to the rag man there;
I've done with baby things!"

———:o:———

A BETTER WAY.

WE should gain our object better in the discipline of children, if, instead of finding fault with an action, we set ourselves to produce a better state of feeling without noticing the action.

MARY P. WARE

What's a Boy Like?

LIKE a wasp, like a sprite,
Like a goose, like an eel,
Like a top, like a kite,
Like an owl, like a wheel,
Like the wind, like a snail,
Like a knife, like a crow,
Like a thorn, like a flail,
Like a hawk, like a doe.

Like the sea, like a weed,
Like a watch, like the sun,
Like a cloud, like a seed,
Like a book, like a gun,
Like a smile, like a tree,
Like a lamb, like the moon,
Like a bud, like a bee,
Like a burr, like a tune.

Like a colt, like a whip,
Like a mouse, like a mill,
Like a bell, like a ship,
Like a jay, like a rill,
Like a shower, like a cat,
Like a frog, like a toy,
Like a ball, like a bat,
Most of all—like a boy.

GEORGE COOPER.

Swinging on a Birch Tree.

SWINGING on a birch tree
To a sleepy tune,
Hummed by all the breezes
In the month of June!
Little leaves a-flutter
Sound like dancing drops
Of a brook on pebbles—
Song that never stops.

Up and down we see-saw;
Up into the sky;
How it opens on us,
Like a wide blue eye!
You and I are sailors
Rocking on a mast;
And the world's our vessel:
Ho! she sails so fast!

Blue, blue sea around us;
Not a ship in sight;
They will hang out lanterns
When they pass to-night.
We with ours will follow
Through the midnight deep;
Not a thought of danger,
Though the crew's asleep.

Oh, how still the air is!
There an oriole flew;
What a jolly whistle!
He's a sailor, too.
Yonder is his hammock
In the elm-top high;
One more ballad, messmate;
Sing it as you fly!

Up and down we see-saw:
Down into the grass,
Scented fern and rose-buds,
All a woven mass.
That's the sort of carpet
Fitted for our feet;
Tapestry nor velvet
Is so rich and neat.

Swinging on a birch tree!
This is summer joy,
Fun for all vacation—
Don't you think so, boy?
Up and down to see-saw,
Merry and at ease,
Careless as a brook is,
Idle as the breeze.

LUCY LARCOM.

THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN.

THE child has a right to ask questions and to be fairly answered; not to be snubbed as if he were guilty of an impertinence, nor ignored as though his desire for information were of no consequence, nor misled as if it did not signify whether true or false impressions were made upon his mind.

The child has a right to his individuality, to be himself and no other; to maintain against the world the divine fact for which he stands. And before this fact father, mother, instructor should stand reverently; seeking rather to understand and interpret its significance than to wrest it from its original purpose. It is not necessarily to be inscribed with the family name, nor written over with family traditions. Nature delights in surprise and will not guarantee that the children of her poets shall sing, nor that every Quaker baby shall take kindly to drab color, or have an inherent longing for a scoop-bonnet or a broad-brimmed hat.

In the very naming of a child his individuality should be recognized. He should not be invested with the cast-off cognomen of some dead ancestor or historical celebrity, a name musty as the grave-clothes of the original wearer—dolefully redolent of old associations—a ghostly index-finger forever pointing to the past. Let it be something fresh; a new name standing for a new fact, the suggestion of a history yet to be written, a prophecy to be fulfilled. The ass was well enough clothed in his own russet; but when he would put on the skin of the lion, every attribute became contemptible. Commonplace people slip easily through the world; but when we would find them heralded by great names, we resent the incongruity, and insist upon making them less than they are. George Washington selling peanuts, Julius Cæsar as a bootblack, and Virgil a vender of old clothes, make but a sorry figure.

We are indebted to our children for constant incentives to noble living; for the perpetual reminder that we do not live to ourselves alone; for their sakes we are admonished to put from us the debasing appetite, the unworthy impulse; to gather into our lives every noble and heroic quality, every tender and attractive grace.

We owe them gratitude for the dark hours which their presence has brightened, for the helplessness and dependence which have won us from ourselves; for the faith and trust which it is evermore their mission to renew; for their kisses on cheeks wet with tears, and on brows that but for that caressing had furrowed into frowns.—*Littell's Living Age.*

PAYING HER WAY.

WHAT has my darling been doing to-day,
To pay for her washing and mending?
How can she manage to keep out of debt
For so much caressing and tending?
How can I wait till the years shall have flown,
And the hands have grown larger and stronger?
Who will be able the interest to pay
If the debt runs many years longer?

Dear little feet! how they fly to my side!
White arms my neck are caressing,
Sweetest of kisses are laid on my cheek,
Fair head my shoulder is pressing.
Nothing at all from my darling is due,
From evil may angels defend her—
The debt is discharged as fast as 'tis made,
For love is a legal tender!

KATE WOODLAND.

OUR LAMBS.

I LOVED them so
That when the Elder Shepherd of the fold
Came covered with the storm, and pale and cold,
And begged for one of my sweet lambs to hold,
I bade Him go.

He claimed the pet—
A little fondling thing that to my breast
Clung always, either in quiet or unrest—
I thought of all my lambs I loved him best,
And yet—and yet—

I laid him down
In those white shrouded arms, with bitter tears;
For some voice told me that in after years,
He should know naught of passion, grief or fears
As I had known.

And yet again
That Elder Shepherd came. My heart grew faint.
He claimed another lamb, with sadder plaint.
Another! She who, gentle as a saint,
Ne'er gave me pain.

Aghast, I turned away.
There sat she, lovely as an angel's dream,
Her golden locks with sunlight all agleam,
Her holy eyes with heaven in their beam.
I knelt to pray,

"Is it Thy will?
My Father, say, must this pet lamb be given?
Oh! Thou hast many such in heaven."
And a soft voice said: "Nobly hast thou striven,
But—peace, be still."

Oh! how I wept,
And clasped her to my bosom, with a wild
And yearning love—my lamb, my pleasant child.
Her, too, I gave. The little angel smiled,
And slept.

"Go! go!" I cried:
For once again that Shepherd laid His hand
Upon the noblest of our household band.
Like a pale spectre, there He took His stand,
Close to his side.

And yet how wondrous sweet
The look with which He heard my passionate cry·
"Touch not my lamb; for him, oh! let me die!"
"A little while," He said, with smile and sigh,
"Again to meet."

Hopeless I fell;
And when I rose, the light had burned so low,
So faint, I could not see my darling go:
He had not bidden me farewell, but, oh!
I felt farewell.

More deeply far
Than if my arms had compassed that slight frame,
Though could I but have heard him call my name—
"Dear Mother!"—but in heaven 'twill be the same.
There burns my star!

He will not take
Another lamb, I thought, for only one
Of the dear fold is spared, to be my sun,
My guide, my mourner when this life is done.
My heart would break.

Oh! with what thrill
I heard Him enter; but I did not know
(For it was dark) that He had robbed me so,
The idol of my soul—he could not go—
O heart! be still!

Came morning, can I tell
How this poor frame its sorrowful tenant kept?
For waking, tears were mine; I, sleeping, wept,
And days, months, years, that weary vigil kept.
Alas! "Farewell."

How often it is said!
I sit and think, and wonder, too, sometime,
How it will seem, when, in that happier clime
It never will ring out like funeral chime
Over the dead.

No tears! no tears!
Will there a day come that I shall not weep?
For I bedew my pillow in my sleep,
Yes, yes; thank God! no grief that clime shall keep,
No weary years.

THE WIDOW'S LULLABY.

SHE droops like a dew-dropping lily,
"Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie!
Whisht, whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy Willie!"

The sun comes up from the lea,
As he who will never come more
Came up that first day to her door,
When the ship furled her sails by the shore,
And the spring leaves were green on the tree.

But she droops like a dew-dropping lily,
"Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie!
Whisht, whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy Willie!"

The sun goes down in the sea,
As he who will never go more,
Went down that last day from her door,
When the ship set her sails from the shore,
And the dead leaves were sere on the tree.

But she droops like a dew-dropping lily,
"Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie!
Whisht, whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy Willie!"

The year comes glad o'er the lea,
As he who will never come more,
Never, ah never!
Came up that first day to her door,
When the ship furled her sails by the shore,
And the spring leaves were green on the tree.
Never, ah never!
He who will come again, never!

But she droops like a dew-dropping lily,
"Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie!"
Whisht, whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy Willie!"

The year goes sad to the sea,
As he who will never go more
For ever went down from her door,
Ever, for ever!
When the ship set her sails by the shore,
And the dead leaves were sere on the tree.
Ever, for ever!
For ever went down from her door.

But she droops like a dew-dropping lily,
"Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie!
Whisht, whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy Willie!"

A gun, and a flash, and a gun,
The ship lies again where she lay!
High and low, low and high in the sun,
There's a boat, a boat on the bay!
High and low, low and high, in the sun,
All as she saw it that day,
When he came who shall never come more,
And the ship furled her sails by the shore.

But she droops like a dew-dropping lily,
"Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie!
Whisht, whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy Willie!"

All as she saw it that day,
With a gun, and a flash, and a gun,
The ship lies again where she lay,
And they run, and they ride, and they run,
Merry, merry, merry, down the merry highway;
To the boat high and low in the sun.

Nearer and nearer she hears the rolling drum,
Clearer and clearer she hears the cry, "They come."
Far and near runs the cheer to her ear once so dear,
Merry, merry, merry, up the merry highway,
As it ran when he came that day
And said, "Wilt thou be my dearie?
Oh, wilt thou be my dearie?
My boat is dry in the bay,
And I'll love till thou be weary!"
And she could not say him nay,
For his bonny eyes o' blue,
And never was true-love so true,
To never so kind a dearie,
As he who will never love more,
When the ship furls her sails by the shore.

Then she shakes like a wind-stricken lily,
"Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie!
Whisht, whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy Willie!"

SYDNEY DOBELL.

LITTLE GOLDENHAIR.

GOLDENHAIR climbed up on grandpapa's knee;
Dear little Goldenhair! tired was she,
All the day busy as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 't was light,
Out with the birds and butterflies bright.
Skipping about till the coming of night.

Grandpapa toyed with the curls on her head.
"What has my baby been doing," he said,
"Since she arose, with the sun from her bed?"

"Pitty much," answered the sweet little one;
'I cannot tell so much things I have done,—
Played with my dolly and feeded my Bun.

"And I have jumped with my little jump-rope,
And I made out of some water and soap,
Bufitle worlds! mama's castles of Hope.

"And I have readed in my picture-book,
And little Bella and I went to look
For some smooth stones by the side of the brook.

"Then I comed home and eated my tea,
And I climbed up to my grandpapa's knee,
I jes as tired as tired can be."

Lower and lower the little head pressed,
Until it drooped upon grandpapa's breast;
Dear little Goldenhair! sweet be thy rest!

We are but children; the things that we do
Are as sports of a babe to the infinite view
That sees all our weakness, and pities it too.

God grant that when night overshadows our way
And we shall be called to account for our day,
He shall find us as guileless as Goldenhair's play!

And O, when aweary may we be so blest
As to sink like the innocent child to our rest,
And feel ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast!

F. BURGE SMITH.

The real orphan is not he who has lost his father, but he whose father gave him no education. ORIENTALE.

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven.
I've said my "seven times" over and over—
Seven times one are seven.

I am old,—so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done.
The lambs play always,—they know no better;
They are only one times one.

Oh Moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low.
You were bright—ah bright—but your light is failing;
You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon! have you done something wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face?
I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

Oh velvet Bee! you're a dusty fellow,—
You've powdered your legs with gold.
Oh brave marsh Mary-buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

Oh Columbine! open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
Oh Cuckoo-pint! toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest, with the young ones in it,—
I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet!
I am seven times one to-day.

JEAN INGELOW.

"BE KIND, BOYS."

YOU are made to be kind, boys, generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club-foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is than to have a great fist.

HORACE MANN.

A DINNER AND A KISS.

"I HAVE brought your dinner, father,"
The blacksmith's daughter said,
As she took from her arm the kettle,
And lifted its shining lid.

"There is not any pie or pudding;
So I will give you this;"
And upon his toil-worn forehead
She left the childish kiss.

The blacksmith took off his apron,
And dined in happy mood,
Wondering much at the savor
Hid in his humble food,

While all about him were visions
Full of prophetic bliss;
But he never thought of the magic
In his little daughter's kiss.

While she, with her kettle swinging,
Merrily trudged away,
Stopping at sight of a squirrel,
Catching some wild bird's lay,

O, I thought, how many a shadow
Of life and fate we would miss,
If always our frugal dinners
Were seasoned with a kiss!

Sad Remembrances of Childhood.

THE dreams of childhood—its airy fables; its graceful, beautiful humane, impossible adornments of the world beyond; so good to be believed in once, so good to be remembered when outgrown, for then the least among them rises to the stature of a great Charity in the heart, suffering little children to come into the midst of it, and to keep with their pure hands a garden in the stony ways of this world, wherein it was better for all the children of Adam that they should oftener sun themselves, simple and trustful, and not worldly-wise—what had she to do with these? Remembrances of how she had journeyed to the little that she knew, by the enchanted roads of what she and millions of innocent creatures had hoped and imagined; and how first coming upon Reason through the tender light of Fancy, she had seen it a beneficent god, deferring to gods as great as itself; not a grim Idol, cruel and cold, with its victims bound hand and foot, and its big dumb shape set up with a sightless stare, never to be moved by anything but so many calculated tons of leverage—what had she to do with these? Her remembrances of home and childhood were remembrances of the drying up of every spring and fountain in her young heart as it gushed out. The golden waters were not there. They were flowing for the fertilization of the land where grapes are gathered from thorns, and figs from thistles.

CHARLES DICKENS.

EARLY DAYS.

OH! enviable early days,
When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
To care to guilt unknown!
How ill exchanged for riper times,
To feel the follies or the crimes
Of others or my own!
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish!

ROBERT BURNS.

Children of the Rich and Poor Contrasted.

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old:
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares,—
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares;
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn:
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands he does his part
In every useful toil and art:
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow comes, to bear it,
A fellow feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door:
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last,
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By records of a well-fill'd past:
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

— The Nursery. —

THE nursery anticipates the school and the church; it sows the first seed and in that little home the atmosphere of the world first comes into close contact with the child's moral and immortal nature. Looked at in its true light, what is the nursery but just the next age in its bud and blossom? An enlightened regard, therefore, for the highest good of our children should make us deeply concerned for that of our domestics; for in contributing to their knowledge of God, we are helping to purify the moral atmosphere in which our whole household shall live and move, and laying down deeper, by every such effort, the foundations of our domestic happiness, and through this, in our share promoting the true prosperity and stability of the commonwealth. It has been justly said, "Families are the nurseries both for the state and for the church; the springs which, from their retirements, send forth the tributary streams, which by their confluence make up the majestic flow of national greatness and prosperity.

DR. A. THOMPSON.

MY CHILD.

I CANNOT make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair:
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I thread the crowded street;
A satchelled lad I meet.
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed,
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek him inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When, at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer:
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there!—Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked;—he is not there!

He lives!—In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me *there!*"

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'T will be our heaven to find that—he is there!

JOHN PIERPONT.

Dirge for a Young Girl.

UNDERNEATH the sod low lying,
Dark and drear,
Sleepeth one who left, in dying,
Sorrow here.

Yes! they're ever bending o'er her
Eyes that weep,
Forms that to the cold grave bore her
Vigils keep.

When the summer moon is shining,
Soft and fair,
Friends she loved, in tears are twining
Chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
Throned above!
Souls like thine with God inherit
Life and love!

JAMES T. FIELDS.

A Moloch of a Baby.

NOTHER little boy—the biggest there, but still little—was tottering to and fro, bent on one side, and considerably affected in his knees by the weight of a large baby, which he was supposed by a fiction that obtains sometimes in sanguine families, to be hushing to sleep. But oh! the inexhaustible regions of contemplation and watchfulness into which this baby's eyes were then only beginning to compose themselves to stare, over his unconscious shoulder!

It was a very Moloch of a baby, on whose insatiate altar the whole existence of this particular young brother was offered up a daily sacrifice. Its personality may be said to have consisted in its never being quiet in any one place, for five consecutive minutes, and never going to sleep when required. Tetterby's baby was as well known in the neighborhood as the postman or the pot-boy. It roved from door-step to door-step in the arms of little Johnny Tetterby, and lagged heavily at the rear of troops of juveniles who followed the tumblers or the monkey, and came up, all on one side, a little too late for everything that was attractive, from Monday morning till Saturday night. Wherever childhood congregated to play, there was little Moloch making Johnny fag and toil. Whenever Johnny desired to stay, little Moloch became fractious, and would not remain. Whenever Johnny wanted to go out, Moloch was asleep and must be watched. Whenever Johnny wanted to stay at home, Moloch was awake and must be taken out. Yet Johnny was verily persuaded that it was a faultless baby, without its peer in the realm of England; and was quite content to catch meek glimpses of things in general from behind its skirts, or over its limp flapping bonnet, and to go staggering about with it like a very little porter with a very large parcel, which was not directed to any body, and could never be delivered anywhere.

CHARLES DICKENS.

BOYISH HABITS.

I HAVE sometimes thought of breaking myself of what are termed boyish habits; but reflection has satisfied me that it would be very foolish, and that I should esteem it a blessing that I can find amusement in everything, from tossing a cricket-ball to negotiating a treaty with the Emperor of China. Men who will give themselves entirely to business and *despise* (which is their tendency) trifles, may be very able in their general conception of the great outline of a plan, but they feel a want of knowledge, which is only to be gained by mixing with all classes in the world, when they come to those lesser points upon which its successful execution may depend.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

TWO things are absolutely necessary to young people: Exercise to render them robust, and discipline to make them good and wise. PLATO.

The boy who best learns all he can
Will best succeed when he's a man.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

THE wind blew wide the casement, and within—
It was the loveliest picture!—a sweet child
Lay in its mother's arms, and drew its life,
In pauses, from the fountain,—the white round
Part shaded by loose tresses, soft and dark,
Concealing, but still showing, the fair realm
Of so much rapture, as green shadowing trees
With beauty shroud the brooklet. The red lips
Were parted, and the cheek upon the breast
Lay close, and, like the young leaf of the flower,
Wore the same color, rich and warm and fresh:—
And such alone are beautiful. Its eye,
A full blue gem, most exquisitely set,
Looked archly on its world,—the little imp,
As if it knew even then that such a wreath
Were not for all; and with its playful hands
It drew aside the robe that hid its realm,
And peeped and laughed aloud, and so it laid
Its head upon the shrine of such pure joys,
And, laughing, slept. And while it slept, the tears
Of the sweet mother fell upon its cheek,—
Tears such as fall from April skies, and bring
The sunlight after. They were tears of joy;
And the true heart of that young mother then
Grew lighter, and she sang unconsciously
The silliest ballad-song that ever yet
Subdued the nursery's voices, and brought sleep
To fold her sabbath wings above its couch.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

CHILDREN A LOAN.

GOOD Christian people! here lies for you an inestimable loan: take all heed thereof; in all carefulness employ it: with high recompense or else with heavy penalty, will it one day be required back.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE HOUSEHOLD SOVEREIGN.

FROM "THE HANGING OF THE CRANE."

SEATED I see the two again,
But not alone; they entertain
A little angel unaware,
With face as round as is the moon;
A royal guest with flaxen hair.
Who, throned upon his lofty chair,
Drums on the table with his spoon,
Then drops it careless on the floor,
To grasp at things unseen before.
Are these celestial manners? these
The ways that win, the arts that please
Ah, yes; consider well the guest,
And whatsoe'er he does seems best,
He ruleth by the right divine
Of helplessness, so lately born
In purple chambers of the morn,
As sovereign over thee and thine.
He speaketh not, and yet there lies
A conversation in his eyes;
The golden silence of the Greek,
The gravest wisdom of the wise,
Not spoken in language, but in looks
More legible than printed books,
As if he could but would not speak.
And now, O monarch absolute
Thy power is put to proof; for lo!
Resistless, fathomless, and slow,
The nurse comes rustling like the sea,
And pushes back the chair and thee,
And so good night to King Canute.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

IMPORTANCE OF A CHILD.

THY mother's joy, thy father's hope thou bright,
Bright pure dwelling, where two fond hearts keep their gladness;
Thou little potentate of love, who comest
With solemn sweet dominion to the old,
Who see thee in thy merry fancies charged
With the grave embassage of that dear past,
When they were young like thee, thou vindication
Of God, thou living witness against all men
Who have been babies, thou everlasting promise
Which no man keeps, thou portrait of our nature,
Which in despair and pride, we scorn and worship
Thou household God, whom no iconoclast
Hath broken!

SYDNEY DOBELL.

A Child's First Impression of a Star.

SHE had been told that God made all the stars
That twinkled up in heaven, and now she stood
Watching the coming of the twilight on,
As if it were a new and perfect world,
And this were its first eve. She stood alone
By the low window, with the silken lash
Of her soft eye upraised, and her sweet mouth
Half parted, with the new and strange delight
Of beauty that she could not comprehend,
And had not seen before. The purple folds
Of the low sunset clouds, and the blue sky
That look'd so still and delicate above,
Fill'd her young heart with gladness, and the eve
Stole on with its deep shadows, and she still
Stood looking at the west with that half smile,
As if a pleasant thought were at her heart.
Presently, in the edge of the last tint
Of sunset, where the blue was melted in
To the faint golden mellowness, a star
Stood suddenly. A laugh of wild delight
Burst from her lips, and putting up her hands,
Her simple thought broke forth expressively—
"Father! dear father! God has made a star!"

N. P. WILLIS.

What the Christ-Spirit Said to Children.

LITTLE children, love each other,
Never give mother pain;
If your brother speak in anger,
Answer not in wrath again.

Be not selfish to each other,
Never mar another's rest,
Strive to make each other happy,
And you will yourselves be blest.

ON WITNESSING A BAPTISM.

SHE stood up in the meekness of a heart
Resting on God, and held her fair young child
Upon her bosom, with its gentle eyes
Folded in sleep, as if its soul had gone
To whisper the baptismal vow in heaven.
The prayer went up devoutly, and the lips
Of the good man glow'd fervently with faith
That it would be, even as he had pray'd,
And the sweet child be gather'd to the fold
Of Jesus. As the holy words went on
Her lips moved silently, and tears, fast tears,
Stole from beneath her lashes, and upon
The forehead of the beautiful child lay soft
With the baptismal water. Then I thought
That, to the eye of God, that mother's tears
Would be a deeper covenant—which sin
And the temptations of the world, and death,
Would leave unbroken—and that she would know
In the clear light of heaven, how very strong
The prayer which press'd them from her heart had been
In leading its young spirit up to God.

N. P. WILLIS.

Under My Window.

UNDER my window, under my window,
All in the Midsummer weather,
Three little girls with fluttering curls
Flit to and fro together:—
There's Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,
And Maud with her mantle of silver-green,
And Kate with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
Leaning stealthily over,
Merry and clear, the voice I hear,
Of each glad-hearted rover.
Ah! sly little Kate, she steals my roses;
And Maud and Bell twine wreaths and posies
As merry as bees in clover.

Under my window, under my window,
In the blue Midsummer weather,
Stealing slow, on a hushed tip-toe,
I catch them all together:—
Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,
And Maud with her mantle of silver-green,
And Kate with the scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
And off through the orchard closes;
While Maud she flouts, and Bell she pouts,
They scamper and drop their posies;
But dear little Kate takes nought amiss,
And leaps in my arms with a loving kiss,
And I give her all my roses.

T. WESTWOOD.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BOYHOOD.

BE it a weakness, it deserves some praise;
We love the play-place of our early days:
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone
That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.
The wall on which we tried our graving skill,
The very name we carved existing still!
The bench on which we sat while deep employed,
Tho' mangled, hack'd and hew'd, not yet destroyed;
The little ones unbuttoned glowing hot,
Playing our games, and on the very spot;
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw:
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
Or drive it devious with dextrous pat.
The pleasing spectacle at once excites
Such recollection of our own delights,
That, viewing it, we seem almost t' obtain
Our innocent, sweet, simple years again.
This fond attachment to the well-known place,
When first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it even in age, at our latest day.

WM. COWPER.

DAISY AMONG THE DAISIES.

POOR little Daisy! So tired was she!
Mamma was busy as busy could be,—
For house-cleaning time had arrived, you must know,
And troublesome Daisy was brim-full of woe;
She tripped over this,—she stumbled in that,—
And over a big roll of carpet fell flat;
She bumped her smali nose
Till 'twas red as a rose;
And, to crown her mishaps,
Nursie trod on her toes:
"Then, please, miss, just keep yourself out of the way,"
Growled nurse. Oh, wretched, uncomfortable day!
Poor Daisy! her questions unheeded,
Her proffered assistance not needed,
Scolded for nothing (she thought in her heart),
Allowed in the wondrous commotion no part,—
What wonder, at last,
That she ran away fast
To the beautiful fields, where all troubles were past,
To the beautiful meadows, where daisies were growing,
And where the tall grasses the soft wind was blowing?
There were bright yellow buttercups, brim-full of butter,
And gayly-winged butterflies, all in a flutter;
And sweet clover-blossoms, that tempted the bees
To steal all the honey their bee-ships might please;
And, right in the midst of these pleasures,
The sunshine fell down
Like a soft, golden crown,
To rest on the field full of treasures,
And kiss little Daisy, who sat in the grass,
To talk to the butterflies—sweet little lass!
"O, dear Mr. Butterf'y, what do you think?
My house isn't pleasant to-day;
For everyone's cross, and the cartips are up,
And nurse said to 'get out of ze way.'
So I've come to *your* house, and I'll be just as dood
As a little dirl ever can be—
O, dear Mr. Butterf'y, zat ain't polite,
When I'm talking, to fly off from me!"
But off o'er the meadow the butterfly soared,
Unheeding his wee little guest, truth to tell;
And Daisy decided to visit awhile
The little white 'f'owers' she liked so well.
So, where the fair daisies kept house together,
Half hidden 'mongst grasses as high as her head,
Our dear little Daisy, so tired, grew sleepy,
And borrowed a part of the wild flowers' bed.
And there, while the sunshine was stealing about
Her sweet sleeping-place, with a peep in and out,—

Now leaving a kiss on the soft, yellow hair,
Now trying to brown the dimpled cheeks fair,—
Little Daisy all drowsily talked to the flowers,
While minutes were hastening to make up the hours:
"How funny it is, I think, don't you?
That *I'm* a daisy, and *yôu* are, too!
But then, *I'm* mamma's daisy, and so
I don't live in the grass and grow.
I don't know where I came from, though;
Maybe I *used* to be a little thing,
All yellow in the middle, with a little wing,
Growing out all wound, and just as white
As yours!" Here Daisy laid a finger light
Upon the soft white leaves beside her cheek.
"O, little bit of f'ower-daisy, speak
To me! Tell me, do you know
If *you*, some day, a little dirl will gwow?
Maybe a mamma'll come and get you,
And, if the sunshine-mother'll let you,
Go away from all the others,—
All your f'ower sisters and brothers;
And then *you* 'll be a little live dirl,
And maybe *your* hair will twist and turl,
And make you cry when nursie combs it, jus'
As *I* do cry, and, nurse says, 'mate a fuss.'
Mamma don't love her girl-daisy to-day,
And that is why I runned so fast away.
I wish a birdie please would sing a song,
I'm just as sleepy as—as—" Ah! ere long
The tired eyelids, over tired eyes,
Fell softly down, beneath the summer skies.

MARY D. BRINE.

The Naughty Bairn.

THE bairnie sat on the hillock hard,
The bright little brook beside,
With a world of care on his bonnie face,
And the tears on his cheeks scarce dried.

A naughty boy the bairn had been,
He had strayed from school away,
For the lessons were hard, and he could not learn,
And he longed, oh, he longed to play.

He put his books in his satchel worn,
And kissed the mother good-bye;
And smiled at her caution to walk in the road,
For the grass was scarcely dry.

The naughty bairn! he had in his mind
How merry it would be
To go and sit by the babbling brook,
And the pebbles and flowers see.

He could not bear to think of the school,
And the long, long, tiresome day;
So he laid his satchel 'neath the old stone wall,
And hied to the brook away.

He tossed the pebbles in the waters bright,
And plucked the sweet wild flowers;
And thought what a merry way this was
To spend the morning hours.

So he merrily played till the sun went down,
In a sea of crimson fire;
And he saw o'er the meadows slowly creep
The shadow of the village spire.

And then he remembered he must go home,
And he thought of his mother's frown;
And then first he saw his mud-soiled hands,
And the stains on his best school gown.

And somehow the brook as it rippled along,
Sang a quaint and a sad, sad lay;
It sang to the bairn of the stolen hours,
And the lost and wasted day.

And home through the gloaming the bairnie strayed,
But the smile of the day was gone;
For, child as he was, he felt the grief
That always follows wrong.

Though the doing wrong may seem merry and light,
The mem'ry is cold and chill;
And the only pleasure we can truly know
Is doing the Father's will.

The School Boy.

WE bought him a box for his books and things,
And a cricket-bag for his bat;
And he looked the brightest and best of kings
Under his new straw hat.

We handed him into the railway train
With a troop of his young compeers,
And we made as though it were dust and rain
Were filling our eyes with tears.

We looked in his innocent face to see
The sign of a sorrowful heart;
But he only shouldered his bat with glee
And wondered when they would start.

'Twas not that he loved not as heretofore,
For the boy was tender and kind;
But his was a world that was all before,
And ours was a world behind.

'Twas not his fluttering heart was cold,
For the child was loyal and true;
And the parents love the love that is old,
And the children the love that is new.

And we came to know that love is a flower
Which only groweth down;
And we scarcely spoke for the space of an hour
As we drove back through the town.

"Hare and Hounds."

"WHAT shall we do?" the children said,
By the spirit of frolic and mischief led,
Frank and Lulu and Carrie, three
As full of nonsense as they could be:
Who never were known any fun to stop
Until they were just about ready to drop.
Frank, whose "knowledge-box" surely abounds
With games, spoke up for "Hare and Hounds."
"Down the cellar or up the stair,
Here and there, and everywhere,
You must follow, for I'm the Hare!"
Lulu and Carrie gave quick consent,
And at cutting their papers and capers went,
For the stairs were steep, and they must not fail
To have enough for a good long trail.
Away went the Hare
Right up the stair,
And away went the Hounds, a laughing pair;
And Tony, who sat
Near Kitty, the cat,
And was really a dog worth looking at,
With a queer grimace
Soon joined the race,
And followed the game at a lively pace!
Then puss, who knew
A thing or two,
Prepared to follow the noisy crew,
And never before or since, I ween,
Was ever beheld such a hunting scene!
The Hare was swift; and the papers went
This way and that, to confuse the scent;
But Tony, keeping his nose in air,
In a very few moments betrayed the Hare,
Which the children told him was hardly fair.

I can not tell you how long they played,
Of the fun they had, or the noise they made;
For the best of things in this world, I think,
Can ne'er be written with pen and ink.
But Bridget, who went on her daily rounds,
Picking up after the "Hare and Hounds,"
Said she didn't mind hearing their lively capers,
But her back was broke with scraps o' papers.
Carrie, next day, couldn't raise her head;
Frank and Lulu were sick in bed;
The dog and the cat were a used-up pair,
And all of them needed the doctor's care.
The children themselves can hardly fail
To tack a moral upon this trail;
And I guess on rather more level grounds
They'll play their next game of "Hare and Hounds."

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

The Childrens' Bed-Time.

THE clock strikes seven in the hall,
The curfew of the children's day,
That calls each little pattering foot
From dance and song and lively play;
Their day that in a wider light
Floats like a silver day-moon white,
Nor in our darkness sinks to rest,
But sets within a golden west.

Ah, tender hour that sends a drift
Of children's kisses through the house,
And cuckoo notes of sweet "Good night,"
That thoughts of heaven and home arouse,
And a soft stir to sense and heart,
As when the bee and blossom part;
And little feet that patter slower,
Like the last droppings of a shower.

And in the children's room aloft,
What blossom shapes do gaily slip
Their daily sheaths, and rosy run
From clasping hand and kissing lip,
A naked sweetness to the eye—
Blossom and babe and butterfly
In witching one, so dear a sight!
An ecstasy of life and light.

Then lily-drest, in angel white,
To mother's knee they trooping come.
The soft palms fold like kissing shells,
And they and we go singing home—
Their bright heads bowed and worshiping,
As though some glory of the spring,
Some daffodil that mocks the day,
Should fold his golden palms and pray.

The gates of paradise swing wide
A moment's space in soft accord,
And those dread angels, Life and Death,
A moment veil the flaming sword,
As o'er this weary world forlorn
From Eden's secret heart is borne
That breath of Paradise most fair,
Which mothers call "the children's prayer."

Then kissed, on beds we lay them down,
As fragrant white as clover'd sod,
And all the upper floors grow hushed
With children's sleep, and dews of God.
And as our stars their beams do hide,
The stars of twilight, opening wide,
Take up the heavenly tale at even,
And light us on to God and heaven.

JANE ELLIS HOPKINS.

"NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE."

HOW mournful seems, in broken dreams,
The memory of the day,
When icy Death hath seal'd the breath
Of some dear form of clay.

When pale, unmoved, the face we loved,
The face we thought so fair,
And the hand lies cold, whose fervent hold
Once charm'd away despair.

Oh, what could heal the grief we feel
For hopes that come no more,
Had we ne'er heard the Scripture word,
"Not lost, but gone before."

Oh sadly yet with vain regret
The widow's heart must yearn;
And mothers weep their babes asleep
In the sunlights's vain return.

The brother's heart shall rue to part
From the one through childhood known;
And the orphan's tears lament for years
A friend and father gone.

For death and life, with ceaseless strife,
Beat wild on this world's shore,
And all our calm is in that balm,
"Not lost, but gone before."

Oh! world wherein nor death, nor sin,
Nor weary warfare dwells;
Their blessed home we parted from
With sobs and sad farewells.

Where eyes awake, for whose dear sake
Our own with tears grow dim,
And faint accords of dying words
Are changed for heaven's sweet hymn;

Oh! there at last, life's trials past,
We'll meet our loved once more,
Whose feet have trod the path to God—
"Not lost, but gone before."

HON. MRS. NORTON.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

SPORTING through the forest wide,
Playing by the water side,
Wandering o'er the heather fells,
Down within the woodland dells,
All among the mountains wild,
Dwelleth many a little child.

In the rich man's house so wide,
By the poor man's snug fireside,
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean,
Little children may be seen;
Like the flowers which spring up fair,
Bright and countless everywhere!

In the fair isles of the main,
In the desert's lone domain,
In the savage mountain glen,
'Mong the tribes of swarthy men,
Wheresoe'er a foot hath gone,
Wheresoe'er the sun hath shone
On a league of peopled ground,
Little children may be found!

Blessings on them! they, in me,
Move a kindly sympathy,
With their wishes, hopes, and fears,
With their laughter and their tears,
With their wonders, so intense,
And their small experience.

Little children not alone
On the spacious earth are known,
'Mid its labors and its cares,
'Mid its sufferings and its snares;

Free from sorrow, free from strife,
In the world of love and life,
Where no sinful thing hath trod—
In the presence of our God,
Spotless, blameless, glorified,
Little children there abide!

MARY HOWITT.

The Lost Little One.

WE miss her footfall on the floor,
Amidst the nursery din,
Her tip-tap at our bedroom door,
Her bright face peeping in.

And when to Heaven's high court above
Ascends our social prayer,
Though there are voices that we love,
One sweet voice is not there.

And dreary seem the hours, and lone,
That drag themselves along,
Now from our board her smile is gone,
And from our hearth her song.

We miss that farewell laugh of hers,
With its light joyous sound,
And the kiss between the balusters,
When goodnight time comes round.

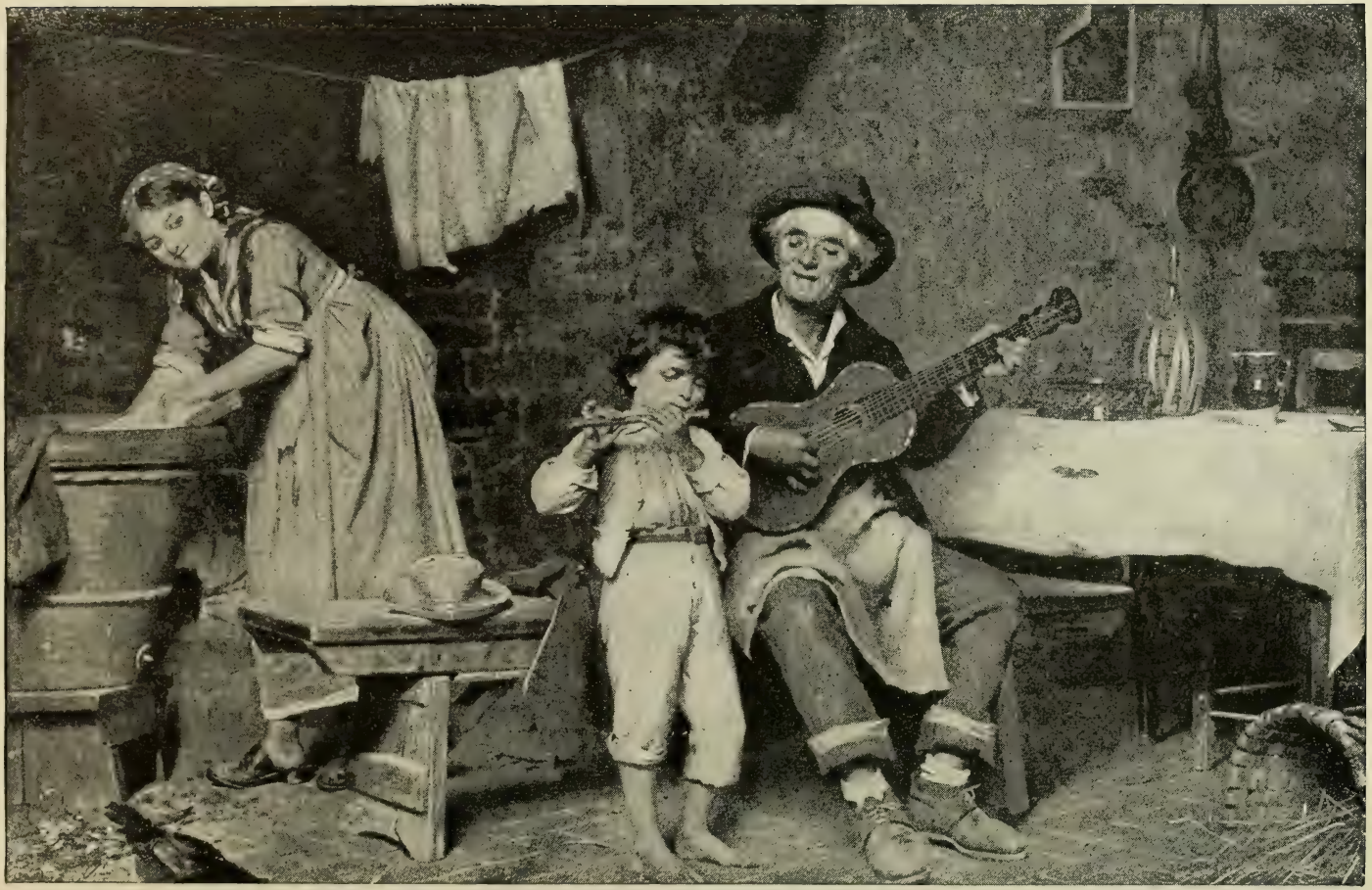
And empty is her little bed,
And on her pillow there
Must never rest that cherub head
With its soft silken hair.

But often as we wake and weep,
Our midnight thoughts will roam,
To visit her cold, dreamless sleep,
In her last narrow home.

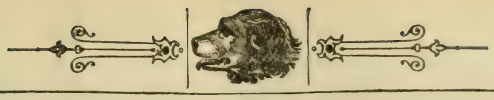
Then, then it is Faith's tear-dimm'd eyes
See through ethereal space,
Amidst the angel-crowded skies,
That dear, that well-known face.

With beckoning hand she seems to say,
"Though, all her sufferings o'er,
Your little one is borne away
To the celestial shore,

Doubt not she longs to welcome you
To her glad, bright abode,
There happy endless ages through
To live with her and God."



THE FIRST LESSON.



BENNY'S QUESTIONS.

WHAT is the kitty good for?
My little boy Benny said.

To catch the mice in the pantry
When they nibble mamma's bread,
To sit on the rug in the sunshine,
To play with her little toes,
And if kitty is good for anything else,
It is more than mamma knows.

What is the mooly cow good for,
Mamma? I'd like to know.

To eat green grass in the pastures
Where the meadow-lilies grow,
To give us sweet golden butter,
Rich milk, and yellow cream,
And a great many more good presents
Than Benny could even dream.

What are the busy bees good for—
To sting little boys? asked he.

There is many a lesson my boy could learn
From even a busy bee.
For he works all day in the summer
Laying sweet treasures by
For the long cold days that are coming,
When roses and violets die.

What is old Rover good for?
I'm sure I can not see.

To teach my Benny how patient
Even a brute can be;
To watch papa's house at midnight,
When the lamps are all out in the street,
So, Benny, take care of good Rover,
And give him enough to eat.

What is my mamma good for?
The little rogue laughing said.
Oh, Benny, my boy, I answered,
As I pillowed his sunshiny head,
Your mamma is good for nothing
If she can not teach her child
To follow the Infant Saviour,
So loving, tender, and mild.

FOUR YEARS OLD

OH, sun! so far up in the blue sky;
Oh, clovers! so white and so sweet;
Oh, little brook! shining like silver,
And running so fast past my feet,—

You don't know what strange thing has happened
Since sunset and star-shine last night;
Since the four-o'clocks closed their red petals
To wake up so early and bright.

Say, what will you think when I tell you
What my dear mamma whispered to me,
When she kissed me on each cheek twice over?
You don't know what a man you may see!

Sweet-clover, stand still; do not blow so:
I shall whisper way down in your ear,
I was four years old early this morning!
Would you think so, to see me, my dear?

Do you notice my pants and two pockets?
I'm so old, I must dress like a man;
I must learn to read books and write letters,
And I'll write one to you when I can.

My pretty gold butterflies flying,
Little birds, and my busy brown bee,
I shall never be too old to love you;
And I hope that you'll always love me

FANNY BENEDICT.

MY MOTHER.

"Honor thy father and thy mother."

FATHER and mother! sacred names and dear;
The sweetest music to the infant ear,
And dearer still to those, a joyous band,
Who sport in childhood's bright enchanted land.

And when, as years roll on, night follows day,
The young wax old and loved ones pass away,
Through mists of time yet holier and more dear,
"Father and mother" sound to memory's ear.

The days, the hours, the moments as they speed,
Each crowned by loving thought or word or deed,
Oh, heart's long-suffering, self-denying! sure
Earth holds no love more true, and none so pure.

Thou happy child whom a good God hath given
A parents' shelt'ring home, that earthly heaven,
Where ceaseless care, where tireless love and true,
Nurse thy young life as flowers are nursed by dew,

E'en as the flowers, for the dear debt they owe,
Bloom, and sweet odors in rich meed bestow,
Let the fair blossoms of thy love and duty
Cluster about thy home in fragrant beauty.

Never from eye or lip be seen or heard
The sullen glance or the rebellious word,
And never wilfully or heedless pain
The tender hearts that cannot wound again.

But fond caress, sweet smile and loving tone,
Obedience prompt and glad, be thine alone,
For filial love, like mercy, is twice blest;
While to the parent of earth's joys the best,
Richer than treasures of the land or sea,
It wins God's blessing, O my child, for thee!

SUCH FUN.

MADGE, wee woman with earnest look,
Is head and ears in a fairy book;
Rob is a rogue with hair of tow,
Last but greatest is Baby Joe.

Fastened down there
In the big arm-chair,
Stiff and angular, strong and square.
He can't get up and he can't slide out;
Nothing to do but to wriggle about,
Suck his thumbs and his rubber ring,
And wonder vaguely about his shoes
(Shiny and small such as babies use),
How they ever came on his feet.
If they're made to look at, or only to eat?
Thinks quite strongly of making a spring
In the hope of breaking the naughty thing
That holds him a prisoner snug and tight
In that tiresome chair from morning till night.

But here comes Rob with a funny face,
Baby looks up and takes heart of grace;
All his sorrows and griefs are past;
Here is something to do at last.
He gurgles and crows
And wrinkles his nose,
With one little dimple that comes and goes;
He stretches an arm with a doubled-up fist,
Soft and rosy from elbow to wrist,
For Rob has been puffing his red cheeks out
Till they look like big apples he's holding there,
Ripe and shining and smooth and fair.
Baby Joe strikes hard with his fist of pink
At the puckered-up lips, then quicker than wink
Rob jumps to his feet with a laugh and a shout,
And capers and dances and whirls about.
But the best of the play is, that when it is done
They can play it all over again,
Such fun!

CARRIE M. THOMPSON.

CASA WAPPY.*

AND hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
Our fond, dear boy—
The realms where sorrow dare not come,
Where life is joy?
Pure at thy death, as at thy birth,
Thy spirit caught no taint from earth;
Even by its bliss we meet our dearth,
Casa Wappy!

Despair was in our last farewell,
As closed thine eye;
Tears of our anguish may not tell
When thou didst die;
Words may not paint our grief for thee;
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
Of our unfathomed agony;
Casa Wappy!

Thou wert a vision of delight,
To bless us given;
Beauty embodied to our sight—
A type of heaven!
So dear to us thou wert, thou art
Even less thine own self, than a part
Of mine, and of thy mother's heart,
Casa Wappy!

Thy bright, brief day knew no decline—
'T was cloudless joy;
Sunrise and night alone were thine,
Beloved boy!
This moon beheld thee blythe and gay;
That found thee prostrate in decay;
And ere a third shone, clay was clay,
Casa Wappy!

* The self-appellative of a beloved child.

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
Earth's undefiled,
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
Our dear, sweet child!
Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;
Yet had we hoped that Time should see
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
Casa Wappy!

Do what I may, go where I will,
Thou meet'st my sight;
There dost thou glide before me still—
A form of light!
I feel thy breath upon my cheek—
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak—
Till oh! my heart is like to break,
Casa Wappy!

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,
With glance of stealth;
The hair thrown back from thy full brow
In buoyant health;
I see thine eyes' deep violet light—
Thy dimpled cheek carnation bright—
Thy clasping arms so round and white—
Casa Wappy!

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
Thy bat—thy bow—
Thy cloak and bonnet—club and ball;
But where art thou?
A corner holds thine empty chair;
Thy playthings, idly scattered there,
But speak to us of our despair,
Casa Wappy!

Even to the last, thy every word—
To glad—to grieve—
Was sweet, as sweetest song of bird
On Summer's eve;
In outward beauty undecayed,
Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
And, like the rainbow, thou didst fade,
Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee, when blind, blank night
The chamber fills;
We pine for thee, when morn's first light
Reddens the hills;
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
All—to the wall-flower and wild-pea—
Are changed; we saw the world thro' thee,
Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam
Of casual mirth,
It doth not own, whate'er may seem,
An inward birth;
We miss thy small step on the stair;—
We miss thee at thine evening prayer;
All day we miss thee—everywhere—
Casa Wappy!

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,
In life's spring-bloom,
Down to the appointed house below—
The silent tomb.
But now the green leaves of the tree,
The cuckoo, and "the busy bee,"
Return—but with them bring not thee,
Casa Wappy!

'T is so; but can it be—while flowers
Revive again—
Man's doom, in death that we and ours
For aye remain?
Oh! can it be, that, o'er the grave,
The grass renewed should yearly wave,
Yet God forget our child to save?—
Casa Wappy!

It cannot be; for were it so
Thus man could die,
Life were a mockery—thought were woe—
And truth a lie;—
Heaven were a coinage of the brain—
Religion frenzy—virtue vain—
And all our hopes to meet again,
Casa Wappy!

Then be to us, O dear, lost child!
With beam of love,
A star, death's uncongenial wild
Smiling above!
Soon, soon, thy little feet have trod
The skyward path, the seraph's road,
That led thee back from man to God,
Casa Wappy!

Yet, 't is sweet balm to our despair,
Fond, fairest boy,
That Heaven is God's. and thou art there,
With him in joy;
There past are death and all its woes;
There beauty's stream for ever flows;
And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
Casa Wappy!

Farewell then—for a while, farewell—
Pride of my heart!
It cannot be that long we dwell,
Thus torn apart.
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee;
And, dark howe'er life's night may be,
Beyond the grave, I'll meet with thee,
Cassy Wappy!

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

THE DEATH OF CHILDREN.

IN His moral tillage, God cultivates many flowers seemingly only for their exquisite beauty and fragrance. For when bathed in soft sunshine they have burst into blossom, then the Divine hand gathers them from the earthly fields to be kept in crystal vases in the deathless mansions above. Thus little children die—some in the sweet bud, some in the fuller blossom; but never too early to make heaven fairer and sweeter with their immortal bloom.

Verily, to the eye of Faith, nothing is fairer than the death of young children. Sight and sense, indeed, recoil from it. The flower that, like a breathing rose, filled heart and home with an exquisite delight, alas! we are stricken with sore anguish to find its stem broken and the blossom gone. But unto Faith, eagle-eyed beyond mental vision, and winged to mount like a singing lark over the fading rainbow unto the blue heaven, even this is touchingly lovely.

The child's earthly ministry was well done, for the rose does its work as grandly in blossom as the vine with its fruit. And having helped to sanctify and lift heavenward the very hearts that broke at its farewell, it has gone from this troublesome sphere,—ere the winds chilled or the rains stained it, leaving the world it blessed and the skies through which it passed still sweet with its lingering fragrance,—to its glory as an ever-unfolding flower in the blessed garden of God. Surely, prolonged life on earth hath no boon like this! For such mortal loveliness to put on immortality—to rise from the carnal with so little memory of earth that the mother's cradle seemed to have been rocked in the house of many mansions—to have no experience of a wearied mind and chilled affections, but from a child's joyous heart growing up in the power of an archangelic intellect—to be raptured as a blessed babe through the gates of Paradise—ah! this is better than to watch as an old prophet for the car of fire in the Valley of Jordan.

CHARLES WADSWORTH, D. D.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

EVERY woman has a right to think her child the "prettiest little baby in the world," and it would be the greatest folly to deny her this right, for she would be sure to take it.

PUNCH.

SEASONS OF PRAYER.

THERE are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes
For her new-born infant before her lies.
Oh, hour of bliss! when the heart o'erflows
With rapture a mother only knows;
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer;
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

HENRY WARE.

The Open Window.

THE old house by the lindens
Stood silent in the shade,
And on the gravelled pathway
The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows
Wide open to the air;
But the faces of the children,
They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog
Was standing by the door;
He looked for his little playmates,
Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,
They played not in the hall;
But shadow, and silence, and sadness
Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,
With sweet familiar tone;
But the voices of the children
Will be heard in dreams alone!

And the boy that walked beside me,
He could not understand
Why closer in mine, ah! closer,
I pressed his warm, soft hand!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

SHE CAME AND WENT.

AS a twig trembles, which a bird
Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,
So is my memory thrilled and stirred;—
I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts unriven,
The blue dome's measureless content,
So my soul held that moment's heaven;—
I only know she came and went.

As at one bound our swift Spring heaps
The orchards full of bloom and scent,
So clove her May my wintry sleeps;—
I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,
Through the low doorway of my tent;
The tent is struck, the vision stays;—
I only know she came and went.

Oh, when the room grows slowly dim,
And when the oil is nearly spent,
One gush of light these eyes will brim,
Only to think she came and went.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

BABY'S SHOES.

OH those little, those little blue shoes!
Those shoes that no little feet use.
Oh the price were high
That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
That, by God's good will,
Years since, grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet.

And oh, since that baby slept,
So hushed, how the mother has kept,
With a tearful pleasure,
That little dear treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept!

For they mind her for evermore
Of a patter along the floor;
And blue eyes she sees
Look up from her knees
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
A little sweet face
That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then oh, wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
Than those tiny blue shoes
That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start!

WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

BOY LOST.

HE had black eyes with long lashes, red cheeks, and hair almost black and almost curly. He wore a crimson plaid jacket, with full trowsers, buttoned on; had a habit of whistling, and liked to ask questions; was accompanied by a small, black dog. It is a long while now since he disappeared. I have a very pleasant house and much company. My guests say, "Ah! it is pleasant here! Everything has such an orderly, put-away look—nothing under foot, no dirt!"

But my eyes are aching for the sight of whittlings and cut paper upon the floor, of tumble-down card-houses, of wooden sheep and cattle, of pop-guns, bows and arrows, whips, tops, go-carts, blocks, and trumpery. I want to see boats a rigging, and kites a making, crumbles on the carpet, and paste spilt on the kitchen table. I want to see the chairs and tables turned the wrong way about. I want to see candy-making and corn-popping, and to find jack-knives and fish-hooks among my muslins. Yet these things used to fret me once.

They say, "How quiet you are here! Ah! one here may settle his brains, and be at peace." But my ears are aching for the pattering of little feet, for a hearty shout, a shrill whistle, a gay tra la la, for the crack of little whips, for the noise of drums, fifes, and tin trumpets; yet these things made me nervous once.

They say, "Ah! you have leisure—nothing to disturb you; what heaps of sewing you have time for!" But I long to be asked for a bit of string or an old newspaper, for a cent to buy a slate pencil or pea-nuts. I want to be coaxed for a piece of new cloth for jibs or main-sails, and then to hem the same. I want to make little flags, and bags to hold marbles. I want to be followed by little feet all over the house, teasing for a bit of dough for a little cake, or to bake a pie in a saucer. Yet these things used to fidget me once.

They say, "Ah! you are not tied at home. How delightful to be always at liberty to go to concerts, lectures, and parties! No confinement for you."

But I want confinement. I want to listen for the school-bell mornings, to give the last hasty wash and brush, and then to watch from the window nimble feet bounding to school. I want frequent rents to mend, and to replace lost buttons. I want to obliterate mud-stains, fruit-stains, molasses-stains, and paints of all colors. I want to be sitting by a little crib of evenings, when weary feet are at rest, and prattling voices are hushed that mothers may sing their lullabies, and tell over the oft-repeated stories. They don't know their happiness then—those mothers. I didn't. All these things I called confinement once.

A manly figure stands before me now. He is taller than I; has thick, black whiskers, and wears a frock-coat, bosomed shirt, and cravat. He has just come from

college. He brings Latin and Greek in his countenance, and busts of the old philosophers for the sitting-room. He calls me mother, but I am rather unwilling to own him.

He stoutly declares that he is my boy, and says that he will prove it. He brings me a small pair of white trousers, with gay stripes at the sides, and asks if I didn't make them for him when he joined the boys' militia. He says he is the very boy, too, that made the bonfire near the barn, so that we came very near having a fire in earnest. He brings his little boat, to show the red strip on the sail (it was the end of the piece,) and the name on the stern—"Lucy Low"—a little girl of our neighborhood, who, because of her long curls and pretty round face, was the chosen favorite of my little boy. Her curls were long since cut off, and she has grown to be a tall, handsome girl. How the red comes to his face when he shows me the name on the boat! Oh! I see it all, as plain as if it were written in a book. My little boy is lost, and my big boy will soon be. Oh! I wish he were a little tired boy in a long white night-gown, lying in his crib, with me sitting by, holding his hand in mine, pushing the curls back from his forehead, watching his eyelids droop, and listening to his deep breathing.

If I only had my little boy again, how patient I would be! How much I would bear, and how little I would fret and scold! I can never have him back again; but there are still many mothers who haven't yet lost their little boys. I wonder if they know they are living their very best days—that now is the time to really enjoy their children, I think if I had been more to my little boy, I might now be more to my grown-up one.

Loss and Gain.

WHEN the baby died, we said,
With a sudden, secret dread,
"Death, be merciful, and pass;—
Leave the other!"—but alas!

While we watched he waited there,
One foot on the golden stair,
One hand beckoning at the gate,
Till the home was desolate.

Friends say, "It is better so,
Clothed in innocence to go;"
Say, to ease the parting pain,
That "your loss is but their gain."

Ah! the parents think of this!
But remember more the kiss
From the little rose-red lips;
And the print of finger-tips.

Left upon the broken toy,
Will remind them how the boy
And his sister charmed the days
With their pretty, winsome ways.

Only time can give relief
To the weary, lonesome grief:
God's sweet minister of pain
Then shall sing of loss and gain.

NORA PERRY.

LET no fond sire a boy's ambition trust
To make him study, let him see he must.

CRABBE.

IT is with youth as with plants; from the first fruits they bear we learn what may be expected of them in the future.

DEMOPHILUS.

CRADLE HYMN.

HUSH, my dear! Lie still and slumber!
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number,
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe! thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle:
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When His birthplace was a stable
And His softest bed was hay.

Blessed Babe! what glorious features,—
Spotless fair, divinely bright!
Must He dwell with brutal creatures?
How could angels bear the sight?

Was there nothing but a manger
Cursed sinners could afford,
To receive the heavenly stranger?
Did they thus affront the Lord?

Soft, my child! I did not chide thee,
Though my song might sound too hard;
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arm shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abused their King,
How they served the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round Him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
Where they sought Him, there they found Him,
With His virgin mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing;
Lovely Infant, how He smiled!
When He wept, His mother's blessing
Sooth'd and hush'd the holy Child.

Lo, He slumbers in a manger,
Where the horned oxen fed:—
Peace, my darling, here's no danger:
There's no ox a-near thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days,
Then go dwell for ever near Him;
See His face, and sing His praise!

I could give thee thousand kisses!
Hoping what I most desire,
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire!

ISAAC WATTS.

GOLDEN-TRESSÈD ADELAIDE.

A SONG FOR A CHILD.

SING, I pray, a little song,
Mother dear!
Neither sad nor very long:
It is for a little maid,
Golden tressèd Adelaide!
Therefore let it suit a merry, merry ear,
Mother dear!

Let it be a merry strain,
Mother dear!
Shunning e'en the thought of pain:
For our gentle child will weep
If the theme be dark and deep;
And *we* will not draw a single, single tear,
Mother dear!

Childhood should be all divine,
Mother dear!
And like an endless summer shine;
Gay as Edward's shouts and cries,
Bright as Agnes' azure eyes:
Therefore bid thy song be merry:—dost thou hear,
Mother dear?

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

TWO SCHOOL BOYS.

TWO school-boys on their way to school
I day by day was meeting;
Yet though I met them day by day,
We each and all pursued our way,
Nor exchanged a friendly greeting.

At last I got to nod and smile,
To smile they, too, were willing;
And then I used to stop and stand,
And often shake them by the hand,
And sometimes tip a shilling.

Till it became a daily treat
To meet these morning scholars:
I loved to see their merry looks,
Though schoolward bound, with bag of books,
Bright cheeks, and shining collars.

Soon came the summer holidays,
And when they were half over,
I took a trip to Germany,
And three months passed away ere I
Recrossed the straits of Dover.

Again I took that old, old walk—
What time the leaves were yellow,
The autumn day was very still—
Just at the bottom of the hill
I met *one* little fellow.

He hailed me with a joyful cry
Of joyfullest delectation:
I laughed to see him laughing so.
"But where's our friend?" "What! don't you know?
He died in the vacation."

How was it that I turned aside,
With rough, abruptest bearing?
No matter; on the instant I
Turned off, nor even said, "Good-bye,"
And left the youngster staring.

THE MORNING SONG.

SING, little daughter, sing;
Sing me your morning song,
Thanking our Father for His love
And care the whole night long.

Sing out with cheerful heart,
Sing out with cheerful voice;
The tones of gratitude to God
Will make my heart rejoice.

Thank Him for parents dear,
Thy father and thy mother;
Thank Him for little sister Bess,
Thank Him for little brother.

Thank Him for pleasant home,
Thank Him for many a friend,
For mercies which we can not count
For mercies without end.

Thank Him for health and strength,
Thank Him for clothes and food,
Thank Him for light and the fresh air,
Thank Him for every good.

Thank Him for pleasant days,
For sunshine and for showers,
For the green grass and lofty trees,
And for the fair wild flowers.

Thank Him, oh, most of all,
For His most Holy Word,
Wherein we read the wondrous love
Of Jesus Christ our Lord.

Thank Him that Christ has died
That we might die to sin;
Thank Him that Christ is risen again,
That we His heaven may win.

Sing, little daughter, sing;
Sing forth with heart and voice,
Thanking the Lord for all His gifts;
Rejoice, my child, rejoice.

The Boy I Love.

MY boy, do you know the boy I love?
I fancy I see him now;
His forehead bare in the sweet spring air,
With the wind of hope in his waving hair,
With sunrise on his brow.

He is something near your height, may be,
And just about your years;
Timid as you; but his will is strong,
And his love of right and his hate of wrong
Are mightier than his fears.

He has the courage of simple truth,
The trail that he must bear;
The peril, the ghost that frights him most,
He faces boldly, and like a ghost
It vanishes in air.

As wild-fowl take, by river and lake,
The sunshine and the rain,
With cheerful, constant hardihood,
He meets the bad luck and the good,
The pleasure and the pain.

Come friends in need? With heart and deed
He gives himself to them.
He has the grace which reverence lends—
Reverence, the crowning flower that bends,
The upright lily-stem.

Though deep and strong his sense of wrong,
Fiery his blood and young,
His spirit is gentle, his heart is great,
He is swift to pardon and slow to hate,
And master of his tongue.

Fond of his sports? No merrier lad's
Sweet laughter ever rang!
But he is so generous and so frank,
His wildest wit, or his maddest prank,
Can never cause a pang.

His own sweet ease, all things that please,
He loves, like any boy;
But fosters a prudent fortitude;
Nor will he squander a future good
To buy a fleeting joy.

Face brown or fair? I little care
Whatever the hue may be,
Or whether his eyes are dark or light;
If his tongue be true and his honor bright,
He is still the boy for me.

Where does he dwell? I can not tell;
Nor do I know his name.
Or poor or rich? I don't mind which;
Or learning Latin, or digging ditch,
I love him all the the same.

With high, brave heart, perform your part,
Be noble and kind as he;
Then, some fair morning, when you pass,
Fresh from glad dreams, before your glass,
His likeness you may see.

You are puzzled? What! you think there is not
A boy like him—surmise
That he is only a bright ideal?
But you have power to make him real,
And clothe him to our eyes.

You have rightly guessed: in each pure breast
Is his abiding-place.
Then let your own true life portray
His beauty, and blossom day by day
With something of his grace.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHILDHOOD.

IN my poor mind it is most sweet to muse
Upon the days gone by; to act in thought
Past seasons o'er, and be again a child;
To sit in fancy on the turf-clad slope
Down which the child would roll; to pluck gay flowers,
Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand
(Childhood offended soon, soon reconciled)
Would throw away, and straight take up again,
Then fling them to the winds, and o'er the lawn
Bound with so playful and so light a foot,
That the pressed daisy scarce declined her head.

CHARLES LAMB.

PATCHWORK.

LITTLE Miss Margery sits and sews;
Painfully creaking her needle goes,
As the moist little fingers push it through.
Such a long stint she has got to do?
"What is the good," she says with a sigh,
"Of making more quilts to just lay by?

"Up in the press lies row on row;
Who are they for? I should like to know,
'You'll be glad some day,' says Aunt Pauline,
'That you made so many.' What can she mean?
Pretty white spreads, I think, look best;
And, anyway, little girls want some rest."

The small brass thimble gleefully rolled
(Margery likes to play 'tis gold).
Scissors and spool with a clatter fell;
Solemn old clock, now don't you tell!
Over the sill see Margery lean,
Heedless of patchwork and Aunt Pauline.

Clover-heads with their horns of honey,
Daisies with gold and silver money,
Strings of strawberries yet to be,
Yellow butterflies, gay and free,
Sun and wind, and a chance to play,—
All these scarcely a rod away.

She knows she could find a four-leaved clover
Before she has hunted the field half over;
And, oh! by the way that sparrow flew,
She must have a nest there, certain true!
Only a thin white wall between!—
When suddenly in walked Aunt Pauline.

The high-backed chair grew straighter still,
The clock began to tick with a will,
Even the foolish half-moon face
Checked itself in a broad grimace,
While a vagrant bee who was buzzzing through
Out of the window quickly flew.

Guilty Margery, quite aghast,
Straightens up and sews very fast,
But all in vain, however she tries,
To cheat for a moment those keen eyes
Under their spectacles looking through
Body and soul—and patchwork, too.

"What is the matter," she asks, "to-day?
You want to go out in the field and play?
If I were so silly I wouldn't have told—
A great big girl nearly twelve years old.
Let me see your work. Well, I do declare,
'T would disgrace a baby, Margery Ware!

"It must all come out. Here, take this pin;
Sit beside me, while you begin.
Remember you must not leave your seat
Until it is done all true and neat.
You'll be thankful yet that you learned to sew,"
With a glance at Margery's face of woe.

"When I was a girl," says Aunt Pauline,
"An idle minute was seldom seen;
You've no idea of the pains we'd take,
Our beautiful patchwork squares to make.
For prints were precious and thread was high,
And little enough could our parents buy.

"You could sew if you only tried;
What in the world do you see outside?
Grass wants cutting; the corn looks dry;
Signs of rain, I think, in the sky.
Carefully, child, don't hurry so,
Set your stitches exact and slow."

Margery swings her restless feet,
Clover blossoms do smell so sweet;
Smooth little finger-tips grow rough,
Won't she ever have done enough?
Well, she must bear it while she's small;
Grown-up folks needn't sew at all.

LUCY D. WIGGIN.

Christ Blessing Little Children.

HEN were there brought unto him little children, that he should put his hands on them, and pray: and the disciples rebuked them.

"But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—MATTHEW xix. 13, 14.

At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?

"And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them,

"And said, Verily, I say unto you, Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

"Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven."—MATTHEW xviii. 1-4.

The errand upon earth was well nigh done.
A little more, and that dread passer-on—
Time, that not even at the Cross stood still—
Must come, with Calvary's ninth hour. And Christ
Turn'd tow'rd Jerusalem. Galilee was sweet
With its fair Mount, that was the step of heaven—
(Whereon He had but just now stood, and through
The door flung open to the throne of God,
Drank strength in the transfiguring light)—and here
Dwelt Mary, holy mother; and 'twas here
His childhood had been passed; and here the life
E'en Christ must learn to love, to be "like us,"
Had been most sweet to him. But not where life
So gently beautiful is known—oh, not
Where Nature with her calm rebuke is heard—
Could the Great Wrong be done! in Mammon's mart—
The crowded city, where the small, still voice
Is, like the leaf's low whisper, overborne—
Where the dark shadow, which before us falls
When we are turning from the light away,
Seems at another's feet and not our own—
Where, 'mid the multitude's bewildering shout,
Anguish may moan unheeded and even
Lama sabacthani go up unheard—
There, only, could the Son of God be slain!
And when to His disciples Jesus said
"Behold, we go up to Jerusalem,"
Then turned His path from peaceful Galilee.
Thence—to the scourge, the buffet, and the scorn,
Gethsemane's last conflict, and the Cross—
The meek first step to Calvary was there!

And Christ passed over Jordan, to the coast
Of populous Judea; and there came
Multitudes to Him, listening as He taught,
And wondering at His miracles; for lo!
His calm word healed all sicknesses; the blind
Rose up and gazed upon the luminous brow
Whose glory had shone through their darkened lids;
The dumb spoke; the leper became clean;
And devils were cast out which had defied
The word of His disciples. With new awe,
Touched with compassionating love, looked these
Upon their Master now; for, near at hand,
They felt the shadow of His coming hour.
And though His face shone, with the strength new given
By the celestial sacrament of light
Upon the Mount administered, they still
Trembled, as men, for One who, as a man,
Must pass through death—death of such agony
As for a world's transgressions might atone—
Whose bitter cup even the Son of God
Must shrink from with a prayer that it might pass!

Christ had told o'er His sorrows, to the end.
They knew what must befall. In silence sad,
Listened the Twelve, while jeered the Pharisee,
And tempted Him the Scribe—for so must He
To His last victory come; but eager still,
Looked they where they might minister to Him,
Or, watchfully, from that dark path of woe,
Pluck out the needless thorn.

The eventide
Found Him among His questioners—the same;
Patient and meek as in the morning hour—
And while the Scribes, with His mild answers foiled,
Sat by and reasoned in their hearts, behold
There was a stir in the close multitude,
And voices pleaded to come nigh; and, straight,
The crowd divided, and a mother came,
Holding her babe before her, and on Christ
Fixing her moist eyes steadfastly. He turned,
Benignant, as she tremblingly came near;
And the sad earnestness His face had worn
While He disputed with the crafty scribes,
Was touched with the foreshadowing of a smile.
And, lo! another, and another still,
Led by this sweet encouragement to come,
Pressed where the first had made her trusting way;
And soon, a fair young company they stood—

A band, who (by a lamp of love, new lit,
And fed by oil of tenderness from Heaven—
By recognition, instinct as the eye
To know, 'mid clouds, the twinkle of a star—
By mother's love) knew what most holiest be,
And where to bring their children to be blest.
And as Christ looked upon them, where they stood,
And each would lay her infant in His arms,
To see it there, and know that He had borne
Her burden on His bosom, there rose up
Some of the Twelve; and, mindful of the night,
And of the trials of the weary day,
They came between, and bade them to depart,
And trouble not the Master. Then did Christ
Reproving His disciples, call again
The mothers they had turned from Him away,
And, leaning gently tow'rd them as they came,
Tenderly took the babes into His arms,
And laid His hand upon their foreheads fair,
And blest them, saying: Suffer them to come;
For, in my Father's kingdom, such are they.
Whoso is humble as a little child,
The same is greatest in the courts of heaven.
Spotless is infancy, we fondly feel.
Angels in heaven are like it, HE hath said.
Mothers have dreamed the smile upon the lips
Of slumbering babes to be the memory
Of a bright world they come from; and that, here,
'Mid the temptations of this fallen star,
They bide the trial for a loftier sphere—
Ever progressing. Fearfully, if so,
Give we, to childhood, guidance for high heaven!
But, be this lofty vision as it may,
Christ blest them, here. And, oh! if in the hour
Of His first steps to Calvary, and 'mid
The tempters, who, He knew, had just begun
The wrongs that were to lead Him to the cross;
If here, 'mid weariness and gathering woe,
The heart of Christ turned meltingly to them,
And, for a harsh word to these little ones,
Though uttered but with sheltering care for Him,
He spoke rebukingly to those He loved—
If babes thus pure and priceless were to Christ—
Holy, indeed, the trust to whom they're given!
SACRED ARE THEY! N. P. WILLIS.

BABY MAY.

CHEEKS as soft as July peaches;
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness; large round eyes
Ever great with new surprise;
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness:
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness;
Happy smiles and wailing cries;
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes;
Lights and shadows, swifter born
Than on wind-swept autumn corn;
Ever some new tiny notion,
Making every limb all motion;
Catchings up of legs and arms;
Throwings back and small alarms;
Clutching fingers; straightening jerks;
Twining feet whose each toe works;
Kickings up and straining risings;
Mother's ever new surprisings;
Hands all wants and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under;
Tiny scorns of mild reprovings
That have more of love than lovings;
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness that we prize such sinning;
Breakings dire of plates and glasses;
Graspings small at all that passes;
Pullings off of all that's able
To be caught from tray or table;
Silences—small meditations
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations
Breaking into wisest speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches;
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be wooed to light by guessing;
Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings
That we'd ever have such dreamings;
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
And we'd always have thee waking;
Wealth for which we know no measure;
Pleasure high above all pleasure;
Gladness brimming over gladness;
Joy in care; delight in sadness;
Loveliness beyond completeness;
Sweetness distancing all sweetness;
Beauty all that beauty may be;—
That's May Bennett; that's my baby.

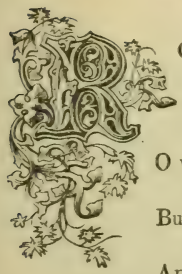
WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

BOYHOOD.

AH, then how sweetly closed those crowded days!
The minutes parting one by one like rays,
That fade upon a summer's eve.
But, oh! what charm or magic numbers
Can give me back the gentle slumbers
Those weary, happy days did leave?
When by my bed I saw my mother kneel,
And with her blessing took her nightly kiss;
Whatever Time destroys, he cannot this—
E'en now that nameless kiss I feel.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON

Thoughts while Making the Grave of a New-Born Child.



OOM, gentle flowers! my child would pass to heaven!
Ye look'd not for her yet with your soft eyes,
O watchful usher at Death's narrow door!
But lo! while you delay to let her forth,
Angels, beyond, stay for her! One long kiss
From lips all pale with agony, and tears,
Wrung after anguish had dried up with fire
The eyes that wept them, were the cup of life,
Held as a welcome to her. Weep! oh mother!
But not that from this cup of bitterness
A cherub of the sky has turn'd away.

One look upon thy face ere thou depart!
My daughter! It is soon to let thee go!
My daughter! With thy birth has gush'd a spring
I knew not of—filling my heart with tears,
And turning with strange tenderness to thee—
A love—oh God! it seems so—that must flow
Far as thou fleest, and 'twixt heaven and me,
Henceforward, be a bright and yearning chain
Drawing me after thee! And so, farewell!

'Tis a harsh world, in which affection knows
No place to treasure up its loved and lost
But the foul grave! Thou, who so late wast sleeping
Warm in the close fold of a mother's heart
Scarce from her breast a single pulse receiving
But it was sent thee with some tender thought.
How can I leave thee—*here!* Alas for man!
The herb in its humility may fall
And waste into the bright and genial air,
While we—by hands that minister'd in life
Nothing but love to us—are thrust away—
The earth flung in upon our just cold bosoms,
And the warm sunshine trodden out forever!

Yet have I chosen for thy grave, my child,
A bank where I have lain in summer hours,
And thought how little it would seem like death
To sleep amid such loveliness. The brook,
Tripping with laughter down the rocky steps
That lead up to thy bed, would still trip on,
Breaking the dread hush of the mourners gone;
The birds are never silent that build here,
Trying to sing down the more vocal waters.
The slope is beautiful with moss and flowers,
And far below, seen under arching leaves,
Glitters the warm sun on the village spire,
Pointing the living after thee. And this
Seems like a comfort; and, replacing now
The flowers that have made room for thee, I go
To whisper the same peace to her who lies—
Robb'd of her child and lonely. 'Tis the work
Of many a dark hour, and of many a prayer,
To bring the heart back from an infant gone.
Hope must give o'er, and busy fancy blot
The images from all the silent rooms,
And every sight and sound familiar to her
Undo its sweetest link—and so at last
The fountain—that, once struck, must flow forever—
Will hide and waste in silence. When the smile
Steals to her pallid lip again, and spring
Wakens the birds above thee, we will come,
And, standing by thy music-haunted grave,
Look on each other cheerfully, and say:—
A child that we have loved has gone to heaven,
And by this gate of flowers she pass'd away!

N. P. Willis.

ONLY A BOY.

ONLY a boy, with his noise and fun,
The veriest mystery under the sun;
As brimful of mischief and wit and glee
As ever a human frame can be,
And as hard to manage as—ah! ah me!
'Tis hard to tell;
Yet we love him well.

Only a boy, with his fearful tread,
Who can not be driven, but must be led;
Who troubles the neighbors' dogs and cats,
And tears more clothes, and spoils more hats,
Loses more tops and kites and bats,
Than would stock a store
For a year or more.

Only a boy, with his wild, strange ways;
With his idle hours on busy days;
With his queer remarks and odd replies,
Sometimes foolish, and sometimes wise;
Often brilliant, for one of his size,
As a meteor hurled
From a pleasant world.

Only a boy, who will be a man,
If nature goes on with her first great plan;
If fire or water, or some fatal snare,
Conspire not to rob us of this our heir,
Our blessing, our trouble, our rest, our care,
Our torment, our joy—
"Only a boy."

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lips, redder still,
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy—
I was once a barefoot boy.
Prince thou art—the grown up man
Only a republican;
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye;
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O, for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O, for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slope beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone gray and rude;
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frog's orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch; pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat;
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil;
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know the joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

J. G. WHITTIER

THE FAMILY PET.

MOTHER'S LOVE.

HE sang so wildly, did the boy,
That you could never tell
If 't was a madman's voice you heard,
Or if the spirit of a bird
Within his heart did dwell—
A bird that dallies with his voice
Among the matted branches;
Or on the free blue air his note,
To pierce, and fall, and rise, and float,
With bolder utterance launches.
None ever was so sweet as he,
The boy that wildly sang to me;
Though toilsome was the way and long,
He led me, not to lose the song.

But when again we stood below
The unhidden sky, his feet
Grew slacker, and his note more slow,
But more than doubly sweet.
He led me then a little way
Athwart the barren moor,
And there he stayed, and bade me stay,
Beside a cottage door;
I could have stayed of my own will,
In truth, my eye and heart to fill
With the sweet sight which I saw there,
At the dwelling of the cottager.

A little in the doorway sitting,
The mother plied her busy knitting;
And her cheek so softly smiled,
You might be sure, although her gaze
Was on the meshes of the lace,
Yet her thoughts were with her child.

But when the boy had heard her voice,
As o'er her work she did rejoice,
His became silent altogether;
And slyly creeping by the wall,
He seized a single plume, let fall
By some wild bird of longest feather;
And all a-tremble with his freak,
He touched her lightly on the cheek.

Oh what a loveliness her eyes
Gather in that one moment's space,
While peeping round the post she spies
Her darling's laughing face!
Oh mother's love is glorifying,
On the cheek like sunset lying;
In the eyes a moistened light,
Softer than the moon at night!

THOMAS BURBIDGE.

FOR CHARLIE'S SAKE

THE night is late, the house is still;
The angels of the hour fulfil
Their tender ministries, and move
From couch to couch, in cares of love.
They drop into thy dreams, sweet wife,
The happiest smile of Charlie's life,
And lay on baby's lips a kiss,
Fresh from his angel-brother's bliss;
And, as they pass, they seem to make
A strange, dim hymn, "For Charlie's sake."

My listening heart takes up the strain,
And gives it to the night again,
Fitted with words of lowly praise,
And patience learned of mournful days,
And memories of the dead child's ways.

His will be done, His will be done!
Who gave and took away my son,
In "the far land" to shine and sing
Before the Beautiful, the King,
Who every day doth Christmas make,
All starred and belled for Charlie's sake.

For Charlie's sake I will arise;
I will anoint me where he lies,
And change my raiment, and go in
To the Lord's house, and leave my sin
Without, and seat me at his board,
Eat, and be glad, and praise the Lord.
For wherefore should I fast and weep,
And sullen moods of mourning keep?
I cannot bring him back, nor he,
For any calling come to me.
The bond the angel Death did sign,
God sealed—for Charlie's sake, and mine.

I'm very poor—this slender stone
Marks all the narrow field I own;
Yet, patient husbandman, I till
With faith and prayers, that precious hill,
Sow it with penitential pains,
And, hopeful, wait the latter rains;
Content if, after all, the spot
Yield barely one forget-me-not—
Whether or figs or thistles make
My crop, content for Charlie's sake.

I have no houses, builded well—
Only that little lonesome cell,
Where never romping playmates come,
Nor bashful sweethearts, cunning-dumb—
An April burst of girls and boys,
Their rainbowed cloud of glooms and joys
Born with their songs, gone with their toys;
Nor ever is its stillness stirred
By purr of cat, or chirp of bird,
Or mother's twilight legend, told
Of Horner's pie, or Tiddlar's gold,
Or fairy hobbling to the door,
Red-clothed and weird, banned and poor,
To bless the good child's gracious eyes,
The good child's wistful charities,
And crippled changeling's hunch to make
Dance on his crutch, for good child's sake.

How is it with the child? 'Tis well;
Nor would I any miracle
Might stir my sleeper's tranquil trance,
Or plague his painless countenance:
I would not any seer might place
His staff on my immortal's face,
Or lip to lip, and eye to eye,
Charm back his pale mortality.
No, Shunammite! I would not break
God's stillness. Let them weep who wake.

For Charlie's sake my lot is blest:
No comfort like his mother's breast,
No praise like her's; no charm expressed
In fairest forms hath half her zest.
For Charlie's sake this bird's caressed,
That death left lonely in the nest;
For Charlie's sake my heart is dressed,
As for its birthday, in its best;
For Charlie's sake we leave the rest
To Him who gave, and who did take,
And saved us twice, for Charlie's sake.

JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER

The Reconciliation.

AS through the land at eve we went,
And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,—
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE DEAF CHILD

SHE is my only girl:
I ask'd for her as some most precious thing,
For all unfinish'd was love's jewel'd ring
Till set with this soft pearl:
The shade that time brought forth I could not see;
How pure, how perfect, seem'd the gift to me!

Oh, many a soft, old tune
I used to sing unto that deaden'd ear,
And suffer'd not the lightest footstep near
Lest she might wake too soon,
And hush'd her brothers' laughter while she lay—
Ah, needless care! I might have let them play!

'Twas long ere I believed
That this one daughter might not speak to me:
Waited and watch'd. God knows how patiently!
How willingly deceived!
Vain Love was long the untiring nurse of Faith,
And tended Hope until it starved to death.

Oh if she could but hear
For one short hour, till I her tongue might teach
To call me mother, in the broken speech
That thrills the mother's ear!
Alas! those seal'd lips never may be stirr'd
To the deep music of that lovely word.

My heart it sorely tries
To see her kneel, with such a reverent air,
Beside her brothers, at their evening prayer.
Or lift those earnest eyes
To watch our lips, as though our words she knew,—
Then move her own, as she were speaking too;

I've watch'd her looking up
To the bright wonder of a sunset sky,
With such a depth of meaning in her eye,
That I could almost hope
The struggling soul would burst its binding cords,
And the long pent-up thoughts flow forth in words.

The song of bird and bee,
The chorus of the breezes, streams and groves,
All the grand music to which Nature moves,
Are wasted melody
To her; the world of sound a nameless void,
While even Silence hath its charms destroy'd.

Her face is very fair:
Her blue eyes beautiful: of finest mould
The soft, white brow, o'er which in waves of gold
Ripples her shining hair.
Alas! this lovely temple closed must be;
For He who made it keeps the master-key.

Wills He the mind within
Should from earth's Babel-clamor be kept free,
E'en that His still small voice and step might be
Heard at its inner shrine,
Through that deep hush of soul, with clearer thrill?
Then should I grieve? Oh murmuring heart be still!

She seems to have a sense
Of quiet gladness in her noiseless play.
She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way,
Whose voiceless eloquence
Touches all hearts, though I had once the fear
That even her father would not care for her.

Thank God it is not so!
And when his sons are playing merrily,
She comes and leans her head upon his knee,
Oh, at such times I know,
By his full eye and tones subdued and mild,
How his heart yearns over his *silent* child.

Not of all gifts bereft,
Even now. How could I say she did not speak?
What real language lights her eye and cheek,
And renders thanks to Him who left
Unto her soul yet open avenues
For joy to enter, and for love to use!

And God in love doth give
To her defect a beauty of its own:
And we a deeper tenderness have known.
Through that for which we grieve.
Yet shall the seal be melted from her ear,
Yes, and my voice shall fill it—but not here

When that new sense is given,
What rapture will its first experience be,
That never woke to meaner melody
Than the rich songs of Heaven—
To hear the full-toned anthem swelling round,
While angels teach the ecstacies of sound!

The Origin of Dimples.

MY mischief-loving maiden Bell!
Sit here and and listen while I tell—
Awhile your saucy tongue to tame—
A pretty tale without a name,
Save this, of "How the Dimples Came."

A merry girl, the story goes,
With eyes of violet, cheeks of rose,
One day, with feet that noiseless stepp'd
Behind her lover, tiptoe crept;
And peep'd with many a bow and bend,
While he, all unsuspecting, penn'd
A timorous sonnet to the maid,
Which doubted, hoped, despaired and prayed.
She peep'd and read, too pleased by half,
And smiled, and smiled, but durst not laugh;
And so a strange event occurred;
It happen'd thus as I have heard;
The dainty mouth, too small, I doubt,
To let so much of smiling out,
Became a prison most secure,
And held the loving legions sure.
Wearied, at length, of durance vile,
Impatient grew each captive smile;
Still, fain some outlet new to seek,
They wreathed and coil'd in either cheek,
Still at the ruby portals fast,
Vainly sought exit, and at last
Grown desperate, so the story closes,
Cleft a new passage through the roses!

Love's kiss half heal'd the tender harm,
And gave the wound its dearest charm;
Since not unthankful, Beauty keeps
Her cheek less sacred than her lips,
And while they smile their prudent "No,"
So fair the deepening dimples show,
That Love, reminded of his claim,
May take the guerdon without blame;
And this is how the dimples came.

Grandfathers' Barn.

OH, don't you remember our grandfather's barn,
Where our cousins and we met to play:
How we climbed on the beams and the scaffolds high,
Or tumbled at will on the hay?
How we sat in a row on the bundles of straw,
And riddles and witch stories told,
While the sunshine came in through the cracks of the south,
And turned all the dust into gold?

How we played hide-and-seek in each cranny and nook,
Wherever a child could be stowed;
Then we made us a coach of a hogshead of rye,
And on it to "Boston" we rode?
And then we kept store, and sold barley and oats,
And corn by the bushel or bin;
And straw for our sisters to braid into hats,
And flax, for our mothers to spin.

Then we played we were biddies, and cackled and crowed,
Till grandmother in haste came to see
If the weasles were killing the old speckled hen,
Or whatever the matter might be;
How she patted our heads when she saw her mistake,
And called us her sweet "chicken-dears!"
While a tear dimmed her eye as the picture recalled
The scenes of her own vanished years.

How we tittered and swung, and played meeting and school,
And Indian, and soldier, and bear!
While up on the rafters the swallows kept house,
Or sailed through the soft summer air.
How we longed to peep into their curious nests!
But they were too far overhead;
So we wished we were giants, or winged like the birds,
And then we'd do wonders, we said.

And don't you remember the racket we made
When selling at auction the hay;
And how we wound up with a keel-over leap
From the scaffold down into the bay?
When we went in to supper, our grandfather said,
If he had not once been a boy,
He should thought that the Hessians were sacking the town,
Or an earthquake had come to destroy.

A MOTHER BUT NO CHILD.

YOUR arms are folded tight about your little boy,
His golden head leans close upon your breast,
A smile is on the lips that softly sing
Your baby to his rest.

Thy arms are empty quite, one lonely hand
Clasps tightly round its dreary, dreary mate,
My bosom heaves at no soft baby touch;
It only throbs against a bitter fate.

Yet, as you dream and brood o'er future goods,
O'er honors bright and golden joys,
My heart goes planning on in self same mood
The glowing future of my boys.

For in my mother's heart they live alway.
Daily I hear the patter of their feet,
Daily I hear them laugh and shout at play,
Nightly I hear them a sweet name repeat

That no red lips have spoken to me
Outside this heart-world of my own.
"Mamma" the babies lisp, and then "My Mother"
Comes proudly from the larger grown.

I softly smile when mothers proud about me
Toss forward glowing visions of my very boys—
Gold-haired, dark-eyed, red-cheeked, gay darlings—
I smile and inwardly rejoice.

"My boys," I calmly say, "will never know the sorrow,
Will never fight the fight as yours must do;
Will never strive, despair in that vain conflict
That we who live on earth pass through.

"The children of our dreams are ever as we wish them,
Forever happy, safe from sins and harms.
Them only can we shield and keep forever,
Held safely in our tender mother-arms."

These are my daily thoughts; but now 'tis even-time.
And one great tear drops slowly in the night;
For lonely are these hands, this throbbing breast.
My mother-arms, alas! are empty quite.

W. M. MASON.

YOU shall never light upon an ill-natured man who was not an ill-natured child, and gave several testimonies of his being so, to discerning persons, long before the use of his reason.

DR. SOUTH.

Whom the Gods Love Die Young.

"WHOM the gods love die young," was said of yore,
And many deaths do they escape by this;
The death of friends and that which slays even more,
The death of Friendship, Love, Youth, all that is
Except mere breath; and since the silent shore
Awaits at last even those who longest miss
The old Archer's arrow, perhaps the early grave
Which men weep over may be meant to *save*.

LORD BYRON.

A PORTRAIT

"One name is Elizabeth."—Ben Johnson.

I WILL paint her as I see her,
Ten times have the lilies blown
Since she looked upon the sun.

And her face is lily-clear,
Lily-shaped, and dropped in duty
To the law of its own beauty.

Oval cheeks encolored faintly,
Which a trail of golden hair
Keeps from fading off to air;

And a forehead fair and saintly,
Which two blue eyes undershine,
Like meek prayers before a shrine.

Face and figure of a child,—
Though too calm, you think, and tender,
For the childhood you would lend her.

Yet child-simple, undefiled,
Frank, obedient,—waiting still
On the turnings of your will.

Moving light, as all your things,
As young birds, or early wheat,
When the wind blows over it.

Only, free from flutterings
Of loud mirth that scorneth measure,—
Taking love for her chief pleasure.

Choosing pleasures, for the rest,
Which come softly,—just as she,
When she nestles at your knee.

Quiet talk she liketh best,
In a bower of gentle looks,—
Watering flowers, or reading books.

And her voice, it murmurs lowly,
As a silver stream may run,
Which yet feels, you feel, the sun.

And her smile, it seems half holy,
As if drawn from thoughts more far
Than our common jestings are.

And if any poet knew her,
He would sing of her with falls
Used in lovely madrigals.

And if any painter drew her,
He would paint her unaware
With a halo round the hair.

And if reader read the poem,
He would whisper, "You have done a
Consecrated little Una."

And a dreamer (did you show him
That same picture) would exclaim,
"'T is my angel, with a name!"

And a stranger, when he sees her
In the street even, smileth stilly,
Just as you would at a lily.

And all voices that address her
Soften, sleeken every word,
As if speaking to a bird.

And all fancies yearn to cover
The hard earth whereon she passes,
With the thymy-scented grasses.

And all hearts do pray, "God love her!"—
Ay, and always, in good sooth,
We may all be sure He doth.

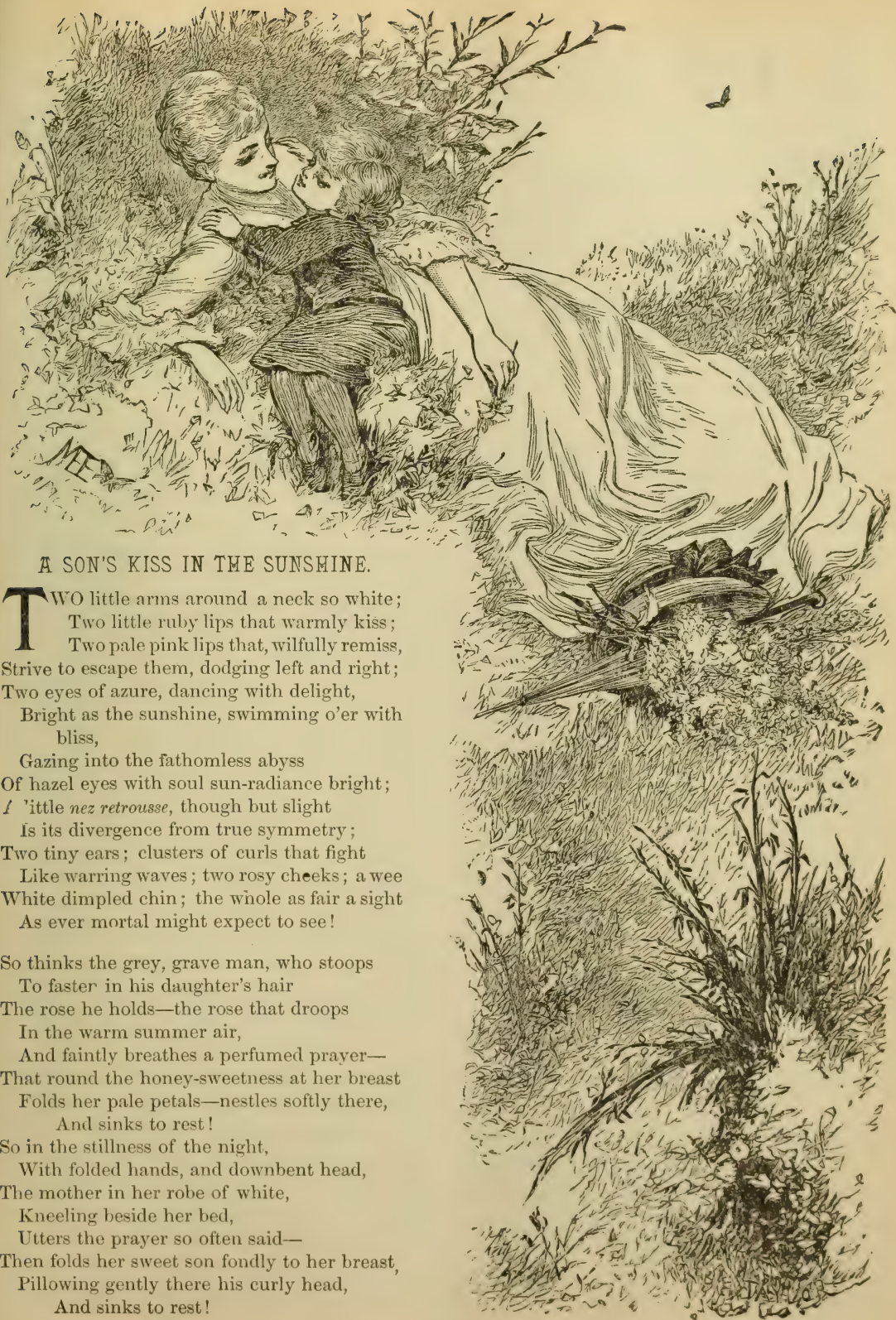
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

WHEN the child is christened, you may have godfathers enough. When a man's need is supplied, or his necessities over, people are ready to offer their services.

SPANISH PROVERB.

FOR if youth be grafted straight and not awry, the whole commonwealth will flourish thereafter.

ROGER ASCHAM.



A SON'S KISS IN THE SUNSHINE.

TWO little arms around a neck so white;
Two little ruby lips that warmly kiss;
Two pale pink lips that, wilfully remiss,
Strive to escape them, dodging left and right;
Two eyes of azure, dancing with delight,
Bright as the sunshine, swimming o'er with bliss,
Gazing into the fathomless abyss
Of hazel eyes with soul sun-radiance bright;
A little *nez retrousse*, though but slight
Is its divergence from true symmetry;
Two tiny ears; clusters of curls that fight
Like warring waves; two rosy cheeks; a wee
White dimpled chin; the whole as fair a sight
As ever mortal might expect to see!

So thinks the grey, grave man, who stoops
To faster in his daughter's hair
The rose he holds—the rose that droops
In the warm summer air,
And faintly breathes a perfumed prayer—
That round the honey-sweetness at her breast
Folds her pale petals—nestles softly there,
And sinks to rest!
So in the stillness of the night,
With folded hands, and downbent head,
The mother in her robe of white,
Kneeling beside her bed,
Utters the prayer so often said—
Then folds her sweet son fondly to her breast,
Pillowing gently there his curly head,
And sinks to rest!

MR. MEEK'S BABY.

THE voice of nature cries aloud in behalf of Augustus George, my infant son. It is for him that I wish to utter a few plaintive household words. I am not at all angry; I am mild—but miserable.

I wish to know why when my child, Augustus George, was expected in our circle, a provision of pins was made, as if the little stranger was a criminal who was to be put to the torture immediately on his arrival, instead of a holy babe? I wish to know why haste was made to stick those pins all over his innocent form, in every direction? I wish to know why light and air are excluded from Augustus George, like poison? Why, I ask, is my unoffending infant so hedged into a basket bedstead, with dimity and calico, with miniature sheets and blankets, that I can only hear him snuffle (and no wonder) deep down under the pink hood of a little bathing-machine, and can never peruse even so much of his lineaments as his nose. Was I expected to be the father of a French roll, that the brushes of all nations were laid in, to rasp Augustus George? Am I to be told that this sensitive skin was ever intended by nature to have rashes brought out upon it, by the premature and incessant use of those formidable little instruments?

Is my son a nutmeg, that he is to be grated on the stiff edges of sharp frills? Am I the parent of a muslin boy, that his yielding surface is to be crimped and small-plaited? Or is my child composed of paper or of linen, that impressions of the finer getting-up art, practised by the laundress, are to be printed off all over his soft arms and legs, as I constantly observe them? The starch enters his soul; who can wonder that he cries? Was Augustus George intended to have limbs, or to be born a torso? I presume that limbs were the intention, as they are the usual practice. Then, why are my poor child's limbs fettered and tied up? Am I to be told that there is any analogy between Augustus George Meek and Jack Shepherd? Analyze castor oil at any institution of chemistry that may be agreed upon, and inform me what resemblance in taste it bears to that natural provision which it is at once the pride and duty of Maria Jane to administer to Augustus George? Yet I charge Mrs. Prodgit (aided and abetted by Mrs. Bigby) with systematically forcing castor oil on my innocent son, from the first hour of his birth. When that medicine, in its efficient action, causes internal disturbance to Augustus George, I charge Mrs. Prodgit (aided and abetted by Mrs. Bigby) with insanely and inconsistently administering opium to allay the storm she has raised! What is the meaning of this?

If the days of Egyptian mummies are past, how dare Mrs. Prodgit require for the use of my son an amount of flannel and linen that would carpet my humble roof? Do I wonder that she requires it? No! This morning, within an hour, I beheld this agonizing sight. I beheld my son—Augustus George—in Mrs. Prodgit's hands, and on Mrs. Prodgit's knee, being dressed. He was at the moment, comparatively speaking, in a state of nature, having nothing on but an extremely short shirt, remarkably disproportionate to the length of his usual outer garments. Trailing from Mrs. Prodgit's lap, on the floor, was a long narrow roller or bandage —I should say of several yards in extent.

In this I saw Mrs. Prodgit tightly roll the body of my unoffending infant, turning him over and over, now presenting his unconscious face upwards, now the back of his bald head, until the unnatural feat was accomplished, and the bandage secured by a pin, which I have every reason to believe entered the body of my only child. In this tourniquet he passes the present phase of his existence. Can I know it and smile?

I fear I have been betrayed into expressing myself warmly, but I feel deeply. Not for myself; for Augustus George. I dare not interfere. Will any one? Will any publication? Any doctor? Any parent? Anybody? I do not complain that Mrs. Prodgit (aided and abetted by Mrs. Bigby) entirely alienates Maria Jane's affections from me, and interposes an impassable barrier between us. I do not complain of being made of no account. I do not want to be of any account. But Augustus George is a production of nature (I cannot think otherwise), and I claim that he should be treated with some remote reference to nature. In my opinion Mrs. Prodgit is from first to last a convention and a superstition.

CHARLES DICKENS.

The Higher Purpose of Children.

TELL me not of the trim, precisely arranged homes where there are no children; "where," as the good Germans have it, "the flytraps always hang straight on the wall"; tell me not of the never-disturbed nights and days, of the tranquil, unanxious hearts, where children are not! I care not for these things. God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race; to enlarge the hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims, and to call out all our faculties, to extend enterprise and exertion; to bring round our fireside bright faces and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts. My soul blesses the Great Father every day, that he has gladdened the earth with little children.

MARY HOWITT.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

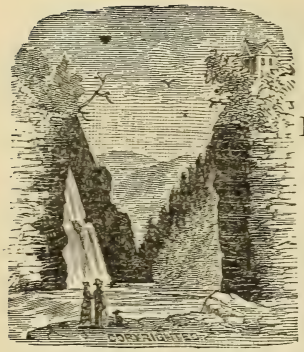
THE tie which links mother and child is of such pure and immaculate strength as to be never violated except by those whose feelings are withered by the refining of vitiated society. Holy, simple and beautiful in its construction, the emblem of all we can imagine of fidelity and truth, is the blessed tie whose value we feel in the cradle, and whose loss we lament on the verge of the very grave, where our mother moulders in dust and ashes. In all our trials, amid all our afflictions, she is our friend; let the world forsake us, she is still by our side; if we sin, she reproves more in sorrow than in anger, nor can she tear us from her bosom, nor forget we are her child.

THE INFANT.

NATURE'S best picture newly drawn, which time and much handling dims and defaces. Whose soul's white paper is yet unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith at length it becomes a blurred note-book. Who yet knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. All the language he speaks is tears, aud they serve well to express his necessity.

POOLE'S PARNASSUS.

The Baby's First Tooth.



MR. and Mrs. Jones had just finished their breakfast. Mr. Jones had pushed back his chair, and was looking under the lounge for his boots. Mrs. Jones sat at the table, holding the infant Jones, and mechanically working her forefinger in its mouth. Suddenly she paused in the motion, threw the astonished child on its back, turned as white as a sheet, pried open its mouth, and immediately gasped "Ephraim!" Mr. Jones, who was yet on his knees with his head under the lounge, at once came forth, rapping his head sharply on the side of the lounge as he did so, and getting on his feet, inquired what was the matter. "Oh Ephraim," said she, the tears rolling down her cheeks and the smiles coursing up. "Why, what is it, Aramathea?" said the astonished Mr. Jones, smartly rubbing his head where it had come in contact with the lounge. "Baby!" she gasped. Mr. Jones turned pale and commenced to sweat. "Baby! O—O—O Ephraim! Baby has—baby has got—a little toothey, oh! oh!" "No!" screamed Mr. Jones, spreading his legs apart, dropping his chin, and staring at the struggling heir with all his might. "I tell you it is," persisted Mrs. Jones, with a slight evidence of hysteria. "Oh, it can't be!" protested Mr. Jones, preparing to swear if it wasn't. "Come here and see for yourself," said Mrs. Jones. "Open its 'ittle mousy-wousy for its own muzzer; that's a toody-woody; that's a blessed 'ittle 'ump of sugar." Thus conjured, the heir opened its mouth sufficiently for the father to thrust in his finger, and that gentleman having convinced himself by the most unmistakable evidence that a tooth was there, immediately kicked his hat across the room, buried his fist in the lounge, and declared with much feeling that he could lick the individual who would dare to intimate that he was not the happiest man on the face of the earth. Then he gave Mrs. Jones a hearty smack on the mouth and snatched up the heir, while that lady rushed tremblingly forth after Mrs. Simmons, who lived next door. In a moment Mrs. Simmons came tearing in as if she had been shot out of a gun, and right behind her came Miss Simmons at a speed that indicated that she had been ejected from two guns. Mrs. Simmons at once snatched the heir from the arms of Mr. Jones and hurried to the window, where she made a careful and critical examination of its mouth, while Mrs. Jones held its head, and Mr. Jones danced up and down the room, and snapped his fingers to show how calm he was. It having been ascertained by Mrs. Simmons that the tooth was a sound one, aud also that the strongest hopes for its future could be entertained on account of its coming in the new of the moon, Mrs. Jones got out the necessary material, and Mr. Jones at once proceeded to write seven different letters to as many persons, unfolding to them the event of the morning, and inviting them to come on as soon as possible.

J. M. BAILEY.

Books and Reading.

I REALLY am in doubt whether or not the young folks ought to be congratulated in consequence of the great number of juvenile books which are being placed before them about this time. An excellent book is certainly excellent company; but there is a limit to all things; and so we may have too many books, taking it for granted that all are good ones.

You all know, that, as a general rule, people in America read too much, and think too little. Reading is a benefit to us only when it leads to reflection. It is useless when it leaves no lasting impression on the mind; it is *worse* than useless if the lesson it conveys be not a really good one.

Suppose you sit down to a well-furnished table at a hotel to eat your dinner. The waiter hands you a bill of fare, upon which is printed a long list of good and wholesome dishes, and then quietly waits until you order what you wish. You are not expected to eat of every one, however attractive they may be, but rather to select what you like best,—enough to make a modest meal,—and let that suffice.

But the selection is not all. If you expect to gain health and strength by your dinner, you must eat it in a proper manner; that is, slowly. Otherwise nature's work will be imperfectly done, and your food become a source of bodily harm, instead of a benefit.

Now, it is precisely so with the food of the mind, which comes to you through books. You are not expected to read everything which comes within your reach. You should rather select the best, and, having done so, read them slowly and carefully. You may read too much as well as eat too much; and while the one will injure your body, the other will as certainly harm your mind.

One of the worst evils which too much reading leads to is a habit of *reading to forget*. You know what a bad habit is, how it clings to us, when once contracted, and how hard it is to be shaken off. Some boys and girls read a book entirely through in a single evening, and the next day are eagerly at work on another, to be as quickly mastered. No mind, however strong, can stand such a strain. You see at once that it would be absolutely impossible for them to remember what they read. And so they read for a momentary enjoyment, and gradually fall into the habit I have spoken of—reading to forget. I need not tell you that such a habit is fatal to any very high position in life.

How often we hear parents boast that their children are "great readers," just as if their intelligence should, in their opinion, be measured by the number of books and papers which they had read! Need I say, that, on the contrary, they are objects of pity?

But how much may we read with profit? That is a question not always easy to answer. Some can read a great deal more than others. Yet, if young people read slowly, and think a great deal about the subject, there is very little danger of their reading too much, provided they select only good books; because good books are

very scarce—much more so in proportion to the number printed than they were twenty years ago; and there are very few young persons who have too great a supply of good works placed within their reach.

I have mentioned one evil which results from too much reading, and will only briefly allude to another equally important. Children who attend school have no time to devote to worthless books. Their studies consume many hours. If, aside from the time which should be devoted to play, to their meals, and the various duties of home, they will read a useless book every day or two, their health is sure to suffer. The evil consequences may not be at once apparent, but in later years the penalty will certainly have to be paid. This reflection alone, if there were no other reason, should induce the young to discard all useless books, and read only such as shall have a tendency to make them wiser and better.

BALLAD OF THE TEMPEST.

WE were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep,—
It was midnight on the waters
And a storm was on the deep.

'T is a fearful thing in Winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder: "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,—
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand:
"Is n't God upon the ocean
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

WE ARE SEVEN.

A SIMPLE child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old she said,
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;—
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered: "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply:
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid;
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied:
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply:
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'T was throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said: "Nay, we are seven!"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

ANNIE IN THE GRAVEYARD.

SHE bounded o'er the graves,
With a buoyant step of mirth;
She bounded o'er the graves,
Where the weeping willow waves,
Like a creature not of earth.

Her hair was blown aside,
And her eyes were glittering bright;
Her hair was blown aside,
And her little hands spread wide,
With an innocent delight.

She spelt the lettered word
That registers the dead;
She spelt the lettered word,
And her busy thoughts were stirred
With pleasure as she read.

She stopped and culled a leaf
Left fluttering on a rose,
She stopped and culled a leaf,
Sweet monument of grief,
That in our churchyard grows.

She culled it with a smile—
'T was near her sister's mound:
She culled it with a smile,
And played with it awhile,
Then scattered it around.

I did not chill her heart,
Nor turn its gush to tears;
I did not chill her heart,
Oh, bitter drops will start
Full soon in coming years.

CAROLINE GILMAN

TO A CHILD.

Written in her album.

SMALL service is true service while it lasts:
Of humblest friends, bright creature!
scorn not one:
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

BABYS

ABIES i luv with all mi heart. They krawl into me and nestle by the side ov mi soul like a kitten under a cook-stove.

I hav raized babies miself, and kno what i am talking about.

I hav got grand-children, and they are wuss than the fust krop tew riot amung the feelings.

If i could hav mi way, i would change all the human beings now on the face ov the earth back into babys at once, and keep them thare, and make this footstool one grand nussery; but what i should do for wet-nusses i don't kno, nor don't care.

I would like tew hav 15 babys now on mi lap, and mi lap ain't the handyest lap in the worl l for babys, neither.

Mi lap iz long enuff, but not the widest kind ov a lap.

I am a good deal ov a man, but i konsist ov length principally; and when i make a lap ov miself, it iz not a mattress, but more like a couple ov rails with a jint in them.

I can hold more babys in mi lap at once than any man in Ameriki, without spilling one, but it hurts the babys.

I never saw a baby in mi life that i didn't want tew kiss.

I am wuss than an old maid in this respekt.

I hav seen babys that i hav refused tew kiss until they had been washt; but the baby want tew blame for this, neither waz i.

Thare are folks in this world who say they don't luv babys, but yu kan depend upon it, when they waz babys sumboddy luved them.

Babys luv me, too. I kan take them out ov their mothers' arms just az easy az i kan an unfledged bird out ov his nest. They luv me bekauze i luv them.

And here let me say, for the comfort and consolashun ov all mothers, that whenever they see me on the cars or on the steambote, out ov a job; they needn't hesitate a minnit tew drop a clean, fat baby into mi lap. I will hold it, and kiss it, and be thankful besides.

Perhaps thare iz people who don't envy me all this; but it is one ov the sharp-cut, well-defined joys ov mi life—my luv for babys and their luv for me.

Perhaps thare iz people who will call it a weakness. I don't kare what they call it—bring on the babys. Unkle Josh haz always a kind word and a kiss for the babys.

I luv babys for the truth thare iz in 'em. I ain't afraid their kiss will betray me—thare iz no frauds, ded beats, nor counterfits amung them.

I wish i waz a baby, not only once more, but for evermore.

BABY'S CRADLE SONG.

WHEN sets the sun, and day is done,
And peaceful eve hides all our care,
When screech-owls cry and brown bats fly
Through the flow'r-fragrant evening air;
When the purple hills grow dark
Far over the dusky moor,
And the noisy sheep-dogs bark
By the vine-hung cottage door—
Then, tenderly, oh, tenderly,
While the faint lights fade and die,
Mother, sitting baby nigh,
Softly sings her lullaby.

When black is night and stars shine bright,
And wolves are howling round the fold,
Where all asleep lie lambs and sheep,
And winds are blowing chill and cold:
When nought in the world is awake
But the little tinkling rill,
Babbling through bush and brake,
Dancing down from the hill—
Then wearily, oh, wearily,
While the lands in slumber lie,
Mother, sitting baby nigh,
Watches her with sleepless eye.

When darkness dies from all the skies,
And streaks of amber paint the east,
When ripples wake along the lake,
And e'en the cricket's chirp has ceased:
When the white moon fades from view,
And over the hills afar,
In the slowly brightening blue,
Wanes the dim sweet morning star—
Then lovingly, oh, lovingly,
While the dawn breaks o'er the sky,
Mother, sitting baby by,
Rocks the cradle carefully.

When full day breaks, and earth awakes,
And all the birds burst into song,
And deep and clear, past pool and mere,
The little streamlet flows along,
Amber, and crimson, and gold,
Flood all the morning sky;
The lambs awake in the fold,
The sparrows chirp and fly;
While happily, oh, happily,
As the morning wind floats by,
Mother watches baby's eye
Open slowly, drowsily.

LITTLE BELL.

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
ANCIENT MARINER.

PIPED the blackbird on the beechwood spray:
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he—
"What's your name? Oh stop and straight unfold,
Pretty maid with showery curls of gold,"—
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks—
Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks—
"Bonny bird," quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before I go."
"Here 's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped; you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird—
Full of quips and wiles,
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while the bonny bird did pour
His full heart out freely o'er and o'er
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
From the blue, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped and through the glade,
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,
And from out the tree
Swung, and leaped, and frolicked, void of fear,—
While bold blackbird piped that all might hear—
"Little Bell," piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern—
"Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return—
Bring me nuts," quoth she.
Up, away the frisky squirrel hies—
Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes—
And adown the tree,
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap, dropped one by one—
Hark, how blackbird pipes to see the fun!
"Happy Bell," pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade—
"Squirrel, squirrel, if you 're not afraid,
Come and share with me!"
Down came squirrel eager for his fare—
Down came bonny blackbird I declare;
Little Bell gave each his honest share—
Ah the merry three!
And the while these frolic playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow,
From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day,
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms to pray—
Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene
Paused awhile to hear—
"What good child is this," the angel said,
"That with happy heart, beside her bed
Prays so lovingly?"
Low and soft, oh! very low and soft,
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft,
"Bell, dear Bell?" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care;
Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm—Love deep and kind,
Shall watch around and leave good gifts behind,
Little Bell, for thee!"

T. WESTWOOD.

Little Baggage.

WAITING at a wayside station
For a weary hour's duration,
Lost in anxious cogitation,
Over this and that;

In there tripped a little maiden,
Box and bag and basket laden,
And beside me sat.

Little baggage! rich in treasure;
Youth and hope, and heart for pleasure,
Sweet contentment without measure,
All I once possessed.
Small, fair fingers, folded quaintly,
Blue eyes very calm and saintly,
Very full of rest.

Little dove of peace, I thought her,
Bless the happy stars that brought her!
To my care-worn heart I caught her,
Though she never knew.
And the dark cloud of repining
Sudden showed its silver lining
Bright against the blue.

Oh, the charm of childhood's graces!
Changing earth's most desert places
Into such a fair oasis,
Fresh with morning dew;
That the world, grown old and dreary,
Seems less work-a-day and weary,
And hope wakes anew.

Sooner can their freshness free us
From the cares that years decree us,
Than the fabled child of Zeus
Could to youth restore.
Happy who the myth believing,
And the nectar cup receiving,
Lives a child once more.

EMMA SMULLER.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

An Inverary correspondent writes: "Thom gave me the following narrative as to the origin of 'The Mitherless Bairn': I quote his own words. 'When I was livin' in Aberdeen, I was limping roun' the house to my garret, when I heard the greetin' o' a wean. A lassie was thumpin' a bairn, when out cam a big dame, bellowin', "Ye hussie, will ye lick a mitherless bairn!" I hobbled up the stair and wrote the sang afore sleepin'."

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
Wha stands last and lanely, an' naebody carin'?
'T is the puir doited loonie,—the mitherless bairn!

The mitherless bairn gangs to his lane bed;
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
An' litheless the lair o' the mitherless bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow siccan dreams hover there,
O' hands that wont kindly to kame his dark hair,
But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn!

Yon sister that sang o'er his saftly rocked bed
Now rests in the mools where her mammie is laid;
The father toils sair their wee bannock to earn,
An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit, that passed in yon hour o' his birth,
Still watches his wearisome wanderings on earth;
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

O, speak him na harshly,—he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile;
In their dark hour o' anguish the heartless shall learn
That God deals the blow, for the mitherless bairn!

WILLIAM THOM.

The Good-Night Kiss.

ALWAYS send your little child to bed happy. Whatever cares may trouble your mind, give the dear child a warm good-night kiss as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this, in the stormy years which may be in store for the little one, will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherds; and welling up in the heart will rise the thought: "My father, my mother—*loved me!*" Lips parched with fever will become dewy again at this thrill of useful memories. Kiss your little child before it goes to sleep.

The Shepherd Boy.

LIKE some vision olden
Of far other time,
When the age was golden,
In the young world's prime,
Is thy soft pipe ringing,
O lonely shepherd boy:
What song art thou singing,
In thy youth and joy?

Or art thou complaining
Of thy lowly lot,
And thine own disdaining,
Dost ask what thou hast not?
Of the future dreaming,
Weary of the past,
For the present scheming—
All but what thou hast.

No, thou art delighting
In thy summer home;
Where the flowers inviting
Tempt the bee to roam;
Where the cowslip, bending
With its golden bells,
Of each glad hour's ending
With a sweet chime tells.

All wild creatures love him
When he is alone;
Every bird above him
Sings its softest tone.
Thankful to high Heaven,
Humble in thy joy,
Much to thee is given,
Lowly shepherd boy.

LÆTITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

TO A CHILD.

THY memory, as a spell
Of love, comes o'er my mind—
As dew upon the purple bell—
As perfume on the wind;—
As music on the sea—
As sunshine on the river;—
So hath it always been to me,
So shall it be forever.

I hear thy voice in dreams
Upon me softly call,
Like echoes of the mountain streams,
In sportive waterfall.
I see thy form as when
Thou wert a living thing,
And blossomed in the eyes of men,
Like any flower of spring.

Thy soul to heaven hath fled,
From earthly thraldom free;
Yet, 't is not as the dead
That thou appear'st to me.
In slumber I behold
Thy form, as when on earth,
Thy locks of waving gold,
Thy sapphire eye of mirth.

I hear, in solitude,
The prattle kind and free
Thou utter'st in joyful mood
While seated on my knee.
So strong each vision seems
My spirit that doth fill,
I think not they are dreams,
But that thou livest still.

LITTLE TODDIE.

IS it bright with summer gladness,
Toddie dear;
Is there nowhere any sadness,
Toddie dear;
In that land of pleasant mountains,
Crystal rivers, silver fountains,
In that home to which you hastened
From the home by sorrow chastened,
Joyless here?

Do the seraph-bands surround you,
Toddie boy?
Do the angels gather round you,
Toddie boy?
Do they keep your heart from grieving
For the mother you are leaving,
For the mother who is groaning
With a broken-hearted moaning
For her boy?

Yes, we know that love upholds you,
Toddie dear;
That a wondrous love enfolds you,
Toddie dear,
With an infinite sweet pity.
In that shining golden city
Little ones are crowned with blessing,
All the Saviour's care possessing,
There as here.

But we loved you very dearly,
Toddie boy;
And we held you very nearly,
Toddie boy!
Many, many tender mothers,
Little sisters, little brothers,
Would be sorely grieved in spirit,
But they know that you inherit
Peace and joy.

PELEG ARKWRIGHT.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

WHEN the corn-fields and meadows
Are pearled with the dew,
With the first sunny shadow
Walks little Boy Blue.

Oh the Nymphs and the Graces
Still gleam on his eyes,
And the kind fairy faces
Look down from the skies;

And a secret revealing
Of life within life,
When feeling meets feeling
In musical strife;

A winding and weaving
In flowers and in trees,
A floating and heaving
In sunlight and breeze;

A striving and soaring,
A gladness and grace,
Make him kneel half adoring
The God in the place.

Then amid the live shadows
Of lambs at their play,
Where the kine scent the meadows
With breath like the May,

He stands in the splendor
That waits on the morn,
And a music more tender
Distils from his horn;

And he weeps, he rejoices,
He prays; nor in vain,
For soft loving voices
Will answer again;

And the Nymphs and the Graces
Still gleam through the dew,
And kind fairy faces
Watch little Boy Blue.

Deathlessness of the Innocent and Good.

THERE is nothing, no, nothing innocent and good that dies, and is forgotten: let us hold to that faith, or none. An infant, a prattling child, dying in the cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it; and play its part through them, in the redeeming actions of the world, though its body be burned to ashes, or drowned in the deep sea. Forgotten! Oh if the deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear; for how much charity, mercy and purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE PET NAME.

"The name
Which from THEIR lips seemed a caress."
MISS MITFORD'S *Dramatic Scenes.*

I HAVE a name, a little name,
Uncadenced for the ear,
Unhonored by ancestral claim,
Unsanctified by prayer and psalm
The solemn font anear.

It never did, to pages wove
For gay romance, belong.
It never dedicate did move
As "Sacharissa," unto love,—
"Orinda," unto song.

Though I write books, it will be read
Upon the leaves of none,
And afterward, when I am dead,
Will ne'er be graved for sight or tread,
Across my funeral-stone.

This name, whoever chance to call
Perhaps your smile may win.
Nay, do not smile! mine eyelids fall
Over mine eyes, and feel withal
The sudden tears within.

Is there a leaf that greenly grows
Where summer meadows bloom,
But gathereth the winter snows,
And changeth to the hue of those,
If lasting till they come?

Is there a word, or jest, or game,
But time encrusteth round
With sad associate thoughts the same?
And so to me my very name
Assumes a mournful sound.

My brother gave that name to me
When we were children twain,—
When names acquired baptismally
Were hard to utter, as to see
That life had any pain.

No shade was on us then, save one
Of chestnuts from the hill,—
And through the word our laugh did run
As part thereof. The mirth being done,
He calls me by it still.

Nay, do not smile! I hear in it
What none of you can hear,—
The talk upon the willow seat,
The bird and wind that did repeat
Around, our human cheer.

I hear the birthday's noisy bliss,
My sisters' woodland glee,—
My father's praise I did not miss,
When, stooping down, he cared to kiss
The poet at his knee,—

And voices which, to name me, aye
Their tenderest tones were keeping,—
To some I nevermore can say
An answer, till God wipes away
In heaven these drops of weeping.

My name to me a sadness wears;
No murmurs cross my mind.
Now God be thanked for these thick tears,
Which show, of those departed years,
Sweet memories left behind.

Now God be thanked for years enwrought
With love which softens yet.
Now God be thanked for every thought
Which is so tender it has caught
Earth's guerdon of regret.

Earth saddens, never shall remove,
Affections purely given;
And e'en that mortal grief shall prove
The immortality of love,
And heighted it with Heaven.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

MAMMA'S KISSES.

KISS when I awake in the morning,
A kiss when I go to bed,
A kiss when I burn my finger,
A kiss when I bump my head.

A kiss when my bath is over,
A kiss when my bath begins;
My mamma is full of kisses,
As full as nurse is of pins.

A kiss when I play with my rattle,
A kiss when I pull her hair;
She covered me over with kisses
The day I fell from the stair.

A kiss when I give her trouble,
A kiss when I give her joy;
There's nothing like mamma's kisses
For her own little baby boy.

A. E. FABERS.

My Baby.

WITH frolicsome freaks,
And rosy, red cheeks,
My baby lies waiting for me;
He thinks not of crying,
But ever is trying
To sing a glad song in his glee.

His parted lips show
Three teeth in a row,
As white and as precious as pearls:
And his soft, silken hair
O'er his forehead so fair
Falls in dark, thick-clustering curls.

His eyes, like two stars,
Peep out from the bars
Of his crib, as he watches for me,
And his pink little toes,
Down under the clothes,
Are kicking about to be free.

I'm coming, my boy!
My treasure, my joy!
You shall wait no longer for me;
But we'll up and away,
And be merry and gay,
Out under the old maple tree.

ELIZABETH OLMIS.

TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

LOVE thy mother, little one!
Kiss and clasp her neck again,—
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.
Love thy mother, little one!

Gaze upon her living eyes,
And mirror back her love for thee,—
Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs
To meet them when they cannot see.
Gaze upon her living eyes!

Press her lips the while they glow
With love that they have often told,—
Hereafter thou may'st press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold.
Press her lips the while they glow!

Oh, revere her raven hair!
Although it be not silver-gray—
Too early Death, led on by Care,
May snatch save one dear lock away.
Oh, revere her raven hair!

Pray for her at eve and morn,
That Heaven may long the stroke defer—
For thou may'st live the hour forlorn
When thou wilt ask to die with her.
Pray for her at eve and morn!

THOMAS HOOD.

BEFORE AND AFTER SCHOOL.

BEFORE SCHOOL.

"QUARTER to nine!
Boys and girls, do you hear?"
"One more buckwheat, then—
Be quick, mother dear,
Where is my luncheon-box?"—
"Under the shelf,
Just in the place
You left it yourself!"
"I can't say my table!"—
"Oh, find me my cap!"
"One kiss for mamma,
And sweet Sis in her lap."
"Be good, dear!"—"I'll try."
"9 times 9's 81."
"Take your mittens!"—"All right."—
"Hurry up, Bill; let's run."
With a slam of the door
They are off, girls and boys,
And the mother draws breath
In the lull of their noise.

AFTER SCHOOL.

"Don't wake up the baby!
Come gently, my dear!"
Oh, mother, I've torn my
New dress, just look here!
I'm sorry, I only was
Climbing the wall."
"Oh, mother, my map
Was the nicest of all!"
"And Nelly, in spelling,
Went up to the head!"
"Oh, say! can I go out
On the hill with my sled?"
"I've got such a toothache."—
"The teacher's unfair!"
"Is dinner most ready?
I'm just like a bear!"
Be patient, worn mother
They're growing up fast,
These nursery whirlwinds,
Not long do they last;
A still, lonely house would be
Far worse than noise;
Rejoice and be glad in
Your brave girls and boys!

R. I. SCHOOLMASTER

Baby's First Step.

'TWAS a very simple lesson,
So simple—yet deep and sweet.
'Twas taught by our year-old baby,
Whose wee little dancing feet
Were tottering on the threshold
Of the open nursery door,
His bright eyes intently watching
A new toy upon the floor.

All untried and untested
Were those tiny, active feet;
Never one step had they taken
In nursery or on the street;
But the toy lay far beyond them,
And our baby's eager eyes
Danced, and he crowed in his gladness
As he saw the glittering prize.

"Come, little boy; come and take it;
Father will not let you fall."
He lifted his face and listened,
As he heard the gentle call;
Turned his sweet blue eyes, and seeing
A strong hand on either eide,
Gathered all his faith and courage,
And his first weak footstep tried.

The Other Side of the Moon.

SHE turns her great grave eyes toward mine,
While I stroke her soft hair's gold;
We watched the moon through the window shine;
She is only six years old.
"Is it true," she asks, with her guileless mien,
And her voice in tender tune,
"That nobody ever yet has seen
The other side of the moon?"

I smile at her question, answering "Yes;"
And then, by a strange thought stirred,
I murmur, half in forgetfulness
That she listens to every word:
"There are treasures on earth so rich and fair
That they can not stay with us here,
And the other side of the moon is where
They go when they disappear!

"There are hopes that the spirit hardly names,
And songs that it mutely sings;
There are good resolves, and exalted aims
There are longings for nobler things;
There are sounds and visions that haunt our lot,
Ere they vanish, or seem to die,
And the other side of the moon (why not?)
Is the far bourne where they fly!

"We could guess how that realm were passing sweet,
And of strangely precious worth,
If its distant reaches enshrined complete
The incompleteness of earth!
If there we could find, like a living dream,
What here we but mourn and miss,
Oh, the other side of the moon must beam
With a glory unknown in this!"

"Are you talking of Heaven?" she whispers now,
While she nestles against my knees.
And I say, as I kiss her white wide brow,
"You may call it so, if you please....
For whatever that wondrous land may be,
Should we journey there, late or soon,
Perhaps we may look down from Heaven and see—
The other side of the moon!"

EDGAR FAUCETT.

The Wee Bit Shoon.

THE wee bit shoon she used to wear
They gav me aften greet;
At gloamin' time could I aince mair
But haud those pink-white feet.

But haud those feet within my han's,
An' hear her ripplin' glee,
A warl' o' houses an' o' lan's,
Hoo empty wad they be.

Those tiny palms, could I but taste,
Sae aft to me stretched out,
The earth wad be nae mair a waste,
My heid nae whirl about.

The curls, hauf-grown, that graced her broo,
The glintin' o' her een,
The tremblin' o' her matchless mou',
Still haunt me, though unseen.

Wad death gie back, for ane short hour,
The lapfu' that was mine;
But, ah! but, ah! I'd hae nae power
The treasure to resign.

J. C. RANKIN, D. D.

Father at Play.

SUCH fun as we had one rainy day,
When father was home and helped us play!

We made a ship and hoisted sail,
And crossed the sea in a fearful gale—

But we hadn't sailed into London town,
When captain and crew and vessel went down.

Down, down in a jolly wreck,
With the captain rolling under the deck.

But he broke out again with a lion's roar,
And we on two legs, he on four,

Ran out of the parlor and up the stair,
And frightened mamma and the baby there.

So mamma said she'd be p'liceman now,
And tried to *'rest* us. She didn't know how!

Then the lion laughed and forgot to roar,
Till we chased him out of the nursery door;

And then he turned to a pony gay,
And carried us all on his back away.

Whippity, lickity, hickity ho!
If we hadn't fun, then I don't know!

Till we tumbled off and he cantered on,
Never stopping to see if his load was gone.

And I couldn't tell any more than he
Which was Charlie and which was me,

Or which was Towzer, for all in a mix
You'd think three people had turned to six.

Till Towzer's tail was caught in the door;
He wouldn't hurrah with us any more.

And mamma came out the rumpus to quiet,
And told us a story to break up the riot.

SOWING IN TEARS.

STRAIGHT and still the baby lies,
No more smiling in his eyes,
Neither tears nor wailing cries.

Smiles and tears alike are done;
He has need of neither one—
Only, I must weep alone.

Tiny fingers, all too slight,
Hold within their grasping tight,
Waxen berries scarce more white.

Nights and days of weary pain,
I have held them close—in vain;
Now I never shall again.

Crossed upon a silent breast,
By no suffering distressed,
Here they lie in marble rest;

They shall ne'er unfolded be,
Never more in agony
Cling so pleadingly to me.

Never! Oh, the hopeless sound
To my heart so closely wound
All his little being round!

I forget the shining crown,
Glad exchange for cross laid down,
Now his baby brows upon.

Yearning sore, I only know
I am very full of woe—
And I want my baby so!

Selfish heart, that thou shouldst prove
So unworthy of the love
Which thine idol doth remove!

Blinded eyes, that cannot see
Past the present misery,
Joy and comfort full and free!

O! my Father, loving Lord!
I am ashamed at my own word;
Strength and patience me afford.

I will yield me to thy will;
Now thy purposes fulfil;
Only help me to be still.

Though my mother-heart shall ache,
I believe that for thy sake
It shall not entirely break.

And I know I yet shall own,
For my seeds of sorrow sown,
Sheaves of joy around thy throne!

A Home Scene.

LOVE with your whole soul,—father mother and sister,—for these loves shall die! —Not indeed in thought,—God be thanked! Nor yet in tears,—for he is merciful! But they shall die, as the leaves die,—die, as Spring dies into the heat and ripeness of Summer, and as boyhood dies into the elasticity and ambition of youth. Death, Distance, and Time shall each one of them dig graves for your affections; but this you do not know, nor can know till the story of your life is ended.

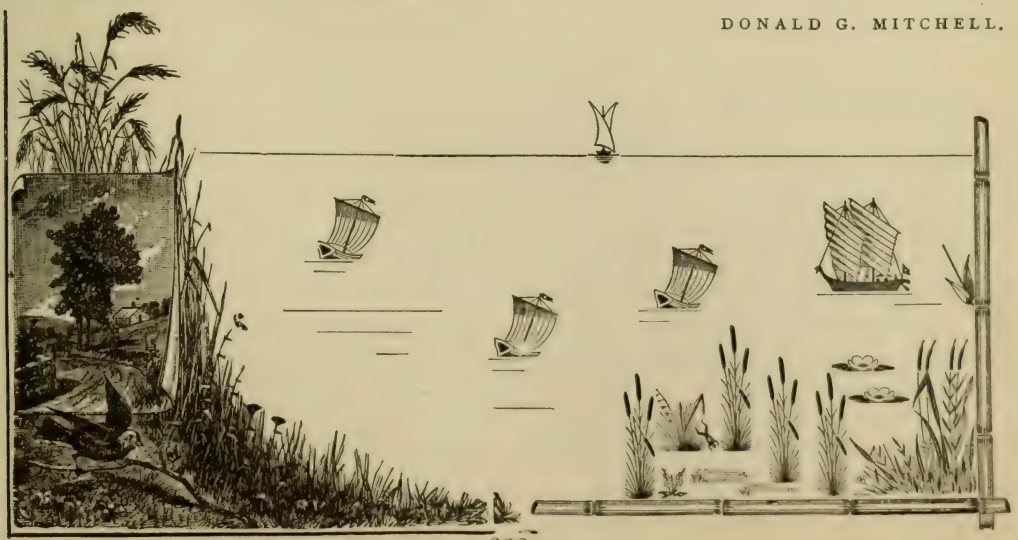
The dreams of riches, of love, of voyage, of learning that light up the boy age with splendor, will pass on and over into the hotter dreams of youth. Spring buds and blossoms, under the glowing sun of April, nurture at their heart those first-lings of fruit which the heat of summer shall ripen.

You little know—and for this you may well thank Heaven—that you are leaving the Spring of life, and you are floating fast from the shady sources of your years into heat, bustle, and storm. Your dreams are now faint, flickering shadows, that play like fire-flies in the coppices of leafy June. They have no rule but the rule of infantile desire; they have no joys to promise greater than joys that belong to your passing life; they have no terrors but such terrors as the darkness of a Spring night makes. They do not take hold on your soul as the dreams of youth and manhood will do.

Your highest hope is shadowed in a cheerful, boyish home. You wish no friends but the friends of boyhood; no sister but your fond Nelly; none to love better than the playful Madge.

You forget Clarence that the Spring with you is the Spring with them, and that the storms of summer may chase wide shadows over your path and over theirs. And you forget that Summer is even now lowering with mist, and with its scorching rays, upon the hem of your flowery May.

DONALD G. MITCHELL.



DE OF CHILDHOOD.

BOYHOOD.

FAIR budding age,
Which next upon life's stage
Passest a fairy dream before the eyes,
High health and bounding limb,
Eager and stretching towards the wished-for prize;
Whate'er the passing care that takes thy thought,
I catch the sweet brisk scent of trodden grass
When through the golden afternoon
Of a long day in June,
Until the twilight dim,
The playfield echoes with the joyous noise
Of troops of agile boys,
Who, bare-armed, throw the rapid-bounding ball;
Who shout and race and fall.

I see the warm pool fringed with meadow-sweet,
Where stream in summer, with eager feet
Through gold of buttercups and crested grass,
The gay processions stripping as they pass.
I hear the cool and glassy depths divide
As the bold fair young bodies, far more fair
Than ever sculptured Nereids were,
Plunge fearless down, or push, with front or side,
Through the caressing wave.

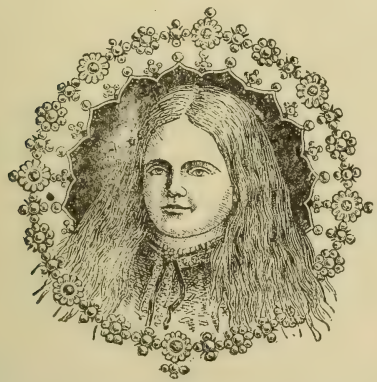
I mark the deadly chill, thro' the young blood,
When some young life, snatched from the cruel flood,
Looks once upon the flowers, the fields, the sun,—
Looks once, and then is done!
Or the grey, frosty field, and the great ball
Urged on by flying feet.

Or when the skate rings on the frozen lake,
The gliding phantoms fleet,
Rosy with health, and laughing though they fall.

Or by the rapid stream or swirling pool,
The fisher, with his pliant wand.

Or by the covert-side, taking his stand,
The shooter, watching patient hour by hour
With that hard youthful heart that young breasts hold,
Till the fur glances through the brake;
As when our savage sires wandered of old,
Hungering through primal wastes. I see them all,
The brisk, swift days of youth, which cares for nought
But for the joy of living; scarce a thought
Of Love, or Knowledge, or at best
Such labor as gives zest
To the great joy of living. Oh, blest time!
For which each passing hour rings out a chime
Of joy-bells all the year; ay, tho' through days
Of ill thou farest, and unhappy ways;
Or whether on the sun-struck lands thy feet
Are the young savage hunter's, lithe and fleet,
Turning at night-fall to thy father's cot,

Bathed in the full white moonlight; or dost stand
'Mid the hushed plains of some forsaken land;—
Where'er thou art, oh, boyhood! thou art free
And fresn as the young breeze in summer born
On sun-kissed hills or on the laughing sea,
Or gay bird-music breathing of the morn,
Or some sweet rose-bud pearled with early dew,
As brief and fair as you.



GIRLHOOD.

OR in another channel still more sweet,
Life's current flows along,
Ere yet the tide of passion, full and strong,
Hurries the maiden's feet.
Oh, sweet and early girlish years
Of innocent hopes and fears!
Busied with fancies bright and gay,
Which Love shall chase away,
When, with the flutter of celestial wings,
He stirs the soul forth from its depths, and brings
Healing from trouble. Oh, deep well
Of fairy fancies undefiled!
Oh, sweet and innocent child!

Now with thy doll I see thee full of care,
Or filled already with the mother's air,
Hushing thy child to sleep.
And now thyself immersed in slumbers, deep
Yet light, I see thee lie.
And now the singer, lifting a clear voice
In soaring hymns or carols that rejoice,
Or busied with thy seam, or doubly fair
For the unconscious rapture of thy look
Lost in some simple book.
Whate'er the color of thy face,
Thou art fulfilled with grace.
Oh, little maiden, fair or brown!
Thine is the simple beauty which doth crown
The dreams of happy fathers, who have past
By Love and Passion, and have come
To know pure joys of home;
And for the hurry and haste of younger years,
Have taken the hearth that cheers,
And the fair realm of duty, and delight
Of innocent faces bright,
And the sweet wells of feeling and white love,
A daughter's name can move.

In every clime and age I see thee still,
Since the rude nomads wandered forth at will
Upon the unbounded Aryan pastures wild—
There thou wert, oh, fair child!
"The milker" 'twas they called thee; all day long
Tending the browsing herds with high-voiced song;
Or on some sun-warmed place
Upon the flower-faced grass,
Watching the old clouds pass,
And weaving wreaths with such wild grace
And sprightly girlish glee
As Proserpine did once in sunny Sicily.

Or maybe by some widowed hearth—
The fairest, saddest sight on earth,
Filled too soon with sweet care,
And bringing back the voice and air
Of thy dead mother; thou art set
An innocent virgin-mother, childlike yet.
Thy baby sisters on thy loving arm
Sleep fast, secure from harm.
Thou hast no time for game or toy,
Or other thought but this;

Who findest thy full reward, thy chiefest joy,
In thy fond father's kiss.
Or under palms to-day,
Thy childhood fleets away;
Or by the broadening shadow hid,
Of tomb or pyramid;
In stainless whiteness; or maybe
Forlorn in haunts of misery;
Thou keepest on thy rounded face
Some unforgotten trace
Of the old primal days unsung,
Of the fresh breezes of pure morn
When the first maiden child was born,
And Time was young.

FAIR streams which run as yet
Each in its separate channel from the snows;
Boyhood and girlhood; while Life's banks are set
With blooms that kiss the clear lymph as it flows,
One swift and strong and deep,
One where the lilies sleep;—
Fair streams, which soon some stress of Life and Time
Shall bring together,
Under new magical skies and the strange weather
Of an enchanted clime.

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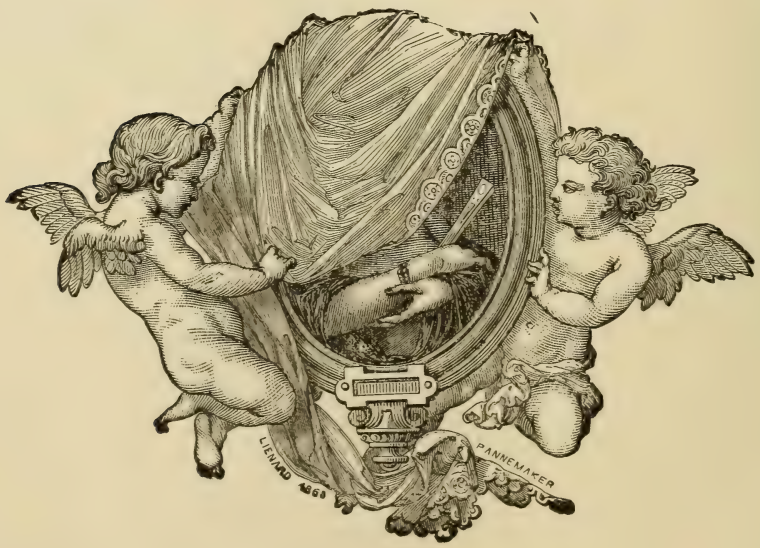
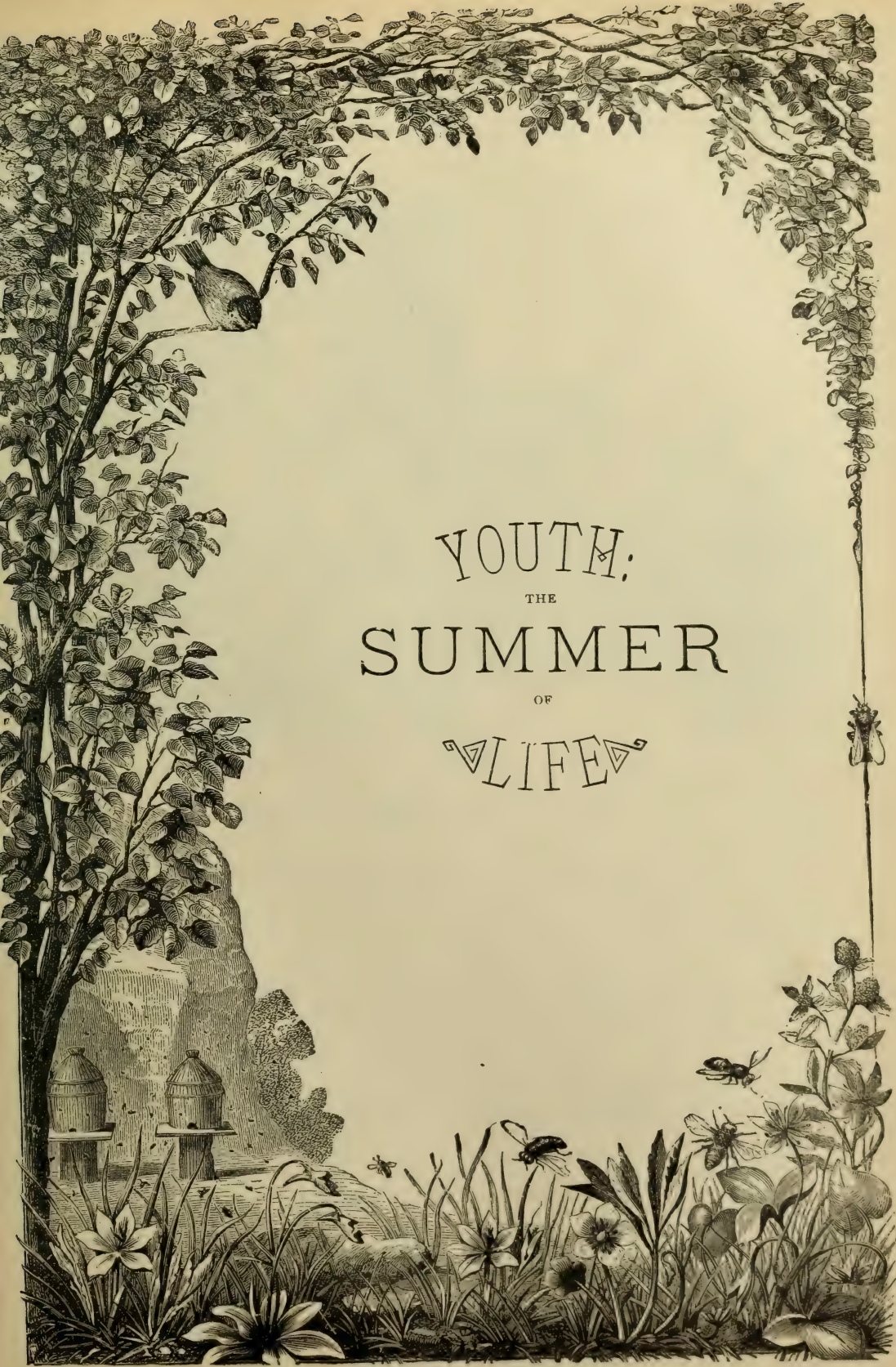


WAITING FOR THE LOVER.



YOUTH:

THE

SUMMER

OF

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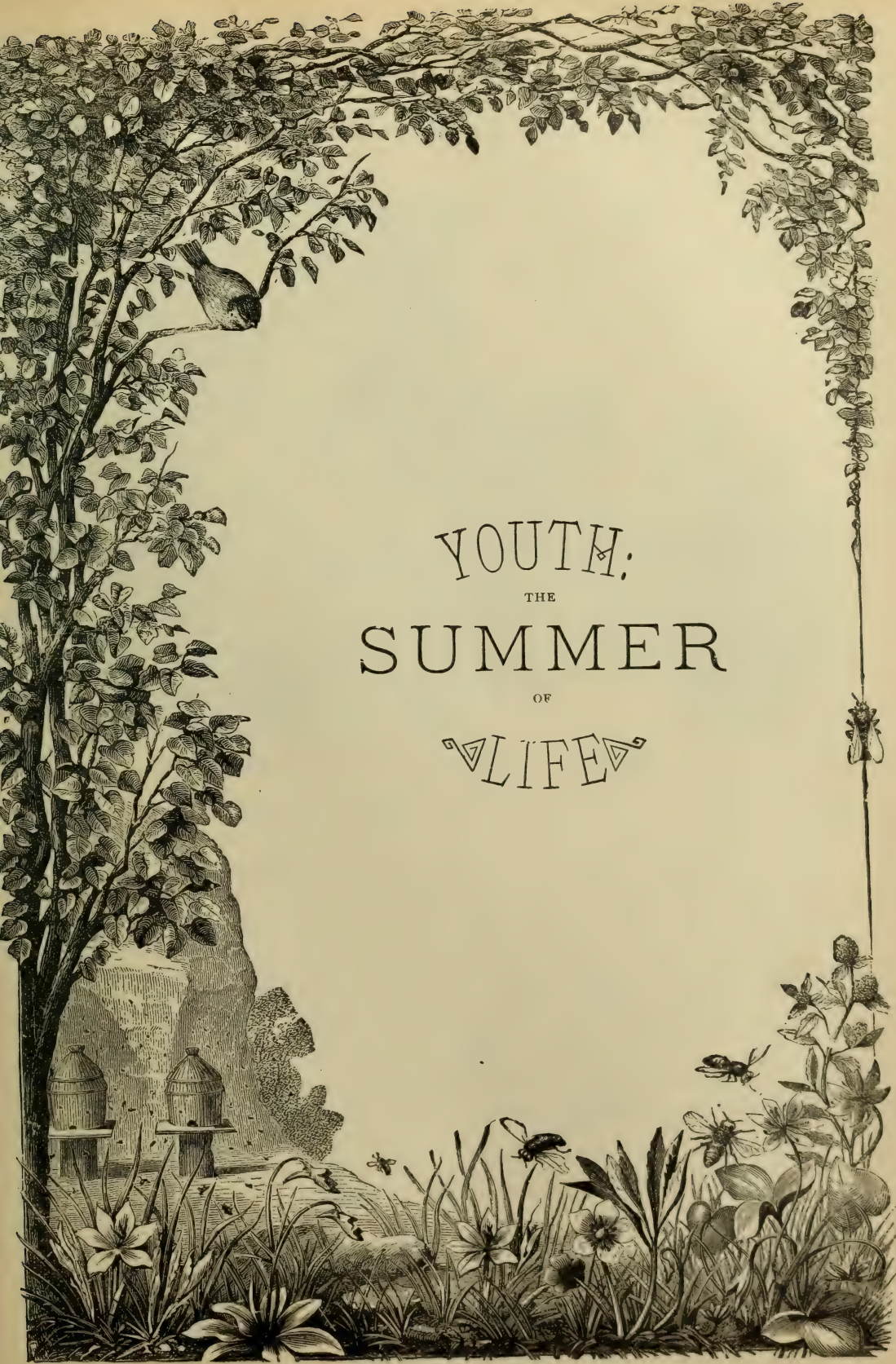

YOUTH:
THE
SUMMER
OF
LIFE

THERE is nothing can equal the tender hours when life is first in bloom;
When the heart, like a bee in a wild of flowers, finds everywhere perfume;
When the present is all, and it questions not if those flowers shall pass away,
But pleased with its own delightful lot, dreams never of decay.

How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
Book of Beginning, Story without End,
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

The youth whose bark is guided o'er
A summer stream by zephyr's breath,
With idle gaze delights to pore
On imaged skies that glow beneath.

WM. LEGGETT.

The morning of life is like the dawn of day, full of purity, of imagery, and harmony. CHATEAUBRIAND.

I would not waste my spring of youth
In idle dalliance: I would plant rich seeds,
To blossom in my manhood, and bear fruit when I am old.

HILLHOUSE.

Be affable and courteous in youth, that
You may be honored in age.

LILLY.

Youth! youth! how buoyant are thy hopes, they turn
Like marigolds, toward the sunny side.

JEAN INGELOW.

Oh happy youth! and favor'd of the skies,
Distinguish'd care of guardian deities.

POPE.

In the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.

SHAKESPEARE.

Youth comes but once in a lifetime.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

WHAT is youth?—A dancing billow, winds behind, and rocks before!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE ODE OF YOUTH.

NOW upon the tree of life there rise
Before our wondering eyes
Two strange new flowers of varied hue.
The tree is grown,
The flowers are blown,
There is nought wanting to its early sweetness;
But with a full completeness,
The purple bloom and white
Fill the entranced, admiring sight.
The tree is grown, the tree is strong;
Oh! dear to art and song!
Fair time of Flowers! within whose chalice sweet
Lurks Youth with rosy feet,
And Love with purple folded wing,
And birdlike thoughts that sing.

EARLY MANHOOD.

AND first, oh youth, I see thee with the plume
Of thy thick locks upon thy forehead set,
And thy frank eyes kindling with fire, or dim
With soaring thoughts of heaven, or wet
With kindly dews of pity; the straight limb
And the strong arm, and force that never tires;
The cheek and lip touched with the early down
Of manhood's fullest crown;
The heart, which hardly thought of passion fires;

The mind, which opens like a flower in spring
To all the wanton airs the seasons bring;—
The young existence self-contained no longer,
But pressing outward hour by hour,
Fired with a thirst continually stronger,
For some supreme white flower.
Whatever be the prize—
Whether upon the difficult heights of Thought,
Or 'midst the white laborious dust of Duty,
Or on the peaks of Power, the bloom be sought,
Or in the flush and thrill of the new Beauty
Born of a maiden's eyes.
Oh, happiest age of all!
When hope is without measure,
And life a thrill of pleasure,
And health is high and force unspent,
Nor Disappointment yet, nor sordid Care,
Nor yet Satiety, nor the cold chill
Which creeps upon the world-worn heart to kill
All higher hope, and leaves us to despair.
No doubt of God or men can touch, but all
The garden ground of Life is opened wide;
And lo! on every side
The flowers of spring are blooming, and the air
Is scented, and sweet song is everywhere,
And young eyes read from an enchanted book,
With rapt entranced look,
Love's legend and the Dream of days to be,
And fables fair of Life's mythology,
Rapt hour by hour till dewy twilight fall.

Whatever be the page—
Whether on metaphysical riddles faint,
Or the rapt visions of some far-off seer,
The burning thoughts of saint,
Or maxims of the sage—
Thou comest, oh youth, with thought as sure,
With mind severe and pure;
Thou takest afresh, with each returning year,
The fair thin dreams, the philosophic lore
Of the great names of yore—
Plato the wise, Confucius, Socrates,
The blest Gautama—all are thine—;
Upon thee year by year the words divine
Of our great Master, falling like the dew,
Fill thee, to hate the wrong, to love the true;
For thee the fair poetic page is spread
Of the great living and the greater dead;
For thee the glorious gains of Science lie
Stretched open to thine eye;
And to thy fresh and undimmed brain,
The mysteries of Nature and of Space
Seem easy to explain;
Thou lookest with clear gaze upon the long
Confusions of the Race, the paradox of Wrong;
And dost not fear to trace,
With youth's strong fiery faith that knows no chill,
The secret of Transgression, the prime source
Of Good and Evil, and the unfailing course
Of the Ineffable Will.
And sometimes life, glowing with too fierce fire,
O'er sea and land in rapid chase,
Snatches thee with tumultuous will,
And careless, breathless pace.
Sometimes a subtle flame
Comes on thee, as a shadow of night,
Marring thy young life's white,
And some strange thrill thou knowest without a name,
And at thy side shamefast Desire
Stands unreproved and guides thy bashful feet
To where, girt by dim depths of solitude,
Sits Fancy, disarrayed, in a deep wood;
And oh, but the youth runs swift and pleasure is sweet!
And sometimes, too, looking with too bold eye
Upon the unclouded sky,
Sudden the heavens are hidden, and the great Sun
Sinks as if day were done,
And the brain reels and all the life grows faint,
Smitten by too much light; or a thick haze
Born out of sense doth overcloud
The soul, and leaves it blind and in amaze,
And the young heart is dull and the young brain
Dark till God shine again.

Oh, fairest age of all!
Whate'er thy race or clime,
To-day ten thousand cities on thee call,
Broad plain and palm-fringed isle.
Thine is the swelling life, the eager glance and smile,
Oh, precious fruit of Life and Time!
Oh, worker of the world! to whose young arm
The brute earth yields and wrong, as to a charm;
Young seaman, soldier, student, toiler at the plough,

Or loom, or forge, or mine, a kingly growth
art thou!
Where'er thou art, though earthy oft and
coarse,
Thou bearest with thee hidden springs of
force,
Creative power, the flower, the fruitful strife,
The germ, the potency of Life,
Which draws all things to thee unwittingly,
The Future lies within thy loins, and all the
Days to be
To thee Time giveth to beget,
The Thought that shall redeem and lift man
higher yet.

MAIDENHOOD.

BUT lo! another form appears
Upon the glass. Oh, pure and white!
Oh, delicate and bright!
Oh, primal growth of Time!
Sweet maidenhood! that to a silvery chime
Of music, and chaste fancies undefiled,
And modest grace and mild,
Comest, best gift of God to men,
As fair to-day as when
The first man, waking from his deep
And fancy-haunted sleep,
Found his strength spent, and at his side
His fair dream glorified;
High-soaring note, keeping the eternal song
Through secular discords long.
Oh, lily of Life's garden! fair of hue
And sweet of scent, watered with heaven's
own dew;
Fair being, that holdest hidden motherhood
And undeveloped good;
Implicit in thee, even as white blooms hold
Their fragrant globes of gold,
Men know no praise they can withhold from
thee,
Oh, sweet virginity!
Since Artemis first trod the youngling earth.
Thou glorious and surpassing birth!
The Vestal fires were thine, the convents cold
Are thine as those of old.
To thee, when strong sweet flowers of Life and
Sense,
Scent gross, we turn, oh white and gracious
innocence!
Yea, still, while life flows fast and free,
To thee we turn a world-worn eye.
Throbbing delights are youth's and pulses
high;
Yet sometimes these will pall, and then to thee
We turn, oh fair pale lily, clothed with purity!

For sure it is indeed
Two streams through Life's ground flow, and
both are good—
The one whose goal is gracious motherhood;
The other in the cloister pale and dim
Finding sufficient meed
In pure observance, rite, and soaring hymn.
We may not blame nor hold them wrong
Who through their lives their liturgies
prolong,
Even though the prize of motherhood be
great.
But always thine, oh, blest estate!
Thine it is, even in youth's hot sun, to keep
Celestial snows and pure abysses deep.
I see thy fair expanding mind,
A precious blossom parcel-blown,
Not with the young man's ardent rage,
But with a gentler radiance all thy own,
Fixed now on history's fabled page,
Now on the bard's diviner thought,
And now by some deep music stirred,
Deeper than any spoken word,
Or sweet love-story soft as southern wind.

Dear flower and fair to mortal eye,
Whatever be thy age, thy clime, thy race,
Whether the gentle curve of thy young breast
Be hidden in white lawn or stand confest
In innocent brown nakedness and grace,
Thou art the high and unattained prize
Of all the generations that have been;
Upon Life's throne thou sittest as a Queen,
And at thy gracious feet
The ages kneel to thy eternal Truth.
Thy pure and spotless innocence,
And free from stain of Time and Sense,
Thy undefiled youth.

White flower of Life's tree,
Love like a wanton bee,
Shall fly to thee, and from thy deep cold cells
Rifle the honey. Tranquil stream,
That from the chill heart of the untrodden
snow,
So calm and clear dost flow;
Spring wakes beneath the gleam
Of a new sun which swells
A warm and rapid torrent strong.
Soon in the sunny balmy weather,
To break its banks and bear together
Your mingled streams along.

A PASTORAL SONG.

WHERE, in a meadow bright with dew,
A little brooklet wanders through,
And the soft breeze sweet echo brings,
A shepherd tends his sheep and sings:

"O little love! where'er the place,
I dream of thee through all the hours;
Deep in the cups of dewy flowers
Bright fancy weaves for me thy face.

"The lark that soars far up above
The meadows and the babbling streams,
And carols forth his song, but seems
To echo thy sweet voice, my love!

"Down in the brook when wavelets beat
In gentle ripples 'gainst a stone,
I think, my love, of thee alone,
And hear the murmur of thy feet.

"And as I lie among the flowers,
There's nought, my love, but tells of thee,
And, lulled by all sweet melody,
I dream and while away the hours."

TWILIGHT.

IT is the sweet and tender grace
Of sorrow in a lovely face,
When the bright eyes are brimmed with tears,
That yearns through all the vanished years.

For, though long years have passed away,
I still recall that parting day
When here, with breaking hearts, we stood
In this dim twilight of the wood.

The winding pathway is the same;
The oak on which I carved her name
Still casts its shadow over me;
And still——Ah! what is this I see?

The pale face lifted to my own,
The sad, sad lips that made sweet moan,
Unconscious of the future years
When other eyes would fill with tears.

NOBODY COULD HAVE SEEN IT.

FAST down the staircase swinging,
With flying feet I passed;
Quick up the staircase springing,
He came and held me fast;
And the stairs are dark and dim—
Many a kiss I had from him,
And nobody could have seen it.

Down into the hall demurely,
The guests were assembled there;
My cheeks flushed hot, and surely
My lips did their tale declare.
I thought they looked at me every one,
And saw what we together had done,
Yet nobody could have seen it.

The garden its sweets displaying,
Beckoned me out of doors;
The welcome call obeying,
I hastened to look at the flowers;
There blushed the roses all around,
There sang the birds with merry sound,
As if they all had seen it.

From the German.

THE ANNOYER.

LOVE knoweth every form of air,
And every shape of earth,
And comes unbidden everywhere,
Like thought's mysterious birth.
The moonlit sea and the sunset sky
Are written with Love's words,
And you hear his voice unceasingly,
Like song in the time of birds.

He peeps into the warrior's heart
From the tip of a stooping plume,
And the serried spears, and the many men
May not deny him room.
He'll come to his tent in the weary night,
And be busy in his dream,
And he'll float to his eye in the morning light,
Like a fay on a silver beam.

He hears the sound of the hunter's gun,
And rides on the echo back,
And sighs in his ear like a stirring leaf,
And flits in his woodland track.
The shade of the wood, and the sheen of the river,
The cloud and the open sky,—
He will haunt them all with his subtle quiver,
Like the light of your very eye.

The fisher hangs over the leaning boat,
And ponders the silver sea,
For Love is under the surface hid,
And a spell of thought has he;
He heaves the wave like a bosom sweet,
And speaks in the ripple low,
Till the bait is gone from the crafty line,
And the hook hangs bare below.

He blurs the print of the scholar's book,
And intrudes in the maiden's prayer,
And profanes the cell of the holy man
In the shape of a lady fair.
In the darkest night, and the bright daylight,
In earth, and sea, and sky,
In every home of human thought
Will Love be lurking nigh.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

BY THE SEA.

IN shady nook,
That peeps down on the sun-kissed sea,
A lassie sits with far-off look
In loving eyes, that seem to me
Mirrors of truth and purity.

And all in vain
Do little hands caressing stray,
And seek to bring her thoughts again
To centre on their childish play:
For once they've wandered far away.

O daughter mine,
I ought to bring you sympathy,
And yet I cannot but repine;
The love-light in your eyes I see,
And know that you are lost to me.

Yet, little one,
When it befalls you pass away
To be another's light and sun,
Though life will lose its glow for aye,
I'll try to smile and bless the day.

BY THE SEA.

ON THE DOORSTEP.

THE conference-meeting through at last,
We boys around the vestry waited
To see the girls come tripping past
Like snowbirds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall
By level musket-flashes litten,
Than I, who stepped before them all,
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no; she blushed, and took my arm!
We let the old folks have the highway,
And started toward the Maple Farm
Along a kind of lover's by-way.

I can't remember what we said,
'T was nothing worth a song or story;
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff—
O sculptor, if you could but mould it!—
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone,—
'T was love and fear and triumph blended.
At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home;
Her dimpled hand the latches fingered,
We heard the voices nearer come,
Yet on the doorstep still we lingered.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled,
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
The moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said,
"Come, now or never! do it! *do it!*"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,
But somehow, full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed her!

Perhaps 't was boyish love, yet still,
O listless woman, weary lover!
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill
I'd give— But who can live youth over?

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

KISS ME SOFTLY.

Da me basia.—CATULLUS.

KISS me softly and speak to me low,—
Malice has ever a vigilant ear;
What if Malice were lurking near?
Kiss me, dear!
Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

Kiss me softly and speak to me low,—
Envy too has a watchful ear:
What if Envy should chance to hear?
Kiss me, dear!
Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

Kiss me softly and speak to me low:
Trust me, darling, the time is near
When lovers may love with never a fear,—
Kiss me, dear!
Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

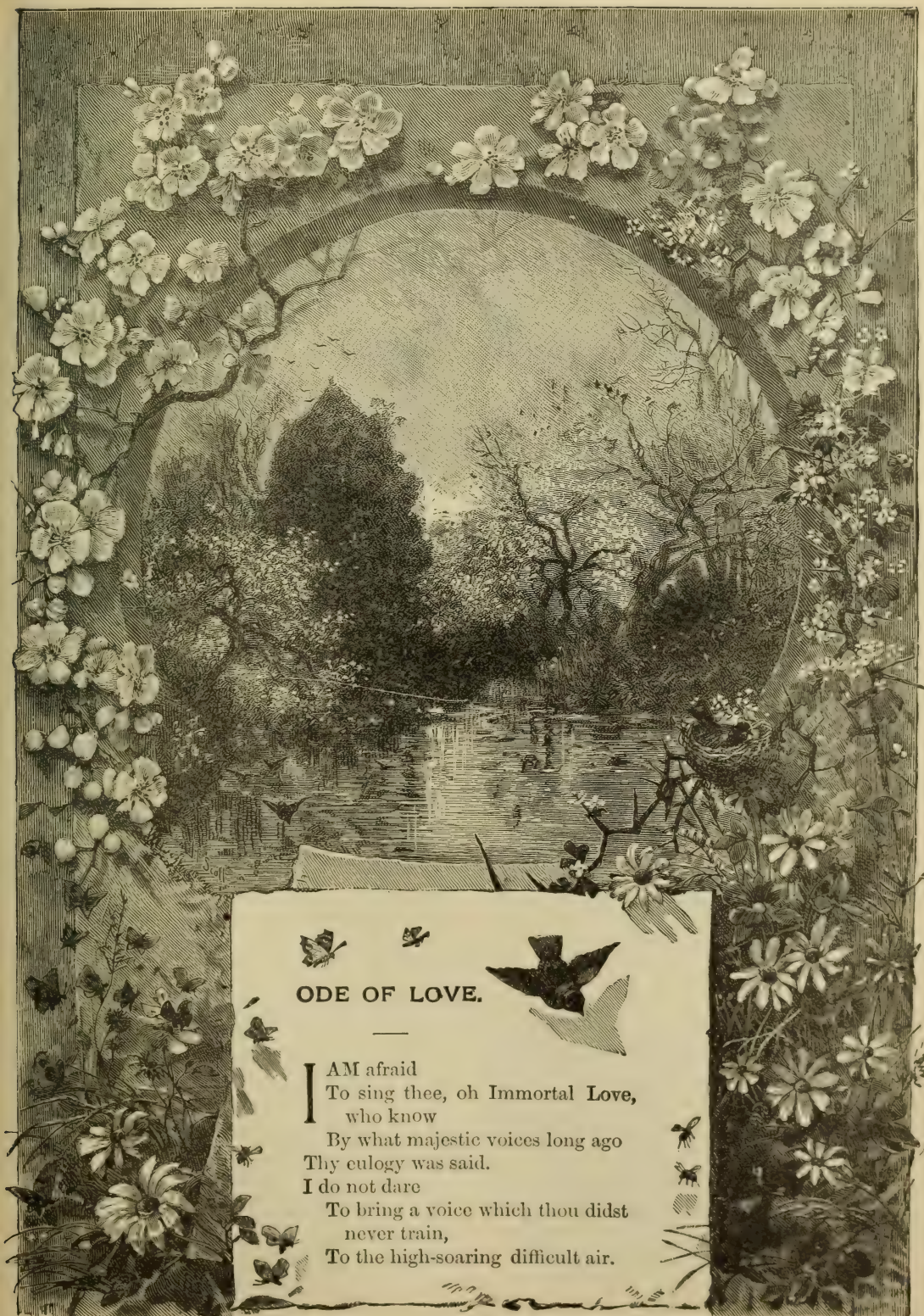
IT NEVER COMES AGAIN.

THERE are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again.

R. H. STODDART.



ODE OF LOVE.

I AM afraid
To sing thee, oh Immortal **Love,**
who know
By what majestic voices long ago
Thy eulogy was said.
I do not dare
To bring a voice which thou didst
never train,
To the high-soaring difficult air.

Of thy celestial strain.
Yet how of Life to sing, and yet not tell of Love;
And since thou art the source of song,
And all our hearts dost move,
I will essay thy praise nor fear to do thee wrong.
For see, the lovers go
With lingering steps and slow,
By dim arcades where sunbeams scarcely reach;
On sea-struck northern beach;
Or breathless tropic strand,
By evening breeze fanned;
Or through the thick life-laden air
Of some great city; or through the hush
Of summer twilights 'midst the corn;
When all the dying heavens glow and blush
Or the young moonlight curves its crescent horn.

Oh, wondrous bond that binds
In one sweet concord separate minds,
And from their union gives
To the rapt gazer's eye
A finer essence and more high,
A young and winged God, who lives
In purer air and seeks a loftier sky!
If growing cares and lower aims should banish
All thought of heavenly hopes and higher things,
While we can mount upon thy soaring wings
They shall not wholly vanish.
Thou art the immortal part of man, the soul,
Which, scorning earth's control,
Lifts us from selfish thought and grovelling gains.
Thou always, whilst thy power remains,
Canst pierce the dull dead weight of cloud,
By which our thought is bowed,
And raise our clear and cleansed eyes
To the eternal skies.

No sting of sense it is
That gives thee wing and lifts thee to the heaven.
Too high art thou for this;
Ethereal, pure, free from earth's grosser leaven.
If aught of sense be thine, it is the air,
Whose weight can lift thee up to soar,
Which can thy heavenward pinions bear
From brute earth more and more
Up to the fount of Power and Love
Whence all things move.

And see, the lovers go
With lingering steps and slow,
Over all the world together, all in all,
Over all the world! The empires fall;
The onward march of Man seems spent;
The nations rot in dull content;
The blight of war, a bitter flood,
From continent to continent,
Rolls on with waves of blood;
The light of knowledge sinks, the fire of thought burns low;
There seems scant thought of God; but yet
One power there is men ne'er forget.
And still through every land beneath the skies,
Rapt, careless, looking in each other's eyes,
With lingering steps and slow,
The lovers go.

A pillar of light
Goes evermore before their dazzled eyes.
Purple and golden-bright,
Youth's vast horizons spread and the unbounded skies.
Oh blessed dream which for awhile dost hide
The sorrows of the world and leave life glorified!
Oh blessed light that rises still,
Young eyes and eager souls to fill!

Linked arms and hearts aglow;
Wherever man is more than brute,
To this self-sacrifice our nature grow.
Rapt each in each they go, and mute,
Listening to the sweet song
Which Love, with unheard accents, all day long
Sing to them, like a hidden bird,
Sweeter than e'er was seen or heard,
Which from life's thick-leaved tree
Sings sadly, merrily,
A strange, mixed song, a mystic strain,
Which rises now to joy and jollity,
Now seemeth to complain;
But with a sweeter music far than is
Of earthborn melodies.

He sees within her eyes
That which his nature needs to be complete—
The grace, the pureness, the diviner sweet,
Which to rude souls and strong our Life denies;
The vision of his nightly dream;
More pure than e'er did seem
The Nymphs of old, by wood, or hill, or stream.

She views in him the strong
Deep note which adds the fullness to life's song;
High aims and thoughts that glow.
She does not dream, she cannot know
What turbid forces rude and wild
Sully his youth's tumultuous flow;
She, full of virgin fancies, pale and mild.

They draw to each other; they flow together in one,
Together thro' all lands beneath the sun,
In one attempered stream, or side by side,
So near that scarce a footspace may divide
Their separate depths, and this maybe is best;
Or maybe in each other lost,
In calm or tempest-tost,
One broad full river they roll on to the sea,
One full accordant harmony,
High song and deep, one perfect note;
Or may be troubled as the wintry wave,
Or some hoarse accent of a tuneless throat.
They know no longer peace or rest,
Ill-mated, hapless, self-opprest,
Till silent in the grave.

Yet draw together, draw together still,
Fair souls and free, fair souls and young!
Still shall thy praise, Immortal Love, be sung!
Thou art the Spirit which doth animate;
The Universal Will,
Which speeds the Race upon the ways of Fate;
Which speeds it onwards, gaining strength
Little by little, line on line,
Till, as our hope is, risen at length
To plenitude divine,
It comes to what high issue rare
The Future shall prepare.

RECONSTRUCTION.

IN a wagon made of willow
Wheeled I once a little maiden,
Ringlets shining on the pillow,
Rolling homeward treasure laden,
Like a boat upon the billow.

Ten years fled. Ah! how I missed her
When we left the village school!
But she said she'd be my sister
As we lingered by the pool,
And I passionately kissed her.

Ten more fretting years renew it;
Little wagon made of willow;
Loving eyes are bent to view it;
Loving hands adjust the pillow,
And we've fitted rockers to it.

BLACKBERRIES AND KISSES.

WE were up on the green old hill-side
Where the blackberry bushes grow,
And we gathered the ripe, sweet berries
Till the sun was getting low,
And somehow, where the fruit was ripest—
I could not account for this!
We were sure to eat all the berries,
And sweeten them with a kiss.
Oh, I know of nothing better,
The whole year round, than this:
A handful of ripe blackberries
Made sweet with a lover's kiss.

"If they saw us eating the berries
In this new, but pleasant way,
They would say we were silly creatures,"
Said she, but I answered, "Nay,
They would say we were wise, my darling,
To eat our berries so,
For kisses are cheaper than sugar
In times like these, you know."
Oh, I know of nothing better,
The whole year round than this:
A handful of ripe blackberries
Made sweet with a lover's kiss.

As we stood in the path together,
When our feet were homeward turned
I whispered the sweet old question
That each lover's heart has learned.
I forget the words of her answer,
But I can remember this,
It was all my heart had hoped for,
And I took it with a kiss.
Oh, I know of nothing better,
The whole year round than this:
A handful of ripe blackberries
Made sweet by a lover's kiss.

A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

I WILL not let you say a woman's part
Must be to give exclusive love alone;
Dearest, although I love you so, my heart
Answers a thousand claims besides your own.

I love—what do I not love? Earth and air
Find space within my heart, and myriad things
You would not deign to heed are cherish'd there,
And vibrate on its very inmost strings.

I love the Summer, with her ebb and flow
Of light and warmth, and music, that have nursed
Her tender buds to blossoms.....and you know
It was in summer that I saw you first.

I love the Winter dearly too,.....but then
I owe it so much; on a winter's day,
Bleak, cold, and stormy, you return'd again,
When you had been those weary months away.

I love the Stars like friends; so many nights
I gazed at them, when you were far from me,
Till I grew blind with tears,...those far-off lights
Could watch you, whom I long'd in vain to see.

I love the flowers; happy hours lie
Shut up within their petals close and fast:
You have forgotten, dear; but they and I
Keep every fragment of the golden past.

I love, too, to be loved; all loving praise
Seems like a crown upon my life,—to make
It better worth the giving, and to raise
Still nearer to your own the heart you take.

I love all good and noble souls;—I heard
One speak of you but lately, and for days,
Only to think of it, my soul was stirr'd
In tender memory of such generous praise.

I love all those who love you: all who owe
Comfort to you; and I can find regret
Even for those poorer hearts who once could know
And once could love you, and can now forget.

Well, is my heart so narrow,—I who spare
Love for all these! Do I not even hold
My favorite books in special tender care,
And prize them as a miser does his gold—
The poets that you used to read to me
While summer twilights faded in the sky;
But most of all I think Aurora Leigh,
Because—because—do you remember why?

Will you be jealous? Did you guess before
I loved so many things?—Still you the best:
Dearest, remember that I love you more,
Oh more a thousand times, than all the rest!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

DELAY.

DISPOSED to wed, e'en while you hasten, stay;
There's great advantage in a small delay:

* * * * * * *

If poor, delay, for future wants prepares,
And eases humble life of half its cares;
If rich, delay shall brace the doubtful mind,
T' endure the ills that e'en the happiest find:
Delay shall knowledge yield on either part,
And show the value of the vanquish'd heart;
The humours, passions, merits, failings prove;
And gently raise the veil that's worn by Love;

* * * * * * * *

Yet not too long in cold debate remain;
Till Age refrain not—but if old, refrain.

CRABBE

THE POWER OF LOVE.

I.

I FLOATED down the stream at eventide,
And heard a nightingale in distant tree
Wooing his mate with wondrous melody;
Full long I listened rapt, and then I tried
To weave the passioned notes in song, but sighed
To find how cold my own love-lay must be,
With scarce a murmur of the harmony.

II.

Poured forth in ceaseless strain on every side,
But when I showed my love with conscious shame,
My feeble rendering of the wild bird's-song,
A tender light shone in her eyes down-bent,
For to her ears a gladful echo came
Of the sweet songster's lay, and lingered long,
And thrilled her heart with loving wonderment.

G. WEATHERLY.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

CROWNED IN SUMMER.

A MORN when quivering lights and shadows fall
Athwart the fair luxuriance of the trees;
A morn when summer voices lightly call,
And come and go with every passing breeze;
When bees about the clover hum a tune,
And idle streamlets purl a listless song for June.

A morn when all the hedgerows glimmer white
With summer snow, scattered by hawthorn flowers;
A morn when Nature trembles with delight,
And Love is lingering in the golden hours,
And hiding 'mongst the purple shades that lie
Where the dim forest fringes meet the bending sky.

Fair Lettice from her morning dreams awoke,
And lo, her heart was softly murmuring
An echoing joy, that into rapture broke
As she the casement open wide did fling,
And felt the balmy air, whose sweet perfume,
From dewy flowers distilled, as incense filled the room.

Lettice was dwelling in a golden land,
Bright with warm sunshine, where a monarch reigned
Despotic; yet so loved was his command,
Each despotism fresh devotion gained;
And each new chain her king about her cast
Seemed forged of purest gold, more precious than the last.

She looked into her mirror, where she saw
A young face flushed and fair as fair might be;
And thinking of her king, and his sweet law,
She wondered if a queen he there might see;
And so a-dreaming still she hummed a song
Ail idly, "Love me little, love me long."

Outside loud cawed the noisy busy rook,
And ever and again the cuckoo's cry
Resounded through the woods, and with it took
Her thoughts to one bright day of spring gone by
When first she heard it, and her fair cheek burned
As she her pocket-piece within her pocket turned.

And wished in simple faith a wish, that she
Must till its consummation secret keep.
Ah! would the secret shared by two might be
And joy through it into her heart might creep;
For if the charm but worked, her king was won
And she would be the happiest maiden 'neath the sun.

Thus musing she up-bound her shining hair,
Smoothed out the folds of her trim dainty gown;
And quick she slipped adown the oaken stair,
And oped the garden door, that roses crown
With crimson bloom; and wandered through the maze
Of box-edged borders quaint, with gayest flowers ablaze.

Beneath the walnut-tree that graced the lawn
A youth stood, wondering if to go or stay;
The gathering glory of the summer morn
Around in misty sparkling splendor lay.
He turned to go, then did his steps retrace;
And still he lingered as if loth to leave the place.

Thus each unto the other nearer drew,
Unconscious that the other was so near;
Yet o'er each cheek flushed forth a rosier hue,
As in the presence of the one most dear;
Each breathed a gentler air, as though kind Heaven
Had to the blooming earth soft Eden breezes given.

Loud sing the birds—the rippling waters dance
As tinkling silver bells o'er moss-grown stones;
Whilst sudden Lettice' down-cast eyes upglance,
And with deep tell-tale blush her king she owns;
Whilst thus he spake: "Thou wilt not say me nay,
Lettice, my queen, my life, my only love alway?"

O cuckoo! cuckoo! Then the charm is true,
The maiden's wish when she first heard thy voice
Hath come to pass. The secret's known to two,
And over it two loving hearts rejoice.
Ah, who would think the cuckoo's note could bring
A coronation-song for queen and king?

COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

2b CROWNED IN SUMMER. 17

So mused sweet Lettice in her glad content
That all the world so very fair had grown;
Yet still as on and on the lovers went,
The maiden's heart inclined to change its tone.
"O cuckoo! cuckoo! it was love, not thee,
That led the footsteps of my king to me!"

JULIA GODDARD.

RUSTIC COURTSHIP.

THE night was dark when Sam set out
To court old Jones' daughter;
He kinder felt as if he must,
And kinder hadn't oughter.
His heart against his waistcoat throbbed,
His feelings had a tussle,
Which nearly conquered him despite
Six feet of bone and muscle.

The candle in the window shone
With a most doleful glimmer,
And Sam he felt his courage ooze,
And through his fingers simmer.
Says he: "Now, Sam, don't be a fool,
Take courage, shaking doubter,
Go on, and pop the question right,
For you can't live without her."

But still, as he drew near the house,
His knees got in a tremble,
The beating of his heart ne'er beat
His efforts to dissemble,
Says he: "Now, Sam, don't be a goose,
And let the female wimmin
Knock all your thoughts a-skelter so,
And set your heart a-swimmin'."

So Sam, he kinder raised the latch,
His courage also raising,
And in a moment he sat inside,
Sid Jones' crops a-praising.
He tried awhile to talk the farm
In words half dull, half witty,
Not knowing that old Jones well knew
His only thought was—Kitty.

At last the old folks went to bed—
The Joneses were but human;
Old Jones was something of a man,
And Mrs. Jones—a woman.

And Kitty she the pitcher took,
And started for the cellar:
It wasn't often that she had
So promising a feller.

And somehow when she came up stairs,
And Sam had drank his cider,
There seemed a difference in the chairs,
And Sam was close beside her;
His stalwart arm dropped round her waist,
Her head dropped on his shoulder,
And Sam—well, he had changed his tune
And grown a trifle bolder.

But this, if you live long enough,
You surely will discover,
There's nothing in this world of ours
Except the loved and lover.
The morning sky was growing gray
As Sam the farm was leaving,
His face was surely not the face
Of one half grieved or grieving.

And Kitty she walked smiling back,
With blushing face, and slowly;
There's something in the humblest love
That makes it pure and holy.
And did he marry her you ask:
She stands there with the ladle
A-skimming of the morning's milk—
That's Sam who rocks the cradle.

LOVE'S OMNIPRESENCE.

WERE I as base as the lowly plain,
And you, my love, as high as heaven above,
Yet should the thoughts of me, your humble swain,
Ascend to heaven, in honor of my Love.

Were I as high as heaven above the plain,
And you, my love, as humble and as low
As are the deepest bottoms of the main,
Whereso'er you were, with you my love should go.

Were you the earth, dear Love, and I the skies,
My love should shine on you like to the sun,
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes
Till heaven wax'd blind, and till the world were done.

Whereso'er I am, below, or else above you,
Whereso'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

A SONNET.

A CASUAL meeting in a crowded street;
An introduction through a mutual friend;
Blushes, soft words, and tender looks that send
The thrill of love, delirious and sweet,
Through hearts that sympathetically beat;
A morning call, then visits without end;
Whispers in corners; mellow voices blend
In happy harmony; anon complete
Subjection to the thraldom of love's spell;
An arm around a slender waist; the old,
Old story, ever new, yet known so well;
A faintly whispered answer to a bold
Request; a kiss on lips that never tell;
A wedding, and a circlet of bright gold.

ROBIN AND I: A RUSTIC SONG.

DOWN in the meadow where the red clover
Sheds its sweet fragrance to coax the wild bee,
Soon as the heat of the noonday is over,
Blithe as young children, contented and free—
Cheered like the birds with the fine summer weather,
Charmed with the blue of the earth-arching sky,
Weaving bright fancies we saunter together,
Happy, how happy! dear Robin and I!

Laughing he twines me a garland of daisies,
Pink-lipped and dewy, to wear in my hair—
Warm grows my cheek, for he whispers fond praises,
While his brown fingers stray lovingly there.
Dearest of fancies! his true heart rejoices,
Not in the wild flowers that round our feet lie,
Not in the birds that with shrill little voices
Sing till we chide them, dear Robin and I!

No, 'tis the thought that when cold winds are blowing,
Scaring the song-birds, and chilling the flowers,
Pure and unchanging our love shall be glowing,
Cheering our lives in their dreariest hours.
Slily he slips a wee ring on my finger—
Goldfinch and throstle, still fluttering nigh,
Ask one another how long we shall linger,
Talking sweet secrets, dear Robin and I!

Clearly the brooklet, that through the green cresses
Giddy with joyfulness dances along,
Shows as the shimmer of daisy-bound tresses,
Mingles *two* names in its fairy-like song;
While the soft breezes, so gentle, so loving,
Steal through the flowers with a tremulous sigh,
Round the gay heads of the buttercups roving,
Seeming to whisper, "Dear Robin and I!"

"Dearest!" I murmur, with tenderest pity,
"Scorning the jewels that spangle the field,
Thousands are seeking for wealth in the city,
While the rich treasures that nature doth yield
Far from the toiling, the dust and the shadow,
Live their sweet lives out, then wither and die."
Ah, in the summer-time rove we the meadow,
Rich beyond measure, dear Robin and I!

ROBIN AND I. 21

When the round moon rises stately and brightly,
Tipping with silver the mountains afar,
O'er the pale green of the grass gleaming whitely,
Hand-locked we watch for the first blinking stars!
Far in the village bright tapers are burning,
Guiding us home, when we whisper "Good-by,"
Then in the hush of the evening returning,
Happy, how happy! dear Robin and I!

FANNY FORRESTER.

JOSH BILLINGS ON "COURTSHIP."

COURTING is a luxury, it is a sallad, it is ise-water, it is a beveridge, it is the pla spell ov the soul. The man who has never courted haz lived in vain: he haz bin a blind man amung landskapes and waterskapes; he haz bin a deff man in the land ov hand organs, and by the side ov murmuring canals. Courting iz like 2 little springs of soft water that steal out from under a rock at the fut ov a mountain and run down the hill side by side singing and dansing and spatering each other, eddying and frothing and kaskading, now hiding under bank, now full ov sun, and now full of shadder, till bimeby tha jine and then tha go slow. I am in favor ov long courting; it gives the parties a chance to find out each uther's trump kards; it is good exercise, and is jist as innersent as 2 merino lambs. Courting is like strawberries and cream, wants to be did slow, then you git the flavor. I hav saw folks git ackquainted, fall in luv, git married, settel down and git tew wurk, in three weeks from date. This is jist the wa sum folks larn a trade, and akounts for the grate number ov almitey mean mechaniks we hav, and the poor jobs they turn out.

Perhaps it is best I shud state sum good advise tew yung men, who are about tew court with a final view to matrimony, as it waz. In the first plase, yung man, yu want to git yure system awl rite, and then find a yung woman who iz willing tew be courted on the square. The nex thing iz tew find out how old she is, which yu kan dew bi asking her, and she will sa that she is 19 years old, and this yu will find won't be far from out ov the wa. The next best thing iz tew begin moderate; say onse every nite in the week for the fust six months, increasing the dose as the pasheint seems to require it. It is a fust rate wa tew court the girl's mother a leettle on the start, for there iz one thing a woman never despizes, and that iz, a leettle good courting, if it is dun strikly on the square. After the fust year you will begin to be well ackquainted and will begin tew like the bizziness. Thare is one thing I alwus advise, and that is not to swop fotograffs oftener than onse in 10 daze, unless yu forgit how the gal looks.

Okasionally yu want tew look sorry and draw in yure wind az tho yu had pain; this will set the gal tew teazing yu tew find out what ails yu. Evening meetings are a good thing to tend, it will keep your religion in tune; and then if the gal happens to be thare, by acksident, she kan ask yu tew go hum with her.

As a ginral thing I wouldn't brag on ather gals mutch when I waz courting; it mite look as tho yu knu tew mutch. If you will court 3 years in this way, awl the time on the square, if yu don't sa it iz a leetle the slickest time in your life, you kan git measured for a hat at my expense and pa for it. Don't court for munny, nor buty, nor relashuns; theze things are jist about az onsartin az kerosene ile refining bissness, liable tew git out ov repair and bust at enny minnit.

Court a gal for fun, for the luv yu bear her, for the vartue and bissness thare is in her, court her for a wife and for a mother, court her as yu wud court a farm —for the strength ov the sile and the perfeckshun ov the title; court her as tho she wasn't a fule, and yu anuther; court her in the kitchen, in the parlor, over the wash-tub, and at the pianner; court this wa, yung man, and if you don't git a good wife and she don't git a good husband, the falt won't be in the courting.

Yung man, you kan rely upon Josh Billings, and if yu kant make these rules wurk, jist send for him and he will sho yu how the thing is did, and it shan't kost yu a cent.

LOVE.

IF in youth, the universe is majestically unveiling, and everywhere heaven revealing itself on earth, nowhere to the young man does this heaven on earth so immediately reveal itself as in the young maiden. Strangely enough, in this strange life of ours, it has been so appointed.

In every well-conditioned stripling, as I conjecture, there already blooms a certain prospective Paradise, cheered by some fairest Eve; nor in the stately vistas, and flowerage and foliage of that garden, is a tree of knowledge, beautiful and awful in the midst thereof, wanting. Perhaps, too, the whole is but the lovelier if cherubim and a flaming sword divide it from all footsteps of men, and grant him, the imaginative stripling, only the view, not the entrance. Happy season of virtuous youth, when shame is still an impassable barrier; and the sacred air-cities of hope have not shrank into the mean clay-hamlets of reality, and man, by his nature, is yet infinite and free!

THOMAS CARLYLE.

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.

BEHAVE yoursel' before folk,
And dinna be sae rude to me,
As kiss me sae before folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss,
That I sae plainly tell you this;
But ah! I tak' it sair amiss,
To be sae teazed before folk
Behave yourself before folk,
When we're alane, ye may tak' ane,
But nent a ane before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair;
It may be sae—I dinna care—
But ne'r again gar't blush sae sair
As ye hae dune before folk.
Ye tell me that my lips are sweet;
Sic tales, I doubt are a deceit;
At ony rate, it's hardly meet
To prie their sweets before folk.

But, gin you really do insist
That I should suffer to be kissed,
Gae, get a license frae the priest,
And mak' me yours before folk;
Behave yoursel' before folk,
And when we're ane, baith flesh and bane
Ye may tak' ten—before folk!

Scotch Song.

THE JOYS OF YOUTH.

HOW very lovely art thou in the Young,
Oh, Life! ere known to them the wasting pain
That wrings the nerves with cureless agony!
Or shame that fires the brain, or the world's wrong
That crushes like a rock; or guilty hopes
That ponder other's pain; or o'erwrought toil
That crouches down in torpor and despair;
Or stolid crime, that mocks at worlds to come;
Or the wild hell of triple-fanged remorse,
That trembles only with fantastic dread
It dares not face or question. In the Young,
Life is a good, and only in the Young,
Whose organs play with ease; whose warm veins throb
With tides of simple gladness; whose light breasts
Lodge happy inmates yet; nor fear Old Time,
With all his growing pack of hopes deceived,
And toils unrecompensed, and trust betray'd;—
Of honor's due refused, Virtue belied,
Of scorn unmerited endured;—of want;—
Of deep affections rooted in the core
Of their frail beings blasted by the breath
Of sleepless envy; of the fond ties
Twined round the heart by nature, virtue, love,
Severed by death all merciless, or now
Rending the bosom's tenderest chords withal,
That heal no more; no, never!

* * * * * * * * * *

Oh! for a charm
To bind for ever fast, the am'ranth wreath
Young life puts on, and lift from Age's brow,
Bleeding and wrung, th' eternal crown of thorns.
It may not be: the lot is cast and drawn,
Nor can be put aside; save by the arm
That could roll round with ease the flaming sun
Backward, astonish'd, on his axis firm.

BAILEY.

SONG.

Not from the whole wide world I choose thee,
Sweetheart, light of the land and the sea!
The wide, wide world could not inclose thee,
For thou art the whole wide world to me.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

A SUMMER EVE'S VOYAGE.

WESTWARD see how sunlights falling,
Half the Head in darkness leave;
How the sea-gulls, blithely calling,
Airy circles o'er it weave;
Be my little skipper, Annie,
And we'll catch the offshore breeze;
Round the rocks are wonders many,
Sights a landsman never sees.

Soon they cleave the bay, scarce ruffled,
Soon lie off the headland's verge,
See the rocks in oar-weed muffled,
Mermaid-gardens 'neath the surge;
Living star, and flower, and feather,
Blooming, waving, far and wide:
Faces—boy's and girl's together—
Mirrored meeting in the tide.

Round the headland, careless drifted,
Float they where the shadowy swell,
Fitfully 'gainst rocks uplifted,
Back in silver torrents fell;
And they watched the gleaming shingle,
With the fishers' cots above;
Till blue heaven, grey earth, commingle,
And o'er ocean star-hosts move.

Why doth Annie dip her fingers
Pensive through their homeward track?
Silent, too, the oarsman lingers
As he rows his skipper back;
Fragrant Eve and moonlight's glory—
Has their subtle magic wrought
Foretastes of "the old, old story"
Aye to young affections taught?

Happy, who thus seeking beauty,
Hand in hand like children find
From its quest love blossoms, duty
In its outward forms enshrined;
Happier they, life's voyage ended,
Who attain the welcome shore,
Where united hearts are blended
In the peaceful evermore.

M. G. WATKINS, M. A.

PLEASURE.

ALAS! how poor a Trifle all,
Is that which here we Pleasure call!
Since what our very souls has cost,
Is hardly got, and quickly lost:
The empty bribe of yielding souls,
Which first betrays, and then controls.

It looks indeed, at distance, fair;
But soon as we approach,
Like fruit of Sodom 'twill impair,
And perish at a touch.
In being, than in fancy, less;—
And we expect more, than possess.

What art thou, then, thou winged Air,
More weak and swift than Fame!
Whose next successor is Despair,
And its attendant, Shame?
Th' experienced Prince sure Reason had,
Who said of Pleasure,—"It is mad."

ORINDA (Mrs. Katherine Phillips).

A CHAIN.

THE bond that links our souls together,
Will it last through stormy weather?
Will it moulder and decay,
As the long hours pass away?
Will it stretch if Fate divide us,
When dark and weary hours have tried us?
Oh, if it look too poor and slight,
Let us break the links to-night!

It was not forged by mortal hands,
Or clasped with golden bars and bands;
Save thine and mine, no other eyes
The slender link can recognize:
In the bright light it seems to fade,
And it is hidden in the shade;
While Heaven nor Earth have never heard,
Or solemn vow or plighted word.

Yet, what no mortal hand could make,
No mortal power can ever break:
What words or vows could never do,
No words or vows can make untrue;
And, if to other hearts unknown,
The dearer and the more our own,
Because too sacred and divine
For other eyes, save thine and mine.

And see! though slender, it is made
Of Love and Trust, and can they fade?
While, if too slight it seem, to bear
The breathings of the summer air,
We know that it could bear the weight
Of a most heavy heart of late,
And as each day and hour flew
The stronger for its burthen grew.

And, too, we know and feel again
It has been sanctified by pain;
For what God deigns to try with sorrow
He means not to decoy to-morrow;
But through that fiery trial last,
When earthly ties and bonds are past;
What slighter things dare not endure
Will make our Love more safe and pure.

Love shall be purified by pain,
And Pain be soothed by Love again:
So let us now take heart, and go
Cheerfully on through joy and woe:
No change the summer sun can bring,
Or the inconstant skies of spring,
Or the bleak winter's stormy weather,
For we shall meet them, Love, together!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

A BUNCH OF ROSES.

ROSES, while all your beauties cloy,
Grief, tyrant-wise, oft smothers joy;
June's cherish'd blossoms, red, pink, pale,
Whose perfume faints on every gale,
Your thousand charms my heart should glad,
And yet—your fragrance leaves me sad!

Thou, blushing bud, of hope rich queen,
Thy promise type of me had been
Last summer, when beside this gate
We stopped—what time his patient mate
Eve's minstrel solaced—and my heart
I gave, and vowed nought love should part.

But thou, poor cankered rose-bud, killed
With insect-guile, typ'st hopes now stilled
Affections blighted, trust once slain
By cold neglect, ne'er bloom again;
With careless scorn and absence tried,
My love, like thee, has shrivelled, died!

Ah, full-blown rose! some happier maid
Thou'd grace, within dark tresses laid;
The fullest depths of tender love
Glow in thy lustre; throned above
Her radiant eyes, thou'd well express
How trustful beauty blessed can bless!

REV. M. G. WATKINS, M. A.

A BUNCH OF ROSES.

THE SLEEP OF YOUTH.

OH! let Youth cherish that happiest of earthly boons while yet it is at its command; for there cometh the day to all, "when neither the voice of the lute nor the birds" shall bring back the sweet slumbers that fell on their young eyes, as unbidden as the dews.

BULWER LYTTON.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BEFORE I trust my Fate to thee
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy Future give
Color and form to mine.
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret:
Is there one link within the Past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy Faith as clear and free as that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouch'd, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, oh tell me before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole;
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfill?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now—lest at some future day my whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield my heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day
And answer to my claim,
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake—
Not thou—had been to blame!
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer *not*,—I dare not hear,
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So comfort thee, my Fate—
Whatever on my heart may fall—remember, I *would* risk it all!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

ASKED AND ANSWERED.

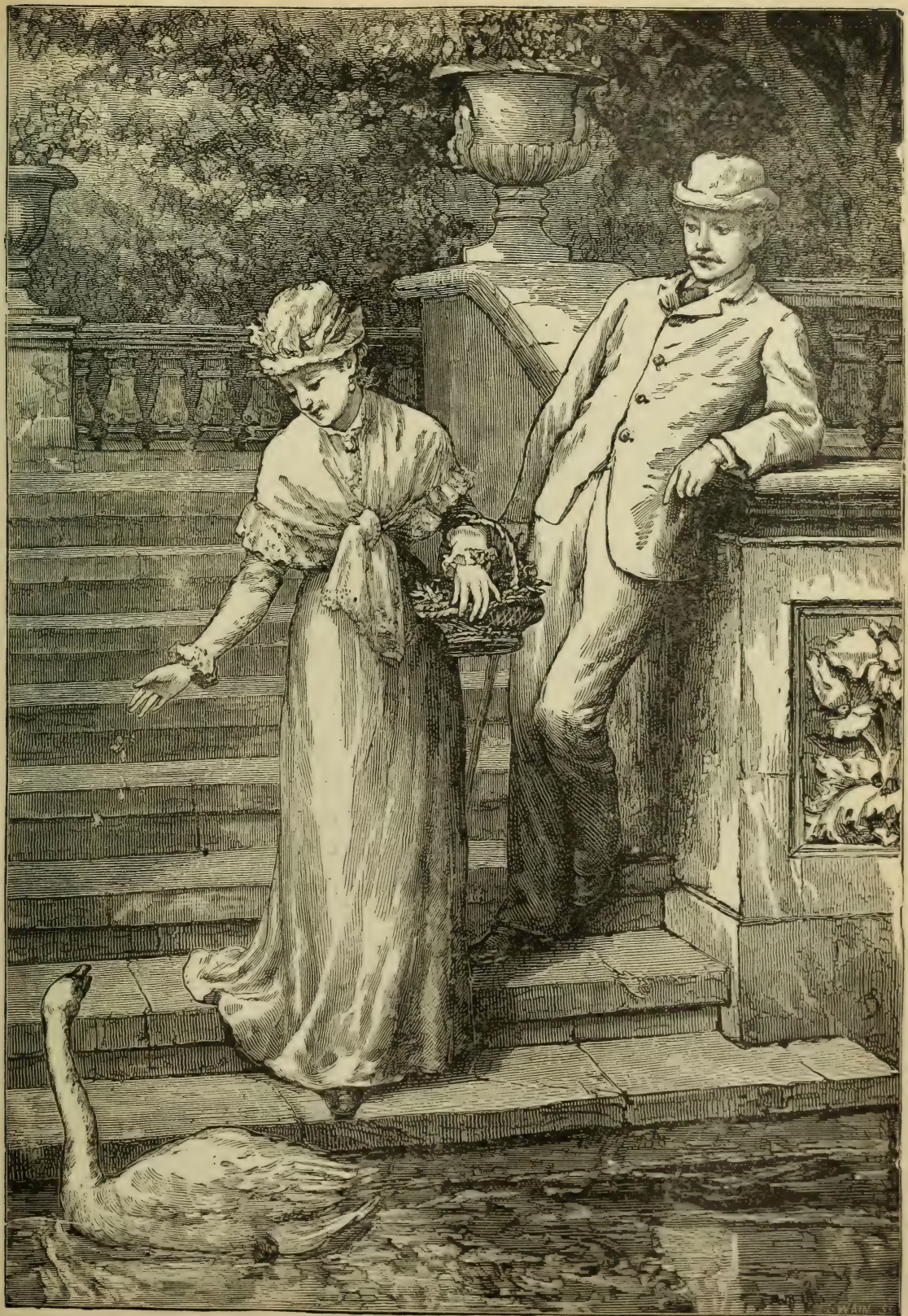
OF what, or of whom, does my lady think,
My lady so shy and so sweet,
As she casts soft crumbs on the river's brink,
To the swan at her dainty feet?
Does she think how proud the white swan must be
Of her smiles and her care for him—not me?

Of what, or of whom, does my lady speak
In those murmurs loving and low,
With the timid tint on her maiden cheek
Faintly limned in the wave below?
Blush for the river, caress for the bird,
Yet for me, her lover, nor blush nor word.

Of what, or of whom, does my lady dream,
As the river goes gliding by?
Does she see two forms in the glassy stream,
Or only herself and the sky?
Can she see how the shadows melt and blend,
Yet hold me apart, as—only a friend?

For what, or for whom, does my lady sigh,
Swan and river left far behind?
Can it be for that which is waiting nigh—
A true love's heart with her's to bind?—
Is there a bird in the boughs overhead
Could tell what beneath them is sighed or said?

Of what, or of whom, does the lover dream,
Pulling home in his peerless boat?
Of moon or of clouds, or winding stream,
With the gladsome heart afloat?
He knows for whom were the blush and the sigh,
And all that was meant in the whispers shy.



ASKED AND ANSWERED.

THE EXCHANGE.

MY true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one to the other given;
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss:
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

BETROTHED.

WHAT of the dawning life, the scenes that are hushed and dim?
What of the shrouded path, oh soul! to be trod with him?

Never again, my feet! shall ye know the meadow-ways,
Where slowly swing the boughs, and the plashing brooklet plays.

Over the cold, calm seas, shall I yearn through years to come,
All for the mother's heart, the peace of my girlhood's home?

Down where the waters move, the leaves go quivering by,
Drift they to sun or shade? where will they rest and die?

Whither, oh trembling heart! shall the changing current bear—
Passest thou hence to tears, or unto a world most fair?

Oh but lift the veil! to read what is curtained still,
The hidden road of life, the waiting good or ill.

Be thou at rest, my soul! this ring that I newly wear
Gleams with a rosy ray, chiding the secret care.

Though to these long-loved fields no more through my life I come,
Doth he not call me hence? and is he not heart and home?

Dawneth a dearer light than fell on the vanished way;
Hath he not pledged me his, through shadow and shine for aye?

Darling, what recks it now though skies should grow dark above?
Blessed am I through change, wrapt round in a changeless love.

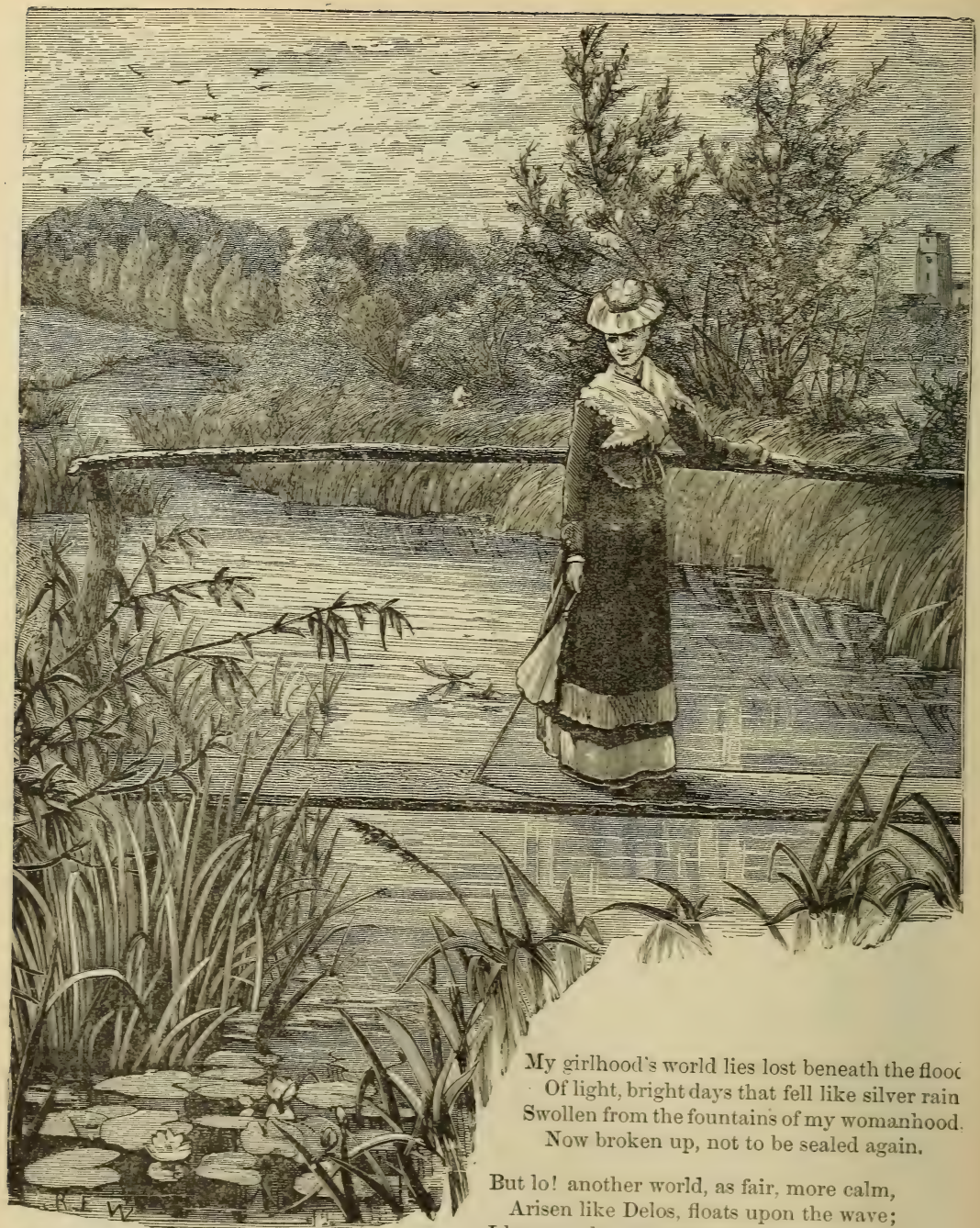
Symbol thou art to me, as I shelter deep in thy faith,
Symbol of tireless Care that holdeth us both till death.

Not like the drifting leaves we follow a wandering tide:
Called by the name of Christ, we cling to a tender Guide.

He will be near us still, dear love, through the ways untrod;
Do I not trust in thee, and shall we not trust in God?

MARGARET MAC RITCHIE.

"BETROTHED."



"WHERE THE BROOK AND RIVER MEET."

MY maiden visions curb their airy flights,
And droop their pinions and come back to me;
That first fair world, with all its young delights
And morning hopes, they can no longer see.

My girlhood's world lies lost beneath the flood
Of light, bright days that fell like silver rain
Swollen from the fountains of my womanhood.
Now broken up, not to be sealed again.

But lo! another world, as fair, more calm,
Arisen like Delos, floats upon the wave;
I bare my brow to breezes blowing balm,
And smile, through tears, above my girlhood's grave.

A tender longing, full of gracious pain,
A want more rich than wealth possessed before.
Delicious rumors rife in heart and brain,
And rosy warmths that flush me more and more.

A sense of incompleteness, new and strange,
Something that draws me toward support, beside
A hundred nameless heraldries of change
Forewarn me of a chance that may betide.

I watch to meet an eye I have not met;
I hearken for a voice I have not heard;
I tremble toward a touch that hath not yet
The dreaming blood's expectant pulses stirred.

Sometimes a look will startle, or a tone;
A touch sometimes half seen to shake my heart;
A moment then alone is more alone,
And fates were sweet together, not apart.

Yet well content with blessed discontent
I dream my dream, nor care to waken soon;
The dream bides fair, though fairer far be meant,
Let the white dawn delay the golden noon.

So watch my heart, and let me dream my dream;
Watch and awake me when the time shall come;
Perhaps our prince is nearer than we deem,
But greet him thou—my dream may make me dumb.

WILLIAM C. WILKINSON.

THE DEATHS OF LOVE.

LOVE dies all kinds of death: in some so quick
It comes—he is not previously sick;
But ere the sun has on the couple shed
The morning rays, the smile of Love is fled.
And what the cause? for Love should not expire,
And none the reason of such fate require.
Both had a mask, that with such pains they wore,
Each took it off when it availed no more.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

Disguise thrown off, each reads the other's heart,
And feels with horror that they cannot part.

* * * * * *

Love has slow death and sudden: wretches prove
That fate severe—the sudden death of Love;
It is as if, on day serenely bright,
Came with its horrors instantaneous night:
Others there are with whom Love does away
In gradual waste and unperceived decay;
Such is that Death of Love that nature finds
Most fitted for the use of common minds,
The natural death; but doubtless there are some
Who struggle hard when they perceive it come;
Loth to be loved no longer, loth to prove
To the once dear that they no longer love:
And some with not successless arts will strive
To keep the weakening, fluttering flame alive. CRABBE.

THE OBJECTS OF EDUCATION.

TO learn A, B, C, is felt to be extremely irksome by the infant, who cannot comprehend what it is for. The boy, forced to school, cons over his dull lesson, because he must, but feels no amusement or satisfaction in it. The labor he is obliged to undergo is not small; the privations of pleasures and activity he regrets still more; and all for what? To learn what he does not like; to force into his mind words to which he attaches no ideas, or ideas which appear to him to be of no value; he cannot put them to any present use. Youth is not aware, that not for present use is all this designed. The dull, laborious, but necessary routine, like plowing and sowing the land, is in hopes of reaping abundance, at some not very distant season. Education is not the end, but only the means.

Let us see what is the object it has in view. A person growing to a certain age must appear in the world; he can no longer hide himself at school, nor withdraw behind the routine of the trammels appointed for his minority. He must start forward and become something. What that something is to be, education only can surmise; even talents, genius, fortune can give little guess. A man must act; whether he is necessitated to labor for his maintenance, or is freed by fortune from all apprehension, and all constrained exertion, yet he must act. It is the intent of education to enable him to act rightly, honorably, successfully. Without pretension to prophetic honors, one may safely say, that a man coming into life is doomed to suffer; and perhaps in various shapes of sorrow. Youth may fancy life one scene of gayety; but reality and fancy differ widely. If education has been rightly conducted, it will teach the man to suffer with dignity, with honor, nay with profit.

The man launches into life, and will be exactly, or very nearly, what his actual education purposed. It is well when, guarded, stored and stimulated, the youth starts forward, and in manhood prospers; answers his own wishes, his parents' expectations, his tutor's labors, by actual success in his station, whatever it may be. The dreary hours of learning will then be recollected with pleasure, and the labor will be abundantly repaid. The end which education had in view will be attained, and its importance justly repaid.

The alternative will show this importance in a still clearer light. The man forced into action, obliged to take perhaps some prominent station, may fail to fill it properly; may fail, notwithstanding his best endeavors and become unsuccessful in all his pursuits. To fail for want of knowing what education would have taught him, would be great disgrace; but to fail when conscious of talents exerted, and carefulness ever active, will take away from the man's own mind, and from the opinions of bystanders, all that is disgraceful. He may even gain honor by exertions made to prevent, or by the disposition shown during the deep adversity. The lessons of education may be as useful to him in this case as in the other. All that he has learned will help him in some shape, and the labor once endured will, even in his sorrowing moments, yield him assistance, satisfaction, and perhaps tranquility, peace and joy.

If the object of education is then so important, if the effects of it are so strong, so enduring, is it not worth all the labor and privation which it can ever occasion?

TAYLOR.

A WARNING TO YOUNG MEN.

THERE is a prejudice against any man engaged in the manufacture of alcohol. I believe that from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm in the distillery until it empties into the hell of death, that it is demoralizing to everybody that touches it, from the source to where it ends. I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without being prejudiced against the crime. All they have to do is to think of the wrecks on either side of the stream of death, of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the destruction, of the little children tugging at the breast, of weeping and despairing wives asking for bread, of the man struggling with imaginary serpents, produced by this devilish thing; and when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the asylums, of the prisons, and of the scaffolds, on either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against the vile stuff called alcohol.

Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease, and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes the victims for your scaffolds. It is the life-blood of the gambler, the aliment of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation, reverences fraud, and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and aids the child to grind the parricidal axe. It burns up man and consumes woman, detests life, curses God, and despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury-box and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes voters, disqualifies votes, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, and endangers our government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman, and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness. And with the malevolence of a fiend it calmly surveys its frightful desolations; and, insatiated with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor; then curses the world and laughs at its ruin.

It does all that, and more. *It murders the soul.* It is the sum of all villainies; the father of all crimes; the mother of all abominations; the curse of curses; the devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

REJOICE, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.

ECCLES. CH. VI., V. IX.

THE WHISTLER.

"YOU have heard," said a youth to his sweetheart, who stood
While he sat on a corn sheaf at daylight's decline—
"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood;
I wish that the Danish boy's whistle were mine."

"And what would you do with it? Tell me," she said,
While an arch smile played over her beautiful face.
"I would blow it," he answered, "and then my fair maid
Would fly to my side and would there take her place."

"Is that all you wish for?" Why, that may be yours
Without any magic!" the fair maiden cried:
"A favor so slight one's good-nature secures;"
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth; "and the charm
Would work so that not even modesty's check
Would be able to keep from my neck your white arm."
She smiled, and she laid her white arm round his neck.

"Yet once more I would blow; and the music divine
Would bring me a third time an exquisite bliss—
You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine;
And your lips stealing past it would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee,—
"What a fool of yourself with the whistle you'd make!
For only consider how silly 'twould be
To sit there and whistle for what you might take."

STRICT INTEGRITY IS THE SUREST WAY TO SUCCESS.

IT is very common for young men just commencing business to imagine that, if they would advance their secular interests they must not be very scrupulous in binding themselves down to the strict rules of rectitude.

They must conform to custom; and if, in buying and selling, they sometimes say the things that are not true, and do the things that are not honest, why, their neighbors do the same; and verily there is no getting along without it. There is so much competition and rivalry that to be strictly honest and yet succeed in business is out of the question.

Now, if it were indeed so, I would say to a young man, "Then quit your business. Better dig, and beg too, than to tamper with conscience, sin against God, and lose your soul." But is it so? Is it necessary, in order to succeed in business, that you should adopt a standard of morals

more lax and pliable than the one placed before you in the Bible?

Perhaps for a time a rigid adherence to rectitude might bear hard upon you; but how would it be in the end? Possibly your neighbor, by being less scrupulous than yourself, may invent a more expeditious way of acquiring a fortune. If he is willing to violate the dictates of conscience, to lie, and cheat, and trample on the rules of justice and honesty, he may indeed get the start of you, and rise suddenly to wealth and distinction. But would you envy him his riches or be willing to place yourself in his situation?

Sudden wealth, especially when obtained by dishonest means, rarely fails of bringing with it sudden ruin. Those who acquire it are of course beggared in their morals, and are often very soon beggared in property. Their riches are corrupted; and while they bring the curse of God on their immediate possessors, they usually entail misery and ruin upon their families. If it be admitted, then, that strict integrity is not always the shortest way to success, is it not the surest, the happiest, and the best?

A young man of thorough integrity may, it is true, find it difficult in the midst of dishonest competitors and rivals, to start in his business or profession; but how long ere he will surmount every difficulty, draw around him patrons and friends, and rise in the confidence and support of all who know him?

What if, in pursuing this course, you should not at the close of life have so much money by a few hundred dollars? Will not a fair character, an approving conscience, and an approving God, be an abundant compensation for this little deficiency in pelf?

Oh, there is an hour coming when one whisper of an approving mind, one smile of an approving God, will be accounted of more value than the wealth of a thousand worlds like this. In that hour, my young friends, nothing will sustain you but the consciousness of having been governed in life by worthy and good principles.

HAWES.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

YOUNG men, you are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star self-reliance, faith, honesty, and industry. Inscribe on your banner, "Luck is a fool, pluck is a hero." Don't take too much advice—keep at your helm and steer your own ship, and remember that the great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Don't practice too much humanity. Think well of yourself. Strike out. Assume your own position. Put potatoes in your cart, over a rough road, and small ones go to the bottom. Rise above the envious and jealous. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Don't drink. Don't chew. Don't smoke. Don't swear. Don't deceive. Don't read novels. Don't marry until you can support a wife. Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Be generous. Be civil. Read the papers. Advertise your business. Make money, and do good with it. Love your God and fellow men. Love truth and virtue. Love your country, and obey its laws.

If this advice be implicitly followed by the young men of the country the millennium is near at hand.

NOAH PORTER, D.D.

ABILITY AND OPPORTUNITY.

THESE are the conditions of success. Give a man power and a field in which to use it, and he must accomplish something. He may not do and become all that he desires and dreams of, but his life cannot be a failure. I never hear men complaining of the want of ability. The most unsuccessful think that they could do great things if they only had the chance. Somehow or other something or somebody has always been in the way. Providence has hedged them in so that they could not carry out their plans. They knew just how to get rich, but they lacked opportunity.

Sit down by one who thus complains and ask him to tell you the story of his life. Before he gets half through he will give you occasion to ask him, "Why didn't you do so at that time? Why didn't you stick to that piece of land and improve it, or to that business and develop it? Is not the present owner of that property rich? Is not the man who took up the business you abandoned successful?" He will probably reply: "Yes, that was an opportunity; but I did not think so then. I saw it when it was too late." In telling his story he will probably say, of his own accord, half a dozen times: "If I had known how things were going to turn I might have done as well as Mr. A. That farm of his was offered to me. I knew that it was a good one, and cheap, but I knew that it would require a great deal of hard work to get it cleared and fenced, to plant trees, vines, etc., and to secure water for irrigation. I did not like to undertake it. I am sorry now that I didn't. It was one of my opportunities."

The truth is, God gives to all of us ability and opportunities enough to enable us to be moderately successful. If we fail, in ninety-five cases out of a hundred it is our own fault. We neglect to improve the talents with which our Creator endowed us, or we failed to enter the door that he opened for us. A man cannot expect that his whole life shall be made up of opportunities, that they will meet him at regular intervals as he goes on, like milestones by the roadside. Usually he has one or two, and if he neglects them he is like a man who takes the wrong road where several meet. The further he goes the worse he fares.

A man's opportunity usually has some relation to his ability. It is an opening for a man of his talents and means. It is an opening for him to use what he has, faithfully and to the utmost. It requires toil, self-denial and faith. If he says: "I want a better opportunity than that; I am worthy of a higher position than it offers;" or if he says, "I won't work as hard and economize as closely as that opportunity demands," he may, in after years, see the folly of his pride and indolence.

There are young men all over the land who want to get rich. They want to begin, not at the bottom of the ladder, but half way up. They want somebody to give them a lift, or carry them up in a balloon, so that they can avoid the early and arduous struggles of the majority of those who have been successful. No wonder that such men fail, and then complain of Providence. Grumbling is usually a miserable expedient that people resort to to drown the reproaches of conscience. They know that they have been foolish, but they try to persuade themselves that they have been unfortunate.

ARDOR OF YOUTH.

WHO shall guess what I may be?
Who can tell my fortune to me?
For bravest and brightest that ever was sung
May be—and shall be—the lot of the young.

Hope, with her prizes and victories won,
Shines in the blaze of my morning sun—
Conquering Hope, with golden ray,
Blessing my landscape far away.

All my meadows and hills are green,
And rippling waters glance between—
All my skies are rosy bright,
Laughing in triumph at yesternight.

My heart, my heart within me swells,
Panting and stirring its hundred wells;
For youth is a noble seed that springs
Into the flower of heroes and kings!

Rich in the present, though poor in the past,
I yearn for the future, vague and vast;
And lo, what treasure of glorious things
Giant Futurity sheds from his wings?

Pleasures are there like dropping balms,
And glory and honor with chaplets and palms,
And mind well at ease, and gladness and health,
A river of peace and a mine of wealth!

Away with your counsels, and hinder me not,
On, on let me press to my brilliant lot;
Young and strong, and sanguine and free,
How knowest thou what I may be?

A CYCLE.

SPRING-TIME—is it spring-time?
Why, as I remember spring,
Almonds bloom and blackbirds sing;
Such a shower of tinted petals drifting to the clover floor,
Such a multitudinous rapture raining from sycamore;
And among the orchard trees—
Acres musical with bees—
Moans a wild dove, making silence seem more silent than before.

Yes—that is the blackbird's note;
Almond petals are afloat;
But I had not heard nor seen them, for my heart was far away.
Birds and bees and fragrant orchards—ah! they cannot bring the May;
For the human presence only,
That has left my way so lonely,
Ever can bring back the spring-time to my autumn of to-day.

Autumn—is it autumn?
I remember autumn yields
Dusty roads and stubble-fields,
Weary hills, no longer rippled o'er their wind-swept slopes with grain,
Trees all gray with dust, that gathers ever thicker till the rain;
And where noisy waters drove
Downward from the heights above,
Only bare, white channels wander stonily across the plain.

Yes, I see the hills are dry,
Stubble-fields about me lie.
What care I, when in the channels of my life once more I see
Sweetest founts, long sealed and sunken, bursting upward, glad and free?
Hills may parch or laugh in greenness,
Sky be sadness or sereneness,
Thou, my life, my best-beloved, all my spring-time comes with thee.

BEAUTIFUL ALL GOLDEN YOUTH.

OH beautiful all golden, gentle youth,
Making thy palace in the careless front,
And hopeful eye of man—eye yet the soul
Hath lost the memories which (so Plato dreamed)
Breathed glory from the earlier star it dwelt in.
Oh, for one gale from thine exulting morning
Stirring amidst the roses, where of old
Love shook the dew-drops from his glancing hair.

E. L. BULWER.

WHEN THOU ART NEAR ME.

WHEN thou art near me,
Sorrow seems to fly,
And when I think, as well I may,
That on this earth there is no one
More blest than I.

But when thou leav'st me,
Doubts and fears arise,
And darkness reigns,
Where all before was light.
The sunshine of my soul
Is in those eyes,
And when they leave me
All the world is night.

But when thou art near me,
Sorrow seems to fly,
And then I feel, as well I may,
That on this earth there dwells not one
So blest as I.

LADY JANE SCOTT.

SPRING THOUGHTS.

LITTLE bird, where do you fly so fast?
"Oh, winter is ended, at last, at last!
And I fly in haste to my northern home,
For winter has ended, and spring has come."

Dear little bird, with the feathers gay,
A moment listen, a moment stay!
I have a love in that northern land,—
I stand alone on a foreign strand;
I cannot fly with thee to woo her,
Rut thou shalt take my greeting to her.
So, when thou art come to that distant shore,
Oh, hasten to my darling's door!

Sing sweet and low, sing loud and clear,
And thou shalt catch her listening ear;
Tell her, her eyes' remembered light
Is all that makes my heaven bright;
Tell her, her sweet lips' parting word
Still day and night by me is heard;
That every hour of every day
I think of her so far away;
That time nor space, nor life nor death,
My heart from her can sever,—
For I love my love with every breath,
I love my love forever!

And the little flowers in the valley sweet,
The happy flowers that kiss her feet!
Greet them a thousand times for me,
And tell them that across the sea
All strange, bright blossoms come with May,
But none are fair to me as they!

EMANUEL GEIBEL.

Translated by L. C.

ABSENCE.

WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Still I in slumber steep each weary sense—
Weary with longing? Shall I flee away
Into past days, and with some fond pretence
Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin
Of casting from me God's great gift of time?
Shall I these mists of memory locked within,
Leave and forget life's purposes sublime?

Oh, how, and by what means, may I contrive
To bring the hour that brings thee back more near?
How may I teach my drooping hope to live
Until that blessed time, and thou art here?

I'll tell thee; for thy sake I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told
While thou, beloved one! art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;
For thy dear sake I will walk patiently
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make
A noble task-time; and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this doomed time build up in me
A thousand graces, which shall thus be thine
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

HEARTSEASE.

OF all the bonny buds that blow
In bright or cloudy weather,
Of all the flowers that come and go
The whole twelve moons together,
The little purple pansy brings
Thoughts of the sweetest, saddest things.

I had a little lover once,
Who used to give me posies;
His eyes were blue as hyacinths,
His lips were red as roses—
And everybody loved to praise
His pretty looks and winsome ways.

The girls that went to school with me
Made little jealous speeches,
Because he brought me royally
His biggest plums and peaches,
And always at the door would wait
To carry home my books and slate.

'They couldn't see"—with pout and fling—
"The mighty fascination
About that little snub-nosed thing
To win such admiration;
As if there weren't a dozen girls
With nicer eyes and longer curls."

And this I knew as well as they,
And never could see clearly
Why more than Marion or May,
I should be loved so dearly.
So once I asked him, why was this?
He only answered with a kiss.

Until I teased him—"Tell me why—
I want to know the reason;"
When from the garden-bed close by
(The pansies were in season)
He plucked and gave a flower to me,
With sweet and simple gravity.

'The garden is in bloom," he said,
"With lilies pale and slender,
With roses and verbenas red,
And fuchsias' purple splendor;
But over and above the rest,
This little heartsease suits me best."

"Am I your little heartsease, then?"
I asked with blushing pleasure;
He answered yes! and yes again—
Heartsease and dearest treasure;
That the round world and all the sea
Held nothing half so sweet as me.

I listened with a proud delight
Too rare for words to capture,
Nor ever dreamed what sudden blight
Would come to chill my rapture.
Could I foresee the tender bloom
Of pansies round a little tomb?

Life holds some stern experience,
As most of us discover,
And I've had other losses since
I lost my little lover;
But still this purple pansy brings
Thoughts of the saddest, sweetest things.

MARY E. BRADLEY.

HAD YOU EVER A COUSIN, TOM?

HAD you ever a cousin, Tom?
Did your cousin happen to sing?
Sisters we've all by the dozen, Tom,
But a cousin's a different thing.
There's something in a sister's lip,
When you give her a good-night kiss,
That savors so much of relationship,
That nothing occurs amiss.
But a cousin's lip, if you once unite,
With yours in the quietest way,
Instead of sleeping a wink that night,
You'll be dreaming the following day.

No one thinks any harm, Tom,
With a cousin to see you talk,
And no one feels an alarm, Tom,
At a quiet, cousinly walk.
But, Tom, you'll find out what I happen to know,
That such walks often grow into straying,
And the voices of cousins are sometimes so low,
Heaven only knows what they are saying.

How again there happens so often, Tom,
Soft pressure of hands and of fingers,
And looks that are moulded to soften, Tom,
And tones on which memory lingers.
So that before the walk is half over the strings
Of your heart are all called into play,
By the voice of those fair, divine, sisterly things
In not quite the most brotherly way.

And the voice of a sister may bring to you, Tom,
Such notes as the angels woo,
But I fear should your cousin sing to you, Tom,
You'd take her for an angel too.
For so curious a note is this note of theirs,
That you'd fancy the voice that gave it,
Was all the while singing the national airs,
Instead of the Psalms of David.

I once had a cousin that sang to me, Tom,
And her name shall be nameless now,
But the sound of that voice is still young, Tom,
Though we are no longer so.
'Tis folly to dream of a lover of green
When there's not a leaf on the tree.
But between singing and walking that cousin has been—
God forgive her—the ruin of me.

WEDDED.

SOME quick and bitter words we said,
And then we parted. How the sun
Swam through a sullen sea of grey!
A chill fell on the summer day.
Life's best and happiest hours were done,
Friendship was dead.

How proud we went our separate ways
And spake no words and made no moan;
She braided up her flowing hair,
That I had always called so fair,
Although she scorned my loving tone,
My word of praise.

And I? I matched her scorn with scorn,
I hated her with all my heart,
Until—we chanced to meet one day;
She turned her pretty head away;
I saw two pearly tear-drops start,
Lo! love was born.

Some fond, repenting word I said,
She answered only with a sigh;
But when I took her hand in mine
A radiant glory half divine
Flooded the earth and filled the sky.
Now we are wed.

SUCCESS OF YOUNG MEN.

THE greatest captains of ancient and modern times, both conquered Italy at twenty-five. Youth, extreme youth, overthrew the Persian empire. Don John, of Austria, won Lepanto at twenty-five, the greatest battle of modern times; had it not been for the jealousy of Philip, the next year he would have been Emperor of Mauritania. Gaston de Foix was only twenty-two when he stood a victor on the plain of Ravenna. Every one remembers Conde and Roeroy at the same age. Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight—look at his captains, that wonderful Duke of Wiemar, only thirty-six when he died. Bauer himself, after all his miracles, died at forty-five. Cortes was little more than thirty when he gazed upon the golden cupolas of Mexico. When Maurice of Saxony died at thirty-two all Europe acknowledged the loss of the greatest captain and the profoundest statesman of the age. Then there is Nelson, Clive; but these are warriors, and perhaps you may think there are greater things than war; I do not. I worship the Lord of Hosts. But take the most illustrious achievements of civil prudence. Innocent III., the greatest of the popes, was the despot of Christendom at thirty-seven. John de Medici was a cardinal at fifteen, and, Guicciardini tells us, baffled with his craft Ferdinand of Aragon himself. He was pope, as Leo X., at thirty-seven. Luther robbed even him of his

richest province at thirty-five. Take Ignatius Loyola and John Wesley; they worked with young brains. Ignatius was only thirty when he made his pilgrimage, and wrote the "Spiritual Exercises." Pascal wrote a great work at sixteen (the greatest of Frenchmen), and died at thirty-seven. Ah! that fatal thirty-seven! Which reminds me of Byron, greater even as a man than a writer. Was it experience that guided the pencil of Raphael when he painted the palaces of Rome? He died at thirty-seven. Richelieu was secretary of state at thirty-one. Well, then, there are Bolingbroke and Pitt, both ministers before other men leave off cricket. Grotius was in practice at seventeen, and attorney-general at twenty-four. And Acquavivia was general of the Jesuits, ruled every cabinet in Europe, and colonized America before he was thirty-seven. What a career! The secret sway of Europe! That was indeed a position! But it is needless to multiply instances—the history of heroes is the history of youth.

DISRAELI.

THE GIRL FOR ME.

JUST fair enough to be pretty,
Just gentle enough to be sweet,
Just saucy enough to be witty,
Just dainty enough to be neat.

Just tall enough to be graceful,
Just slight enough for a fay,
Just dress enough to be tasteful,
Just merry enough to be gay.

Just tears enough to be tender,
Just sighs enough to be sad;
Tones soft enough to remember
Your heart through the cadence made glad.

Just meek enough for submission,
Just bold enough to be brave,
Just pride enough for ambition,
Just thoughtful enough to be grave.

A tongue that can talk without harming,
Just mischief enough to tease,
Manners pleasant enough to be charming,
That put you at once at your ease.

Disdain for silly presumption,
Sarcasm to answer a fool,
Cool contempt shown to assumption,
Proper dignity always the rule.

Flights of fairy fancy ethereal,
Devotion to science full paid,
Stuff of the sort of material
Poets and painters are made.

Generous enough, and kind-hearted,
Pure as the angels above;
Oh, from her may I never be parted,
For such is the maiden I love.

COUNSEL TO THE YOUNG.

MIGHT I give counsel to my young hearer, I would say, Try to frequent the company of your betters; in books and life that is the most wholesome society; learn to admire rightly—the great pleasure of life is that. Note what the great specially admire; they admire great things: narrow spirits admire basely and worship meanly.

THACKERAY.

YOUTH AND LOVE.

OH! what without our Youth
Would Love be? What would Youth be without Love?
Youth lends its joy and sweetness, passion, truth,
Heart, soul, and all that seems as from above;
But languishing with years it grows uncouth:
One of few things experience don't improve.

BYRON.

YOUR FIRST SWEETHEART.

YOU can never forget her. She was so very young, and innocent, and pretty. She had such a way of looking at you over her hymn-book in Church. She alone of all the world did not think you a boy of eighteen, but wondered at your size and learning, and your faint foreshadowing of a sandy mustache, and believed every inch of you a man. When at those stupid evening parties where boys and girls, who should have been eating suppers of bread and milk, and gone to sleep hours before, waltzed and flirted, and made themselves sick over oysters and champagne, you were favored with a glance of her eye or whisper of her lip, you ascended to the seventh heaven immediately. When once upon a certain memorable eve she polked with the druggist clerk, and never even looked at you, how miserable you were! It is funny to think of now, but it was not funny then, for you were awfully in earnest.

Once at a picnic she wore a white dress, and had roses twined in her black hair, and she looked so much like a bride that you fairly trembled; sometimes you thought in just such snowy costume, with just such blossoms in her hair, she might stand beside the altar, and you, most blessed of all mortals, might place a golden ring upon her finger; and when you were left alone with her a moment, some of your thoughts would form themselves into words, and though she blushed and ran away, and would not let you kiss her, she did not seem to be angry. And then when you were somehow parted for a little while, and when you met again, she was walking with a gentleman of twenty-eight or thirty, and had neither word nor smile for you, and some well-meaning gossip informed you shortly after that she was "engaged" to the tall gentleman in black whiskers, and that it was "a splendid match." It was terrible news to you then, and sent you off to some great city far from your native place, where, after a good deal of youthful grief, and many resolutions to die and haunt her, you recovered your equanimity and began to make money, and to call love stuff and nonsense.

IK MARVEL.

SIXTEEN.

FULL sixteen Summers had adorned her face,
Warm'd every sense, and waken'd every grace;
Her eye look'd sweetness, gently heav'd her breast,
Her shape, her motion, graceful ease express'd.
And to this fair, this finish'd form, were join'd
The softest passions, and the purest mind.

DODSLEY.

A GIRL'S LAUGH.

IS there anything in life so lovely and poetical as the laugh and merriment of a young girl, who still in harmony with all her powers, sports with you in luxuriant freedom, and in her mirthfulness neither despises nor dislikes? Her gravity is seldom as innocent as her playfulness; still less that haughty discontent which converts the youthful Psyche into a dull, thick, buzzing, wing-drooping night-moth. Never fear that feminine playfulness will exclude depth of character and sensibility. Let then the laughter-loving creatures giggle on at one another, and especially at the first clumsy make-game wight who comes among them, even should he be the writer of this paragraph!

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

WISDOM GAINED BY EXPERIENCE

MORE COSTLY AND PERILOUS THAN BY LEARNING.

LEARNING teacheth more in one year than experience in twenty; and learning teacheth safely when experience maketh more miserable than wise. He hazardeth sore that maketh wise by experience. An unhappy shipmaster he is that is made cunning by many shipwrecks, a miserable merchant that is neither rich nor wise, but after some bank routs. It is costly wisdom that is bought by experience. We know by experience itself that it is a marvellous pain to find out, but a short way by long wandering. And surely he that would prove wise by experience, he may be witty indeed, but even like a swift runner, that runneth fast out of his way, and upon the night, he knoweth not whither. And, verily, they be fewest in number that be happy or wiser by unlearned experience. And look well upon the former life of those few, whether your example be old or young, who without learning have gathered, by long experience, a little wisdom and some happiness: and when you do consider what mischief they have committed, what dangers they have escaped (and yet twenty for one do perish in the adventure), then think well with yourself, whether ye would that your own son should come to wisdom and happiness by the way of such experience or no.

ROGER ASCHAM.

THE LONG PATH.

I FELT very weak indeed (though of a tolerably robust habit), as we came opposite the head of this path on that morning. I think I tried to speak twice without making myself distinctly audible. At last I got out the question: "Will you take the long path with me?" "Certainly," said the school-mistress, "with much pleasure." "Think," I said, "before you answer; if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more!" The school-mistress stepped back with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her.

One of the long granite blocks, used as seats, was hard by. "Pray sit down, I said. "No—no," she answered, softly; "I will walk the *long path* with you!"

The old gentleman who sits opposite, met us walking arm in arm, about the middle of the long path, and said, very charmingly, "Good morning, my dears!"

O. W. HOLMES.

BE direct in your speech, but still more so in your actions; words are evanescent, but acts will endure forever.

PLATO.

THE EVENING TIME.

TOGETHER we walked in the evening time,
Above us the sky spread golden and clear,
And he bent his head and looked in my eyes,
As if he held me of all most dear,
Oh! it was sweet in the evening time!

Grayer the light grew and grayer still,
The rooks flitted home through the purple shade;
The nightingales sang where the thorns stood high,
As I walked with him in the woodland glade.
Oh! it was sweet in the evening time!

And our pathway went through fields of wheat;
Narrow that path and rough the way,
But he was near and the birds sang true,
And the stars came out in the twilight gray.
Oh! it was sweet in the evening time!

Softly he spoke of the days long past,
Softly of blessed days to be;
Close to his arm and closer I prest,
The cornfield path was Eden to me.
Oh! it was sweet in the evening time!

And the latest gleams of daylight died;
My hand in his enfolded lay;
We swept the dew from the wheat as we passed,
For narrower, narrower, wound the way.
Oh! it was sweet in the evening time.

He looked in the depths of my eyes, and said,
"Sorrow and gladness will come for us, sweet;
But together we'll walk through the fields of life
Close as we walked through the fields of wheat."

A. C. C.

LOVE.

TRUE Love is but a humble, low-born thing,
And hath its food served up in earthen ware;
It is a thing to walk with, hand in hand,
Through the every-dayness of this work-day world,
Baring its tender feet to every roughness,
Yet letting not one heart-beat go astray
From Beauty's law of plainness and content;
A simple, fire-side thing, whose quiet smile
Can warm earth's poorest hovel to a home;
Which, when our autumn cometh, as it must,
And life in the chill wind shivers bare and leafless,
Shall still be blest with Indian summer youth
In bleak November, and, with thankful heart,
Smile on its ample stores of garnered fruit,
As full of sunshine to our aged eyes
As when it nursed the blossoms of our spring.
Such is true Love, which steals into the heart
With feet as silent as the lightsome dawn
That kisses smooth the rough brows of the dark,
And hath its will through blissful gentleness—
Not like a rocket, which, with savage glare,
Whirs suddenly up, then bursts, and leaves the night
Painfully quivering on the dazed eyes;
A Love that gives and takes, that seeth faults,
Not with flaw-seeking eyes like needle-points,
But, loving kindly, ever looks them down
With the o'ercoming faith of meek forgiveness;
A Love that shall be new and fresh each hour
As is the golden mystery of sunset,
Or the sweet coming of the evening star,
Alike, and yet most unlike, every day,
And seeming ever best and fairest now.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

CUPID SWALLOWED.

T'OTHER day, as I was twining
Roses, for a crown to dine in,
What, of all things, midst the heap,
Should I light on, fast asleep,
But the little desperate elf,
The tiny traitor,—Love himself!
By the wings I pinch'd him up
Like a bee, and in a cup
Of my wine I plunged and sank him;
And what d'ye think I did? I drank him!
Faith, I thought him dead. Not he!
There he lives with tenfold glee;
And now this moment, with his wings
I feel him tickling my heart-strings.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE GIRL OF CADIZ.

OH never talk again to me
Of northern climes and British ladies;
It has not been your lot to see,
Like me, the lovely girl of Cadiz.
Although her eye be not of blue,
Nor fair her locks, like English lasses,
How far its own expressive hue
The languid azure eye surpasses!

Prometheus-like, from heaven she stole
The fire that through those silken lashes
In darkest glances seems to roll,
From eyes that cannot hide their flashes;
And as along her bosom steal
In lengthen'd flow her raven tresses,
You'd swear each clustering lock could feel,
And curl'd to give her neck caresses.

Our English maids are long to woo,
And frigid even in possession;
And if their charms be fair to view,
Their lips are slow at Love's confession:
But born beneath a brighter sun,
For love ordain'd the Spanish maid is,
And who—when fondly, fairly won,—
Enchants you like the Girl of Cadiz?

The Spanish maid is no coquette,
Nor joys to see a lover tremble,
And if she loves, or if she hate,
Alike she knows not to dissemble.
Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold—
Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely;
And though it will not bend to gold,
'Twill love you long and love you dearly.

The Spanish girl that meets your love
Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial,
For every thought is bent to prove
Her passion in the hour of trial.
When thronging foemen menace Spain,
She dares the deed and shares the danger;
And should her lover press the plain,
She hurls the spear, her love's avenger.

And when, beneath the evening star,
She mingles in the gay Bolero,
Or sings to her attuned guitar
Of Christian knight or Moorish hero,
Or counts her beads with fairy hand
Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper,
Or joins devotion's choral band,
To chant the sweet and hallow'd vesper.

In each her charms the heart must move
Of all who venture to behold her;
Then let no maids less fair reprove
Because her bosom is not colder:
Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam,
Where many a soft and melting maid is,
But none abroad, and few at home,
May match the dark-eyed girl of Cadiz.

LORD BYRON

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

GENTEEL in personage,
Conduct and equipage;
Noble by heritage;
Generous and free;

Brave, not romantic;
Learn'd, not pedantic;
Frolic, not frantic—
This must he be.

Honor maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new;

Neat, but not finical;
Sage, but not cynical;
Never tyrannical,
But ever true.

HENRY CAREY

KISSES.

MY love and I for kisses play'd:
She would keep stakes—I was content;
But when I won, she would be paid;
This made me ask her what she meant.
"Pray, since I see," quoth she, "your wrangling vein,
Take your own kisses; give me mine again."

WILLIAM STRODE.

LOVE.

LOVE is not made of kisses, or of sighs,
Of clinging hands, or of the sorceries
And subtle witchcrafts of alluring eyes.

Love is not made of broken whispers; no!
Nor of the blushing cheek, whose answering glow
Tells that the ear has heard the accents low.

Love is not made of tears, nor yet of smiles,
Of quivering lips, or of enticing wiles:
Love is not tempted; he himself beguiles.

This is Love's language, but this is not Love.

If we know aught of Love, how shall we dare
To say that this is Love, when well aware
That these are common things, and Love is rare?

As separate streams may, blending, ever roll
In course united, so of soul to soul,
Love is the union into one sweet whole.

As molten metals mingle; as a chord
Swells sweet in harmony; when Love is Lord,
Two hearts are one, as letters form a word.

One heart, one mind, one soul, and one desire,
A kindred fancy, and a sister fire
Of thought and passion; these can Love inspire.

This makes a heaven of earth; for this is Love.

CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

WOOING.

CAPTIVE little hand,
Wherefore trembling so?
Like a fluttering bird,
All your pulses stirred;
Would you, if you could—
Would you go?

Drooping, downcast eyes,
Filled with love's own light,
'Neath your snowy lid
All my world lies hid:
Why so shyly veiled
From my sight?

Lovely quivering lips,
With your wealth of red,
Speak the longed-for word,
First in Eden heard,
In your own sweet way
Be it said.

Eager, restless heart,
Longing for your mate,
What have you to fear?
Find contentment here;
To my tender love
Trust your fate.

Dainty little maid,
Graced with charms so sweet,
One bright glance bestow;
Nay—but I will know
If—ah, yes, for me,
Life's complete!

I PRITHEE SEND ME BACK MY HEART.

I PRITHEE send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine,
For if from yours you will not part,
Why, then, shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie;
To find it were in vain;
For thou'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
O Love! where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out;
For when I think I'm best resolved,
I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine;
For I'll believe I have her heart,
As much as she has mine.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

IT is the fault of Youth that it cannot govern its own impetuosity.

DOMESTIC DISCORD.

RORY O'MORE.

YOUNG Rory O'More courted Kathleen bawn;
He was bold as the hawk, and she soft as the dawn;
He wish'd in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye—
"With your tricks, I don't know, in troth, what I'm about;
Faith, you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out."
"Och, jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
You've thrated my heart for this many a day;
And 'tis plased that I am, and why not, to be sure?
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to soothering Mike;
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound."
"Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go;
Sure I dhrame every night I'm hating you so."
"Och!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For dhrames always go by conthraries, my dear.
So, jewel, keep dhramin' that same till you die,
And bright mornin' will give dirty night the black lie;
And 'tis plased that I am, and why not, to be sure?
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased me enough;
Sure I've thrash'd, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff:
And I've made myself, dhrinkin' your health, quite a baste,
So I think, after that, I may talk to the praist."
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck;
And he look'd in her eyes, that were beaming with light,
And he kiss'd her sweet lips—don't you think he was right?
"Now, Rory, leave off, sir, you'll hug me no more,
That's eight times to-day that you've kiss'd me before."
"Then here goes another," says he, to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

SAMUEL LOVER.

IN the meanest hut is a romance, if you knew the hearts there.

VANHAGEN VON ENSE.

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day
Or the flowery meads of May,
If she be not so to me
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind;
Or a well-disposed nature
Joined to a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her merit's value known
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she with that goodness blest,
Which may gain her name of Best;
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortunes seem too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do
That without them dare to woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and bid her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

GEORGE WITHER.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

OVER the mountains,
And over the waves;
Under the fountains,
And under the graves;
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey;
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.
Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie;
Where there is no place
For receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dare not venture,
Lest herself fast she lay;
If love come, he will enter,
And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
A child for his might;
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight;
But if she, whom Love doth honor,
Be concealed from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him
By having him confined,
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind;
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that you may,
Blind love, if so ye call him,
Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
The phenix of the east;
The lioness, ye may move her
To give o'er her prey;
But you'll ne'r stop a lover:
He will find out his way.

PERCY'S RELIQUES.

A BIRD-SONG.

IT'S a year almost that I have not seen her;
Oh! last summer green things were greener,
Brambles fewer, the blue sky bluer.

It's well-nigh summer, for there's a swallow;
Come one swallow, his mate will follow,
The bird-race quicken and wheel and thicken.

O happy swallow, whose mate will follow
O'er height and hollow! I'd be a swallow
To build, this weather, our nest together.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

COUNSELS TO YOUTH.

NEVER be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your minds to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day may be a dark one.

"Troubles never last forever;
The darkest day will pass away."

If the sun is going down, look up to the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God's presence and God's promise, a man or child may be cheerful.

"Never despair when fog's in the air,
A sunshiny morning will come without warning!"

Mind what you run after! Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or a fire-wood that will end in smoke and darkness. But that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

"Something sterling that will stay
When gold and silver fly away!"

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

"He that revengeth knoweth no rest;
The meek possess a peaceful breast!"

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. By little and by little great things are completed.

"Water falling day by day,
Wears the hardest rock away."

And so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped at school never learns his lessons well. A man that is compelled to work, cares not how badly it is performed.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers, for we can get out of the way of wild beasts. Keep your heads and hearts full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may not find room.

SERENADE.

STARS of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch, while in slumbers light
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

ALTHOUGH I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Oft-times I hover:
And near the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The Minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
And noise and humming:
They've hushed the Minster bell;
The organ 'gins to swell:
She's coming, she's coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid, and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast:
She comes—she's here—she's past—
May heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly;
I will not enter there
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute
Like outcast spirits who wait
And see through heaven's gate
Angels within it.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

À MA FUTURE.

WHERE waitest thou,
Lady I am to love. Thou comest not,
Thou knowest of my sad and lonely lot,
I looked for thee ere now.

It is the May,
And each sweet sister soul hath found its brother;
Only we two seek fondly each the other,
And, seeking, still delay.

Where art thou, sweet?
I long for thee as thirsty lips for streams;
Oh, gentle promised angel of my dreams,
Why do we never meet?

Thou art as I--
Thy soul doth wait for mine, as mine for thee:
We cannot live apart—must meeting be
Never before we die?

Dear soul, not so!
For time doth keep for us some happy years,
And God hath portioned us our smiles and tears;
Thou knowest, and I know.

Yes, we shall meet;
And therefore let our searching be the stronger;
Dark ways of life shall not divide us longer,
Nor doubt, nor danger, sweet.

Therefore I bear
This winter-tide as bravely as I may,
Patiently waiting for the bright spring day
That cometh with thee, dear.

'Tis the May light
That crimsons all the quiet college gloom;
May it shine softly in thy sleeping-room—
And so, dear wife, good-night!

EDWIN ARNOLD.

PURE AND TRUE AND TENDER.

PURE and true and tender
My love must be:
Handsome, tall, and slender
My love *may* be:
But if the first be his
Who loveth me,
My heart will rest in bliss
And constancy.

With manly words and daring
My love must woo;
With polished tones and bearing
My love *may* woo;
But ever dear and sweet
The words will be
My lover's lips repeat
For only me. H.

FROM my experience, not one in twenty marries the first love; we build statues of snow, and weep to see them melt.

WALTER SCOTT.

BEFORE THE GATE.

THEY gave the whole long day to idle laughter,
To fitful song and jest,
To moods of soberness as idle, after,
And silences, as idle too as the rest.

But when at last upon their way returning,
Taciturn, late and loath,
Through the broad meadow in the sunset burning,
They reached the gate, one fine spell hindered both.

Her heart was troubled with a subtile anguish
Such as but women know
That wait, and lest love speak or speak not, languish,
And what they would, would rather they would not so;

Till he said,—man-like nothing comprehending
Of all the wondrous guile
That women won win themselves with, and bending
Eyes of relentless asking on her the while—

"Ah, if beyond this gate the path united
Our steps as far as death,
And I might open it!—" His voice, affrighted
At his own daring, faltered under his breath.

Then she—whom both his faith and fear enchanted
Far beyond words to tell,
Feeling her woman's finest wit had wanted
The art he had that knew to blunder so well—

Slyly drew near, a little step, and mocking,
"Shall we not be too late
For tea?" she said. "I'm quite worn out with walking:
Yes, thanks, your arm. And will you—open the gate?"

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS.

A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale that held that lovely deer.
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! And yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair;
Give me but what this ribband bound;
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

EDMUND WALLER.

THE FATHER'S LAMENT.

THUS it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us;
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger,
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE BRIDAL--A PICTURE.

ALIVE with eyes, the village sees
The Bridal dawning from the trees,
And housewives swarm i' the sun like bees:

Love's lovely to the passer-by,
But they who love are regioned high
On hills of bliss with heaven nigh.
The Blessing given, the ring is on,
And at God's altar radiant run
The currents of two lives in one!

FROM the sky the sun, benignant,
Looked upon them through the branches,
Saying to them, "Oh, my children.
Love is sunshine, hate is shallow,
Life is checkered shade and sunshine;
Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"
From the sky the moon looked at them,
Filled the lodge with mystic splendor,
Whispered to them, "Oh, my children,
Day is restless, night is quiet,
Man imperious, woman feeble:
Half is mine, although I follow;
Rule by patience, Laughing Water."

H. H. LONGFELLOW.

MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN! with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orb a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou, whose looks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run.

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing with a timid glance
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse.

Deep and still, that gliding stream,
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then, why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in the vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian!

See'st thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafen'd by the cataract's roar?

O thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands, life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bow where slumber'd
Birds and blossoms many-number'd;
Age, that bow with snows encumber'd.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a life in thy hands:
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear, through sorrow, wrong and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh! that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal.

And that smile, like sunshine's dart
Into many a sunless heart:
For a smile of God thou art.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

EMILY IS MARRIED.

IT is wonderful how one young maiden freshens up and keeps green the paternal roof. Old and young seem to have an interest in her, so long as she is not absolutely disposed of. Emily is married. The Admiral still enjoys his pipe, but he has no Miss Emily to fill it for him. The instrument stands where it stood, but she is gone, whose delicate touch could sometimes for a short minute appease the warring elements. He has learnt, as Marvel expresses it, to "make his destiny his choice." He bears bravely up, but he does not come out with his flashes of wild wit so thick as formerly. His sea-songs seldom escape him. His wife, too, looks as if she wanted some younger body to scold and set to rights. We all miss a junior presence. The youthfulness of the house is flown!

CHARLES LAMB.

TO OUR GIRLS.

THE pastor of a church in one of our large cities said to me not long ago: "I have officiated at forty weddings since I came here, and in every case, save one, I felt that the bride was running an awful risk." Young men of bad habits and fast tendencies never marry girls of their own sort, but demand a wife above suspicion. So pure, sweet women, kept from the touch of evil through the years of their girlhood, give themselves, with all their costly dower of womanhood, into the keeping of men who, in base associations, have learned to undervalue all that belongs to them, and then find no time for repentance in the sad after years. There is but one way out of this that I can see, and that is for you—the young women of the country—to require in association and marriage, purity for purity, sobriety for sobriety, and honor for honor. There is no reason why the young men of this Christian land should not be just as virtuous as its young women, and if the loss of your society and love be the price they are forced to pay for vice, they will not pay it. I admit with sadness that not all of our young women are capable of this high standard for themselves or others; too often from the hand of reckless beauty has the temptation to drink come to men; but I believe there are enough of earnest, thoughtful girls in the society of our country to work wonders in the temperance reform, if fully aroused. Dear girls, will you help us in the name of Christ? Will you, first of all, be so true to yourselves and God, so pure in your inner and outer life, that you shall have a right to ask that the young men with whom you associate, and especially those you marry, shall be the same? The awful gulf of dishonor is close beside your feet, and in it fathers, brothers, lovers and sons are going down. Will you not help us in our great work?

MARY F. LATHROP.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

THE following admirable letter, addressed by Mr. Carlyle in 1843 to a young man who had written to him desiring his advice as to a proper choice of reading, and, it would appear also, as to his conduct in general, is taken from its hiding place in an old Scottish newspaper of a quarter of a century ago:

"DEAR SIR—Some time ago your letter was delivered me; I take literally the first free half hour I have had since to write you a word of answer.

"It would give me true satisfaction could any advice of mine continue to forward you in your honorable course of self-improvement, but a long experience has taught me that advice can profit but little; that there is a good reason why advice is so seldom followed; this reason namely, that it so seldom, and can almost never be, rightly given. No man knows the state of another; it is always to some more or less imaginary man that the wisest and most honest adviser is speaking.

"As to the books which you—whom I know so little of—should read, there is hardly anything definite that can be said. For one thing, you may be strenuously advised to keep reading. Any good book, any book that is wiser than yourself, will teach you something—a great many things, indirectly and directly, if your mind be open to learn. This old counsel of Johnson's is also good, and universally applicable:—'Read the book you do hon-

estly feel a wish and curiosity to read.' The very wish and curiosity indicates that you, then and there, are the person likely to get good of it. 'Our wishes are presentiments of our capabilities;' that is a noble saying, of deep encouragement to all true men; applicable to our wishes and efforts in regard to reading as to other things. Among all the objects that look wonderful or beautiful to you, follow with fresh hope the one which looks wonderfullest, beautifullest. You will gradually find, by various trials (which trials see that you make honest, manful ones, not silly, short, fitful ones), what *is* for you the wonderfullest, beautifullest—what is *your* true element and province, and be able to profit by that. True desire, the monition of nature, is much to be attended to. But here also, you are to discriminate carefully between *true* desire and false. The medical men tell us we should eat what we *truly* have an appetite for, but what we only *falsely* have an appetite for we should resolutely avoid. It is very true; and flimsy, desultory readers, who fly from foolish book to foolish book, and get good of none, and mischief of all—are not these as foolish, unhealthy eaters, who mistake their superficial false desire after spiceries and confectionaries for their real appetite, of which even they are not destitute, though it lies far deeper, after solid nutritive food? With these illustrations, I will recommend Johnson's advice to you.

"Another thing, and only one other, I will say. All books are properly the record of the history of past men—what actions past men did; the summary of all books whatsoever lies there. It is on this ground that the class of books specifically named history can be safely recommended as the basis of all study of books—the preliminary to all right and full understanding of anything we can expect to find in books. Past history, and especially the past history of one's own native country, everybody may be advised to begin with that. Let him study that faithfully innumerable inquiries will branch out from it; he has a broad-beaten highway, from which all the country is more or less visible; there travelling, let him choose where he will dwell.

"Neither let mistakes and wrong directions—of which every man, in his studies and elsewhere, falls into many—discourage you. There is precious instruction to be got by finding that we are wrong. Let a man try faithfully, manfully, to be right, he will grow daily more and more right. It is, at bottom, the condition which all men have to cultivate themselves. Our very walking is an incessant falling—a falling and a catching of ourselves before we come actually to the pavement!—it is emblematic of all things a man does.

"In conclusion, I will remind you that it is not books alone, or by books chiefly, that a man becomes in all points a man. Study to do faithfully whatsoever thing in your actual situation, there and now, you find either expressly or tacitly laid to your charge; that is your post; stand in it like a true soldier. Silently devour the many chagrins of it, as all human situations have many; and see you aim not to quit it without doing all that *it*, at least, required of you. A man perfects himself by work much more than by reading. They are a growing kind of men that can wisely combine the two things—wisely, valiantly, can do what is laid to their hand in their present sphere, and prepare themselves withal for doing other wider things, if such lie before them.

"With many good wishes and encouragements, I remain yours sincerely,

"THOMAS CARLYLE."

PLATONIC.

I HAD sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn to be a maid,
For we quite agreed in doubting whether matrimony paid;
Besides we had our higher loves, fair *science* ruled my heart,
And she said *her* young affections were all wound up in *art*.

So we laughed at those wise men, who say, that friendship cannot live
'Twixt man and woman, unless each has something more to give;
We would be friends, and friends as true as e'er were man and man—
I'd be a second David, and she Miss Jonathan.

We scorned all sentimental trash—vows, kisses, tears and sighs;
High friendship, such as ours, might well such childish arts despise;
We *liked* each other, that was all, quite all there was to say,
So we just shook hands upon it, in a business sort of way.

We shared our secrets and our joys, together hoped and feared,
With common purpose sought the goal that young Ambition reared;
We dreamed together of the days, the dream-bright days to come;
We were strictly confidential, and we called each other "chum."

And many a day we wandered together o'er the hills,
I seeking bugs and butterflies, and she the ruined mills
And rustic bridges and the like, that picture-makers prize
To run in with their waterfalls, and groves, and summer skies.

And many a quiet evening, in hours of silent ease,
We floated down the river, or strolled beneath the trees,
And talked in long gradation, from the poets to the weather,
While the western skies and my cigar burned slowly out together.

Yet through it all no whispered word, no tell-tale glance or sigh,
Told aught of warmer sentiment than friendly sympathy—
We talked of love as coolly as we talked of Nebulæ,
And thought no more of being *one* than we did of being *three*.

* * * * * * * * *

"Well, good-bye, chum!" I took her hand, for the time had come to go—
My going meant our parting, when to meet we did not know;
I had lingered long, and said farewell with a very heavy heart;
For although we were but *friends*, 'tis hard for honest friends to part

"Good-bye, old fellow! don't forget your friends beyond the sea,
And some day, when you've lots of time, drop a line or two to me."
The words came lightly, gaily, but a great sob, just behind,
Welled upward with a story of quite a different kind.

And then she raised her eyes to mine—great liquid eyes of blue,
Filled to the brim, and running o'er, like violet cups of dew;
One long, long glance, and then I did, what I never did before—
Perhaps the *tears* meant friendship, but I'm sure the *kiss* meant more.

WILLIAM B. TERRETT.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD

COME into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown!
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone.
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the rose is blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
On a bed of daffodil sky,—
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune,—
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
"For ever and ever mine!"

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clash'd in the hall:
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulets fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March wind sighs,
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet,
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake.
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate!
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet!
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would startle and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

PROPOSAL.

THE violet loves a sunny bank,
The cowslip loves the lea,
The scarlet-creeper loves the elm,
But I love—thee.

The sunshine kisses mount and vale,
The stars they kiss the sea,
The west winds kiss the clover bloom,
But I kiss—thee.

The oriole weds his mottled mate,
The lily's bride of the bee;
Heaven's marriage-ring is round the earth;
Shall I wed thee?

BAYARD TAYLOR.

LOVE.

THERE is a fragrant blossom, that maketh glad the garden of the heart;
Its roots lieth deep; it is delicate, yet lasting, as the lilac crocus of autumn;
Loveliness and thought are the dews that water it morn and even;
Memory and absence cherish it, as the balmy breathings of the south.
Its sun is the brightness of affection, and it bloometh in the border of Hope.
Its companions are gentle flowers, and the briar withereth by its side.
I saw it budding in beauty; I felt the magic of its smile;
The violet rejoiced beneath it, the rose stooped down and kissed it;
And I thought some cherub had planted there a truant flower of Eden,
As a bird bringeth foreign seeds, that they may flourish in a kindly soil.
I saw, and asked not its name. I knew no language was so wealthy,
Though every heart of every clime findeth its echo within.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Love,—what a volume in a word, an ocean in a tear,
A seventh heaven in a glance, a whirlwind in a sigh,
The lightning in a touch, a millennium in a moment,
What concentrated joy, or woe, in blest or blighted Love!
For it is that native poetry springing up indigenous in Mind,
The heart's own country music thrilling all its chords,
The story without an end that angels throng to hear,
The words, the king of words, carved on Jehovah's heart!
Go, call thou snake-eyed malice mercy, call envy honest praise,
Count selfish craft for wisdom, and coward treachery for prudence;
Do homage for blaspheming unbelief as to bold and free philosophy,
And estimate the recklessness of license as the right attribute of liberty,—
But with the world, thou friend and scholar, stain not this pure name,
Nor suffer the majesty of Love to be likened to the meanness of desire;
For Love is no more such, than seraphs' hymns are discord;
And such is no more Love than Etna's breath is summer.

Love is a sweet idolatry, enslaving all the soul,
A mighty spiritual force, warring with the dullness of matter,
An angel mind breathed into a mortal, though fallen, yet how beautiful!
All the devotion of the heart in all its depth and grandeur.
Behold that pale geranium, pent within the cottage window,
How yearningly it stretcheth to the light its sickly long-stalked leaves;
How it straineth upward to the sun, coveting his sweet influence;
How real a living sacrifice to the god of all its worship!
Such is the soul that loveth, and so the rose-tree of affection
Bendeth its every leaf to look on those dear eyes:
Its every gushing petal basketh in their light;
And all its gladness, all its life, is hanging on their love.

If the love of the heart is blighted it buddeth not again:
If that pleasant song is forgotten, it is to be learnt no more;
Yet often will thought look back, and weep over early affection;
And the dim notes of that pleasant song will be heard as a reproachful spirit,
Moaning in Æolian strains over the desert of the heart,
Where the hot siroccos of the world have wither'd its own oasis.

M. F. TUPPER.

TWO OF THEM.

IN the farm-house porch the farmer sat,
With his daughter having a cosy chat,
She was his only child, and he
Thought her as fair as a girl could be.
A wee bit jealous the old man grew,
If he fancied any might come to woo
His one pet lamb, and her loving care
He wished with nobody else to share.

"There should be two of you, child," said he;
"There should be two to welcome me
When I come home from the field at night:
Two would make the old homestead bright.
There's neighbor Grey with his children four
To be glad together. Had I one more,
A proud old father I'd be, my dear,
With two good children to greet me here."

Down by the gate 'neath the old elm tree
Donald waited alone; and she
For whom he waited his love-call heard
And on either cheek the blushes stirred.
"Father," she said, and knelt her down,
And kissed the hand that was old and brown—
"Father, there may be two, if you will,
And I—your only daughter still.

"Two to welcome you home at night;
Two to make the old homestead bright;
I—and somebody else." "I see,"
Said the farmer, "and whom may 'somebody' be?"
Oh, the dimples in Bessie's cheek,
That played with the blushes at hide-and-seek!
Away from his gaze she turned her head,
"One of neighbor Grey's children," she said.

"H'm!" said the farmer; "make it plain;
Is it Susan, Alice, or Mary Jane?"
Another kiss on the aged hand,
To help the farmer to understand (?)
"H'm," said the farmer: "yes, I see;
It is two for yourself and one for me."
But Bessie said, "There can be but one
For me and my heart till life is done."

DIVIDED.

I KNOW the dream is over,
I know you can not be
In all the time to come the same
That you have been to me;
The color still is in the cheek,
The lustre in the eye,—
But ah! we two have parted hands—
Good-bye!

Not that I love you less,
For, oh! my heart is sore,—
Not that the lips that breathe your name
Are less fond than of yore;
But the unresting feet of time
Have traveled on so fast!
And soul from soul has grown away
At last.

I think I just stood still—
For I had found my all—
But your rich life swept ever on
Beyond my weak recall;
And now, although the voice rings sweet,
And clear the dear eyes shine,
I know no part of all their wealth
Is mine.

What bridge can sad Love build
Across this gulf of Change,
Who needs must work with broken hopes
And fancies new and strange?
Alas, it is too late,—
The light fades down the sky,
The hands slip slowly each from each—
Good-bye!

BARTON GREY.

SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

MELLOW the moonlight to shine is beginning;
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;
Bent o'er the fire, her blind grandmother, sitting,
Is croaning and moaning, and drowsily knitting,—
"Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping."
"'Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping."
"Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing."
"'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind dying."
Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring;
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

"What's that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder?"
"'Tis the little birds chirping the holly-bush under."
"What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
And singing all wrong that old song of 'The Coolun!'"
There's a form at the casement—the form of her true love—
And he whispers, with face bent, "I'm waiting for you, love;
Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly,
We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly."
Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring;
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers.
Steals up from her seat—longs to go, and yet lingers;
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,
Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.
Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round;
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound;
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
The maid steps,—then leaps to the arms of her lover.
Slower, and slower, and slower the wheel swings;
Lower, and lower, and lower the reel rings.
Ere the reel and the wheel stopped their ringing and rubbing,
Thro' the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

YOUTH.

A CHEERFUL sweetness in his looks he has,
And innocence unartful in his face;
A modest blush he wears, not formed by art,
Free from deceit his eye, and full as free his heart.

CONGREVE.

ROSADER'S SONETTO.

TURN I my looks unto the skies,
Love with his arrows wounds mine eyes;
If so I look upon the ground,
Love then in every flower is found;
Search I the shade to flee my pain,
Love meets me in the shades again;
Want I to walk in secret grove,
E'en there I meet with sacred love;
If so I bathe me in the spring,
E'en on the brink I hear him sing;
If so I meditate alone,
He will be partner of my moan;
If so I mourn, he weeps with me,
And where I am there will he be;
When as I talk of Rosalind,
The god from coyness waxeth kind,
And seems in self-same frame to fly,
Because he loves as well as I.
Sweet Rosalind, for pity rue,
For why, than love I am more true.
He, if he speed, will quickly fly,
But in thy love I live and die.

THOMAS LODGE.

FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

YOU see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself,
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich,
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlessoned girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself
Are yours, my lord.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A STOLEN KISS.

NOW gentle sleep hath closed up those eyes
Which, waking, kept my boldest thoughts in awe;
And free access unto that sweet lip lies,
From whence I long the rosy breath to draw.
Methinks no wrong it were if I should steal
From those melting rubies one poor kiss;
None sees the theft that would the theft reveal.
Nor rob I her of aught what she can miss:
Nay, should I twenty kisses take away,
There would be little sign I would do so;
Why, then, should I this robbery delay?
Oh, she may wake, and therewith angry grow!
Well, if she do, I'll back restore that one,
And twenty hundred thousand more for loan.

GEORGE WITHER.

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

GO, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

"Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

"Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

"Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair."

EDMUND WALLER.

ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

MY ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've dropp'd into the well,
And what to say to Muca, I cannot, cannot tell—
'Twas thus Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuharez' daughter—
The well is deep—far down they lie, beneath the cold blue water;
To me did Muca give them when he spake his sad farewell,
And what to say when he comes back, alas! I cannot tell.

My ear-rings! my ear-rings!—they were pearls in silver set,
That, when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget;
That I ne'er to other tongues should list, nor smile on other's tale,
But remember he my lips had kiss'd, pure as those ear-rings pale.
When he comes back, and hears that I have dropp'd them in the well,
Oh, what will Muca think of me?—I cannot, cannot tell!

My ear-rings! my ear-rings!—he'll say they should have been,
Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glitering sheen,
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear,
Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere;
That changeful mind unchanging gems are not befitting well,
Thus will he think—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

He'll think when I to market went I loiter'd by the way;
He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say;
He'll think some other lover's hand among my tresses noosed,
From the ears where he had placed them my rings of pearl unloosed;
He'll think when I was sporting so beside this marble well
My pearls fell in—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same;
He'll say I loved when he was here to whisper of his flame—
But when he went to Tunis, my virgin troth had broken,
And thought no more of Muca, and cared not for his token.
My ear-rings! my ear-rings! O luckless, luckless well,—
For what to say to Muca—alas! I cannot tell.

I'll tell the truth to Muca—and I hope he will believe—
That I thought of him at morning and thought of him at eve;
That, musing, on my lover, when down the sun was gone,
His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone;
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand they fell,
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the well.

(From the Spanish.) JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

LOVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leant against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own
My hope, my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I play'd a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he woo'd
The Lady of the Land.

He told her how he pined; and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he cross'd the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade.

There came and look'd him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leap'd amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land!

And now she wept, and clasp'd his knees;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay.

His dying words—but when I reach'd
The tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturb'd her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve;
The music, and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eye:

REVERIE.

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blush'd with love and virgin-shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepp'd aside,
As conscious of my look she stepp'd—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, look'd up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride,
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

MARY MORISON.

O MARY, at thy window be!
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour,
Those smiles and glances let me see
That make the miser's treasure poor:
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison!

Yestreen, when to the trembling string,
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing—
I sat, but neither heard nor saw—
Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And you the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only fault is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

ROBERT BURNS.

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken dear,
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and hand all thy own to the last.

Oh, what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
And thy angel I'll be 'mid the horrors of this,
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee,—or perish there too!

THOMAS MOORE.

COURTSHIP.

DAISY flashed into my room this morning, and exclaimed: "Only acquainted six weeks and married to-morrow! The idea. Well, if I can't have a longer courtship than that, I'll never marry; that's all!"

"What is courtship, Daisy?"

"Why," and the pretty maiden hesitated before she answered my abrupt question; "it's having a young man come to see you, and bring a carriage to give you a ride, and take you to concerts and lectures, and being engaged with a handsome ring, and then having a grand wedding, such as Mary has no time for;" and the thoughtless young creature danced away to escape one of my talks. So, as Daisy has left me, I shall have to give others the benefit of my thoughts.

I am no lover of hasty marriages, but I think Mary's short courtship will be quite as apt to end pleasantly as the longer one Daisy is planning for. She gives no thought to learning the disposition of the knight who will one day seek her hand. I do not think girls give this subject the thought they should. Think over your girl acquaintances, and select one who, when you first met her, appeared pleasant and gentle, but later proved to have qualities in exact opposition to these. If you met her at school, you quite likely asked to share seats or rooms; but after a little, when her real self became known, how desirous you were of a change! Suppose the choice you made was one by which you must abide as long as you two attended the same school, and neither of you could leave it before your education was finished without incurring lasting disgrace. Would not your school life have been one of misery?

And now give a thought to the much closer relation of the wedded pair. To them there comes no semi-annual vacation or separation; they are expected to spend their lives together, to be each the well-spring of delight for the other, not merely for a few months, or half a score of years, but "so long as ye both shall live." Just think the matter over. Suppose you should marry, and find after a little that you were mistaken in your husband's character—that he was not so pleasant as he seemed—that the little sins he promised to give up were still persisted in; in short, that your natures did not assimilate as you expected they would do, and life with him was a constant trial. What could you do? Nothing whatever, except keep as far as possible your vow to be a true, faithful, loving wife. It would be too hard to spend thirty, forty or perhaps fifty years as a constant companion of a detested husband.

Then picture your union with a man whose presence was always a source of delight, whose absence ever made a void in your life; whose return was welcomed by an involuntary smile and a quicker beating of the pulse, whose voice made music in your home and your heart. Would you then grieve, think you, that yours was union for life, or would it be a task to be true, faithful and loving? These are no fancy sketches, girls. Home is a place of happiness or torment.

Now I think the object of courtship is to learn if the natural likes and dislikes, tastes, habits, pleasures and desires of the two young people are enough alike for them to be pleasant companions as long as they live. To ascertain this, all young persons of either sex should be truly *themselves* in all their intercourse with each other, for real companionship is that which each desires, and if courtship is mere acting, how can either make a satisfactory

decision? Without this companionship, wedded life is a mockery and a delusion; with it one gets a foretaste of eternal bliss.

If you meet one who likes that which you like, and abhors that which you abhor, not merely because you like or dislike it, but because his natural taste chooses or rejects the same things as does your own, not in minutiæ, perhaps, but in all essential points, you have very likely been found by your true knight. But be sure before you give him your hand in marriage that you love him—that you care for *him*, and not for his surroundings only—that your affection is based on something more enduring than good features, shining hair or fine figure. Age will alter these, and their beauty is lost; but true love only grows stronger with the change.

Still more foolish than this is the one who marries for money or position, the most fleeting things of earth, that at the slightest adverse wind take to themselves wings and fly away. Neither is she wise who marries because it is expedient. A life of toil alone is easier than the same life with the husband she detests. Nor is it best to marry as did Betsy Bobbet, because "Mrs." would look better than "Miss" on her tombstone.

Dear girls, marry for none of these things.

SONG.

DAY, in melting purple dying,
Blossoms all around me sighing,
Fragrance, from the lilies straying,
Zephyr, with my ringlets playing,
Ye but waken my distress:
I am sick of loneliness.

Thou to whom I love to hearken
Come, ere night around me darken;
Though thy softness but deceive me,
Say, thou'rt true, and I'll believe thee;
Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent!
Let me think it innocent!

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure:
All I ask is friendship's pleasure:
Let the shining ore lie darkling,
Bring no gem in lustre sparkling;
Gifts and gold are naught to me:
I would only look on thee!

Tell to thee the high-wrought feeling,
Ecstasy but in revealing;
Paint to thee the deep sensation,
Rapture in participation,
Yet but torture, if comprest
In a lone unfriended breast.

Absent still? Ah! come and bless me!
Let these eyes again caress thee;
Once, in caution, I could fly thee:
Now, I nothing could deny thee:
In a look if death there be,
Come and I will gaze on thee!

MARIA BROOKS.

LOVE.

WHO can hide fire? If't be uncovered, light;
If covered, smoke betrays it to the sight:
Love is that fire, which still some sign affords;
If hid, they are sighs; if open, they are words.

WILLM. CARTWRIGHT.

I TELL thee, Love is Nature's second sun,
Causing a Spring of virtues where he shines;
And as without the sun, the world's great eye,
All colors, beauties both of Art and Nature.
Are given in vain to men; so, without Love,
All beauties bred in Women are in Vain,
All virtues bred in men lie buried;
For Love informs them as the sun doth colors.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

O LADY, trust the generous boy,
His smiles are full of light and joy,
And e'en his most envenomed dart
Is better than a vacant heart.

L. M. CHILD.

GRADUATED.

A THOUSAND eyes beheld the class-
mates range
Their semi-circles round the rector's
chair,
While he, with stately-sounding old-world
words,
Gives parchment honors there.

A thousand shining eyes! but none descry
The shape that's clearest to my dim-
ming sight,
A shadow form that in yon goodly throng
Moveth as with a right.

A form as fair as any of the rest,
Pressing, like them, with eager tread of
youth—
A face that not the brightest may outshine
For lovingness or truth!

See how 'tis moved with feelings of the
hour!
With boyish pleasure, yet with manly
pain!
Pleased with the prize, yet ready to prefer
The long, sweet strife again.

Ah, tear-dimmed eyes! it is in vain you try,
With the self-cheating spirit to restore
That shape unto the place that knew it
once,
But knows it now no more.

He is not here, the earnest lad who threw
Himself so lovingly into the round
Of college life, the fullest that as yet
His brief young days had found.

He is not here. Far other prizes now
May beckon him. Oh, dear one, long
away,
What high companionships content thee
for
Thine absence here to-day?

What happy schools far off, of love and joy
Have with their charms the gentle grief
consoled
With which thy faithful spirit laid aside
The life it loved of old?

Not all the learning of the wise of earth
Could find an answer. Wearily, mine
eye
Turns from the smiling company to seek
Outside the blue June sky.

Through open windows of the crowded
church,
In still significance, it looketh down,
And tossing elm-boughs hush themselves
to catch
The word it might make known.

The buzz within, the rector's stately speech
Grow far-off to mine ear, and die away.
I find again the silence of thy strange,
Sad graduation day;

I hear again thy Master's simple words,
So low, so sweet, conferring thy degree
"Of such my kingdom is; let none forbid
His coming unto me."

M. E. BENNETT.

A KING'S WOOING.

CANST thou love me, Kate? A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a *good heart*, Kate, is the sun and moon, or rather the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps its course truly. If thou wouldst have such a one, have me. If thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee, that I shall die, is true; but, for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too.

KING HENRY V.—Act V., Scene II.

MISS EDITH HELPS THINGS ALONG.

"MY sister 'll be down in a minute, and says you're to wait if you please;
And says I might stay till she came, if I'd promise her never to tease,
Nor speak till you spoke to me first. But that's nonsense; for how would you know
What she told me to say if I didn't? Don't you really and truly think so?

"And then you'd feel strange here alone. And you wouldn't know just where to sit;
For that chair isn't strong on its legs, and we never use it a bit:
We keep it to match with the sofa; but Jack says it would be like you
To flop yourself right down upon it, and knock out the very last screw.

"Suppose you try! I won't tell. You're afraid to! Oh! you're afraid they would think it was mean!
Well, then, there's the album: that's pretty if you're sure that your fingers are clean,
For sister says sometimes I daub it; but she only says that when she's cross.
There's her picture. You know it? It's like her, but she ain't as good-looking, of course.

"This is ME. It's the best of 'em all. Now, tell me, you'd never have thought
That once I was little as that? It's the only one that could be bought;
For that was the message to pa from the photograph-man where I sat,—
That he wouldn't print off any more till he first got his money for that.

"What? Maybe you're tired of waiting. Why, often she's longer than this.
There's all her back hair to do up, and all of her front curls to friz.
But it's nice to be sitting here talking, like grown people, just you and me!
Do you think you'll be coming here often? Oh, do! But don't come like Tom Lee—

"Tom Lee, her last beau. Why, my goodness! he used to be here day and night,
Till the folks thought he'd be her husband; and Jack says that gave him a fright.
You won't run away then, as he did? for you're not a rich man, they say.
Pa says you're poor as a church-mouse. Now, are you? and how poor are they?

"Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, I am; for I know now your hair isn't red;
But what there is left of it's mousy, and not what that naughty Jack said.
But there! I must go; sister's coming! But I wish I could wait, just to see
If she ran up to you, and she kissed you in the way she used to kiss Lee."

BRET HARTE.

BE ZEALOUS.

Oh, be thou zealous in thy youth
Fill every day with noble toils,
Fight for the victories of truth,
And deck thee with her deathless spoils,
For those whose lives are in retreat,
Their valor and ambition flown,
In vain the 'larum drum is beat.
In vain the battle trumpet blown!

Oriental translation by W. R. Alger.

YOUTH PASTURES IN A VALLEY OF ITS OWN.

Youth pastures in a valley of its own:
The glare of noon, the rains and winds of heaven,
Mar not the calm yet virgin of all care;
But ever with sweet joys it buddeth up
The airy halls of life.

SOPHOCLES.

MY KATE.

SHE was not as pretty as women I know,
And yet all your best, made of sunshine and snow,
Deep to shade, melt to nought, in the long-trodden ways,
While she's still remembered on warm and cold days:
My Kate.

Her air had a meaning, her movement a grace,
You turned from the fairest to gaze in her face;
And when you had once seen her forehead and mouth,
You saw as distinctly her soul and her truth:
My Kate.

Such a blueinner light from her eyelids outbroke,
You looked at her silence and fancied she spoke;
When she did, so peculiar, yet soft was the tone,
Though the loudest spoke also you heard her alone:
My Kate.

I doubt if she said to you much that could act
As a thought or suggestion; she did not attract
In the sense of the brilliant and wise, I infer;
'Twas her thinking of others made you think of her:
My Kate.

She never found fault with you; never implied
Your wrong by her right; and yet men at her side,
Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown:
My Kate.

None knelt at her feet as adorers in thrall;
They knelt more to God than they used, that was all;
If you praised her as charming, some asked what you meant,
But the charm of her presence was felt when she went:
My Kate.

The weak and the gentle, the ribald and rude,
She took as she found them and did them all good;
It always was so with her—see what you have!
She has made the grass greener e'en *here* with her grave:
My Kate.

My dear one! when thou wert alive with the rest,
I held thee the sweetest, and loved thee the best;
And now thou art dead, shall I not take thy part,
As thy smile used to do thyself, my sweetheart?
My Kate.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE LOVELINESS OF LOVE.

IT is not beauty I demand,
A crystal brow, the moon's despair,
Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,
Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair:

Tell me not of your starry eyes,
Your lips that seem on roses fed,
Your breasts, where Cupid tumbling lies,
Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed:—

A bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks
Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours,
A breath that softer music speaks
Than summer winds a-wooing flowers.

These are but gauds: nay what are lips?
Coral beneath the ocean stream,
Whose brink when your adventure slips
Full oft he perisheth on them.

And what are cheeks, but ensigns oft
That wave hot youth to fields of blood?
Did Helen's breast, though ne'er so soft,
Do Greece or Ilium any good?

Eyes can with baleful ardor burn;
Poison can breathe, that erst perfumed;
There's many a white hand holds an urn
With lovers' hearts to dust consumed.

For crystal brows there's naught within;
They are but empty cells for pride;
He who the siren's hair would win
Is mostly strangled in the tide.

Give me, instead of Beauty's bust,
A tender heart, a loyal mind
Which with temptation I would trust,
Yet never link'd with error find,—

One in whose gentle bosom I
Could pour my secret heart of woes,
Like the care-burthen'd honey-fly
That hides its murmurs in the rose,—

My earthly Comforter! whose love
So indefeasible might be
That, when my spirit winged above,
Hers could not stay, for sympathy.

AN OFFER.

I WANT you, Carrie, for my wife. You may hunt far and wide, but you'll find nobody that'll keer for you as I will. Every man, Carrie, that's worth his salt must find a woman to work for, and when he's nigh on to thirty, as I am, he wants to see a youngster grow up to take his place when he gits old: otherwise, no matter how lucky he is, there's not much comfort in livin'. Perhaps I don't talk quite as fine as some, but talking's like the froth on the creek, maybe it's shallow, and maybe it's deep—you can't tell. The heart's the main thing, and thank God, I'm right there. Carrie, don't trifle with me.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

IF Virtue could be seen she would be loved. If Truth could be heard she would be obeyed.

THE PORTRAIT.

COME, thou best of painters,
Prince of the Rhodian art;
Paint, thou best of painters,
The mistress of my heart—
Though absent—from the picture
Which I shall now impart.

First paint for me her ringlets
Of dark and glossy hue,
And fragrant odors breathing—
If this thine art can do.

Paint me an ivory forehead
That crowns a perfect cheek,
And rises under ringlets
Dark-colored, soft, and sleek.

The space between the eyebrows
Not mingle nor dispart,
But blend them imperceptibly
And true will be thy art.

From under black-eye fringes
Let sunny flashes play—
Cythera's swimming glances,
Minerva's azure ray.

With milk commingle roses
To paint a nose and cheeks—
A lip like bland persuasion's—
A lip that kissing seeks.

Within the chin luxurious
Let all the graces fair,
Round neck of alabaster,
Be ever flitting there.

And now in robes invest her
Of palest purple dyes,
Betraying fair proportions
To our delighted eyes.

Cease, cease, I see before me
The picture of my choice!
And quickly wilt thou give me—
The music of thy voice.

ANACREON. (Greek,)

Translation of William Hay.

SUMMER DAYS.

IN summer, when the days were long,
We walked together in the wood:
Our heart was light, our step was strong;
Sweet flutterings were there in our blood,
In summer, when the days were long.

We strayed from morn till evening came;
We gathered flowers, and wove us crowns;
We walked mid poppies red as flame,
Or sat upon the yellow downs;
And always wished our life the same.

In summer, when the days were long,
We leaped the hedgerow, crossed the brook:
And still her voice flowed forth in song,
Or else she read some graceful book,
In summer, when the days were long.

And then we sat beneath the trees,
With shadows lessening in the noon;
And, in the sunlight and the breeze,
We feasted, many a gorgeous June,
While larks were singing o'er the leas.

In summer, when the days were long,
On dainty chicken, snow-white bread,
We feasted, with no grace but song;
We plucked wild strawb'ries, ripe and red,
In summer, when the days were long.

We loved, and yet we knew it not—
For loving seemed like breathing then;
We found a heaven in every spot;
Saw angels, too, in all good men;
And dreamed of God in grove and grot.

In summer, when the days are long,
Alone I wander, muse alone;
I see her not; but that old song
Under the fragrant wind is blown,
In summer, when the days are long.

Alone I wander in the wood;
But one fair spirit hears my sighs;
And half I see, so glad and good,
The honest daylight of her eyes,
That charmed me under earlier skies.

In summer, when the days are long,
I love her as we loved of old;
My heart is light, my step is strong;
For love brings back those hours of gold,
In summer, when the days are long.

BECAUSE.

IT is not because your heart is mine—mine only—
Mine alone;
It is not because you chose me, weak and lonely,
For your own;
Not because the earth is fairer, and the skies
Spread above you
Are more radiant for the shining of your eyes—
That I love you!

It is not because the world's perplexed meaning
Grows more clear;
And the Parapets of Heaven, with angels leaning,
Seen more near;
And Nature sings of praise with all her voices
Since yours spoke,
Since within my silent heart, that now rejoices,
Love awoke!

Nay, not even because your hand holds heart and life;
At your will
Soothing, hushing all its discord, making strife
Calm and still;
Teaching Trust to fold her wings, nor ever roam
From her nest;
Teaching Love that her securest, safest home
Must be Rest.

But because this human Love, though true and sweet—
Yours and mine—
Has been sent by Love more tender, more complete,
More divine;
That it leads our hearts to rest at last in Heaven,
Far above you;
Do I take you as a gift that God has given—
And I love you!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

LOVE'S SONG.

THE Sun, the Rose, the Lily, the Dove,—
I loved them all, in my early love.
I love them no longer, but her alone,—
The Pure, the Tender, the Only, the One,
For she herself, my Queen of Love,
Is Rose, and Lily, and Sun, and Dove!

HEINRICH HEINE.

Translated by James Freeman Clarke.

THERESA'S ANSWER TO WILHELM.

I AM yours, as I am, and as you know me; I call you mine, as you are, and as I know you. What in ourselves wedlock changes, we shall study to adjust by reason, cheerfulness, and mutual good-will.

GOETHE.

LOCHINVAR.

O H, young Lochinvar is come out of the West,—
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,—
He rode all unarm'd and he rode all alone,
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stay'd not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none,
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby hall,
'Mong bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers and all.
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter,—my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely, by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar:
"Now tread we a measure," said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace,
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bridemaidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by far
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, brush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE LOVE-KNOT.

TYING her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her raven ringlets in;
But not alone in its silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wind comes blowing merry and chill;
And it blew the curls a frolicsome race
All over the happy peach-color'd face,
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in,
Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom
Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume,
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
That ever imprison'd a romping curl.
Or, in tying her bonnet under her chin,
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill—
Madder, merrier, chillier still
The western winds blew down and play'd
The wildest tricks with the little maid,
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

O western wind, do you think it was fair
To play such tricks with her floating hair?
To gladly, gleefully do your best
To blow her against the young man's breast?
Where he as gladly folded her in;
He kiss'd her mouth and dimpled chin.

Oh, Ellery Vane, you little thought,
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you,
After the sun had dried the dew,
What perilous danger you'd be in,
As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

NORA PERRY.

WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKIES.

WHEN stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea!
For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,
Are stillest when they shine;
Mine earthly love lies hush'd in light
Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when angels keep
Familiar watch o'er men,
When coarser souls are wrapt in sleep—
Sweet spirit, meet me then!
There is an hour when holy dreams
Through slumber fairest glide;
And in that mystic hour it seems
Thou shouldst be by my side.

My thoughts of thee too sacred are
For daylight's common beam:
I can but know thee as my star,
My angel and my dream;
When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee:
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea!

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

LOVE NOT ME.

LOVE not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part,
No, nor for my constant heart;
For those may fail or turn to ill,
So thou and I shall sever;
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why
So hast thou the same reason still
To doat upon me ever.

ASKING THE GOV'NOR.

SMITH had just asked Mr. Thompson's daughter if she would give him a lift out of his slough of bachelordom, and she had said "Yes."

It therefore became necessary to get the old gentleman's permission, so, as Smith said, arrangements might be made to hop the conjugal twig.

Smith said he'd rather pop the interrogatory to all of old Thompson's daughters, and his sisters, and his lady cousins, and his aunt Hannah in the country, and the whole of his female relations, than ask old Thompson. But it had to be done, and so he went down and studied out a speech which he was to disgorge at old Thompson the very first time he set eyes on him. So Smith dropped in on him one Sunday evening, when all the family had meandered round to chapel, and found him doing a sum in beer measure.

"How are you, Smith?" said old Thompson, as the former walked in, white as a piece of chalk, and trembling as if he had swallowed a condensed earthquake. Smith was afraid to answer, 'cause he wasn't sure about that speech. He knew he had to keep his grip on it while he had it there, or it would slip from him quicker than an oiled eel through an augur-hole, so he blurted out:

"Mr. Thompson—sir; perhaps it may not be unknown to you that during an extended period of some five years I have been busily engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise—"

"Is that so, and keepin' it a secret all this time, while I thought you were keepin' shop? Well, by George, you're a cute one, ain't you?"

Smith had to begin and think it over again, to get the run of it:

"Mr. Thompson—sir; perhaps it may not be unknown to you that, during the extended period of five years, I have been busily engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise, with the determination to secure a sufficient maintenance—"

"Sit down, Smith, and help yourself to beer. Don't stand there holding your hat like a blind beggar with paralysis. I have never seen you behave yourself so queer in all my born days."

Smith had been knocked out again, and so he had to wander back to take a fresh start:

"Mr. Thompson—sir; it may not be unknown to you that during an extended period of five years, I have been engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise, with the determination to procure a sufficient maintenance—"

"Well?" asked old Thompson, but Smith went on:

"In the hope that some day I might enter wedlock, and bestow my earthly possessions upon one whom I could call my own. I have been a lonely man, sir, and I have felt that it is not good for man to be alone; therefore I would—"

"Neither is it; I'm glad you came in. How's your father?"

"Mr. Thompson—sir," said Smith in despairing confusion, raising his voice to a yell, "it may not be unknown to you that, during an extended period of a lonely man, I have been engaged to enter wedlock, and bestowed all my enterprise on one whom I could determine to be good for certain possessions—no, I mean, that is—Mr. Thompson, sir; it may not be unknown—"

"And then again it may. Look here, Smith, you'd better lie down and take something warm—you ain't well."

Smith's eyes stuck wildly out of his head with embarrassment, but he went on again:

"Mr. Thompson—sir; it may not be lonely to you to prosecute me whom a friend, for a commercial maintenance, but—but—eh—dang it—Mr. Thompson, sir: It—"

"Oh, Smith, you talk like a fool. I never saw a more first-class idiot in the course of my whole life. What's the matter with you, anyhow?"

"Mr. Thompson—sir," said Smith, in an agony of bewilderment, "it may not be unknown that you prosecuted a lonely man who is not good for a commercial period of wedlock for some five years, but—"

"See here, Smith, you're drunk, and if you can't behave better than that, you'd better leave; if you don't, I'll chuck you out, or I'm a Dutchman."

"Mr. Thompson — sir," said Smith, frantic with despair, "it may not be known to you that my earthly possessions are engaged to enter wedlock five years with a sufficiently lonely man, who is not good for a commercial maintenance—"

"The very deuce he isn't. Now you jist git up and git out, or I'll knock the little brains out you've got left."

With that, old Thompson took Smith and shot him into the street as if he'd run him against a locomotive train at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Before old Thompson had time to shut the front door, Smith collected his legs and one thing and another that were lying around on the pavement, arranged himself in a vertical position, and yelled out:

"Mr. Thompson—sir; it may not be known to you—" which made the old fellow so pink with rage, that he went out and set a bull terrier on Smith, before he had a chance to lift a brogan, and there was a scientific dog-fight, with odds in favor of the dog, for he had an awful hold for such a small animal.

Smith afterwards married the girl, and lived happily about two months. At the end of that time he told a confidential friend that he would willingly take more trouble, and undergo a million more dog bites—to get rid of her.

THE APPEAL.

OH! mother, cease to break my heart,
I vow it now, I vowed it then—
The kiss he left upon my lips,
His lips shall one day take again!
Ah, well I mind the summer eve,
A low scud swept the waning moon,
And o'er the ripened clover-lea
Floated the balmy breath of June.

Among the dreamy woodland glooms,
Alone, we breathed our parting sighs;
Only the silent watching stars
Looked on us, with their holy eyes.
No golden circlet bound our love,
No vow at sacred altar given;
Yet, in that hour, our married souls
Were registered as one, in heaven.

I will not live, a guilty thing,
Pillowed upon another's breast,
While every thought I send to him,
Shall scare God's angels from my rest!
Perjured—before a new-born soul!
[If such in holy trust were given.]
Mother. I need a clean white hand
To lead a little child to Heaven!

Oh, turn away your cruel eyes!
The gold you'd sell me for is dim;
What need I bargain for the world?
I have my full round world in him.
Then, mother, cease to break my heart,
I vow it now, I vowed it then—
The kiss he left upon my lips,
His lips shall one day take again!

SARAH WARNER BROOKS.

LOVER'S PRECEPT.

DO not let us take the highway, sweet;
It is full of curious, prying eyes.
Let us choose the wandering path that lies
Thro' the fields, and shuns the dust and heat—
Daisy-bordered, bridged by waving shade
Thro' whose interlacings glints the golden flood
Which the priest this morning, when he prayed,
Likened to the all-embracing love of God—
Sweet the text that followed, I could have wished no other:
"A new command I give, Love ye one another."

I turned to watch you as the words divine
Stole on my sense like music of the spheres;
A flush crept o'er your cheek, a mist of tears
Swam to your eyes, which drooped away from mine.
I saw the hand that held your book of prayer
Thrill like a flower swept by delicious gales;
But not a look would you vouchsafe me there.
Oh, lovely saint, shrined within altar veils,
Were you afraid to turn and face your brother
After the new command, "Love ye one another?"

I will absolve you for the look not given,
So fully doth suffice the look you give.
Droop not, shy, lily lids but let me live,
Forever in your eyes serene, blue heaven.
Lay hand to heart, and tell me, maiden mine,
If in the long, strange years you do not see,
You fear you may regret the tender sign
Of love and trust which you now give to me,
Or wish in secret it had been some other
Who learned with you the lesson, "Love ye one another."

For life will not be all like this, alas!
A walk thro' meadows, under skies so fair,
With bobolinks a-trilling in the air,
And daisies blooming golden in the grass.
There will be rough and stormy days, my sweet,
When God behind a cloud will hide from sight,
And you and I, with hurt and weary feet,
Will pass through thorny ways to reach the light:
Shall it be hand-in-hand, dear, and patient with each other,
Remembering the message, "Love ye one another?"

ANNIE L. MUZZIE.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

A MAN who *wills* it can go anywhere and do what he determines to do. We must make ourselves, or come to nothing. We must swim off, and not wait for any one to put cork under us. I congratulate you on being poor, and thus compelled to work; it was all that ever made me what little I am. *Macte virtate.* Don't flinch, flounder, fall, nor fiddle, but grapple like a man, and you will be a man.

JOHN TODD, D. D.

COUNSEL TO YOUTH.

VIGOR, energy, resolution, firmness of purpose,—these carry the day. Is there one whom difficulties dishearten—who bend to the storm? He will do little. Is there one who will conquer? That man never fails. Let it be your first study to teach the world that you are not wood and straw—some iron in you. Let men know that what you say you will do; that your decision, once made, is final—no wavering; that once resolved, you are not to be allured nor intimidated. Acquire and maintain that character.

T. F. BUXTON.

TO SIGH, YET FEEL NO PAIN.

TO sigh, yet feel no pain,
To weep, yet scarce know why;
To sport an hour with beauty's chain,
Then throw it idly by;
To kneel at many a shrine,
Yet lay the heart on none;
To think all other charms divine,
But those we just have won;
This is love, faithless love,
Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one sacred flame,
Through life unchilled, unmoved,
To love in wintry age the age
As first in youth we loved;
To feel that we adore,
Ev'n to such fond excess,
That, though the heart would break with more.
It could not live with less;
This is love, faithful love,
Such as saints might feel above.

THOMAS MOORE.

DOWN the smooth stream of life the stripling darts,
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal sky,
Hope swells his sails, and Passion steers his course.
Safe glides his little bark along the shore,
Where Virtue takes her stand; but if too far
He launches forth beyond discretion's mark,
Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.

WER WENIG SUCHT, DER FINDET VIEL.

ONLY a shelter for my head I sought,
One stormy winter night;
To me the blessing of my life was brought,
Making the whole world bright.
How shall I thank thee for a gift so sweet,
O dearest Heavenly Friend?
I sought a resting-place for weary feet,
And found my journey's end.
Only the latchet of a friendly door
My timid fingers tried;
A loving heart, with all its precious store,
To me was opened wide.
I asked for shelter from a passing shower—
My sun shall always shine!
I would have sat beside the hearth an hour—
And the whole hearth was mine!

FRIEDRICH RUCKERT.

Translated by L. C.

THE MIGHT OF ONE FAIR FACE.

THE might of one fair face sublimes my love,
For it hath weaned my heart from low desires;
Nor death I heed, nor purgatorial fires.
Thy beauty, antepast of joys above,
Instructs me in the bliss that saints approve;
For oh, how good, how beautiful, must be
The God that made so good a thing as thee,
So fair an image of the heavenly Dove!

Forgive me, if I cannot turn away
From those sweet eyes that are my earthly heaven;
For they are guiding stars, benignly given
To tempt my footsteps to the upward way;
And if I dwell too fondly in thy sight,
I live and love in God's peculiar light.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Translated by Hartley Coleridge.

GENEVIEVE.

MAID of my love, sweet Genevieve;
In beauty's light you glide along;
Your eye is like the star of eve,
And sweet your voice as seraph's song.
Yet not your heavenly beauty gives
This heart with passion soft to glow;
Within your soul a voice there lives,
It bids you hear the tale of woe.
When sinking low the sufferer wan
Beholds no hand outstretched to save;
Fair as the bosom of the swan
That rises graceful o'er the wave,
I've seen your breast with pity heave,
And *therefore* love I you, sweet Genevieve.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE CONFESSION.

I.

AND must I tell thee, dearest, that I trembled, when thy name
Was uttered in our household, in honor, or in blame;
And when thy manliness and worth all voices echoed loud,
I coined some trifling error, my secret to enshroud;
Some dust upon the blossom, on the peerless gem a stain,
A cloud in the cerulean, a shadow on the main.

II.

Though gallant youths full many might throng the festive hall,
One noble form my partial eye could see amidst them all;
Though suitors clustered round me, and worshipped at my shrine,
A cold abstracted notice, and changeless cheek were mine;
A mist, a cloud, o'ershadowed the view of all save thee—
Oh, if the wise ones listened, what would they think of me?

III.

A dull, dull weight was at my heart, how sad the eve flew by,
If vainly midst the motley crew, I sought thy speaking eye;
But mine the merry, merry heart, and thrill of maiden glee,
If haply, in a far-off group, I caught one glimpse of thee,
Did I mark thy hastening footstep, oh, how I strove to hide
The tell-tale blushes on my cheek, fretting my maiden pride.

IV.

I dare not own, Confessor, though I remember well,
When, from a distant city, arrived a brilliant belle;
Her manners so bewitching, so exquisite her brow,
Her eyes, the winning hazel hue, I think I see them now,
How much I feared those eyes would come between my love and me!
I felt that she was fair and good, and almost worthy thee!

V.

And I must own Confessor, how oft I strolled alone,
And mused upon thy flattering speech, and most persuasive tone,
And marveled that thou didst not say the words I wished yet feared,
Full many a castle, fair and grand, my frolic fancy reared,
And spite of bitter, rankling words, *good-natured* friends might say,
My trusting heart forever found some cause for thy delay?

WHEN LOVE IS YOUNG.

VI.

And yet full oft would I resolve, that never, never more
One thought of thee should haunt my mind, and conned it o'er
and o'er,
A hopeless task indeed it was, such mandate to obey,
I counsel each young maiden such trial to essay;
But when thy deep devotion no longer was concealed,
And jealous doubts and earnest hopes thy changeless heart
revealed;

VII.

The depth of joy which thrilled my soul, forbade my lips to speak,
But could a lover's searching glance distrust my mantling cheek?
I hoped my life might prove for thee one long self-sacrifice,
And prayed that I thy fondest dreams might ever realize;
And now are told, Confessor, my whims and follies, all,
And censure from the *wise*, I think, most powerless will fall!

ELIZABETH AUSTIN.

DAYS OF OUR YOUTH.

OH! talk not to me of a name great in story;
The days of our youth are the days of our glory,
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two and twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled?
'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled;
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary,—
What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory?

O Fame! if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee;
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

LORD BYRON.

THE HERMIT.

"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where your taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that power that pities me,
I learn to pity them;

"But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn; thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong;
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

"Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighboring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master's care;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily prest and smiled;
And skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups on the hearth;
The crackling fagot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,
With answering care oppress't:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
"The sorrows of thy breast?

"From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things
More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?

"And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said;
But, while he spoke, a rising blush
His lovelorn guest betray'd.

Surprised, he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colors o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confest,
A maid in all her charms.

"And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried;
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

"My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came;
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feigned, a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

"And when beside me in the dale
He caroll'd lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove.

"The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could naught of purity display
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his, but, woe to me!
Their constancy was mine.

"For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain:

"Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, Heaven!" the hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast;
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,
'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign;
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine?

"No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE STEADFAST SHEPHERD.

HENCE away, thou Syren, leave me.
Pish! unclasp those wanton arms;
Sugared words shall ne'er deceive me,
Though thou prove a thousand charms.
Fie, fie, forbear; no common snare
Can ever my affection chain:
Your painted baits, and poor deceits,
Are all bestow'd on me in vain.

I'm no slave to such as you be;
Neither shall a snowy breast,
Wanton eye, or lip of ruby,
Ever rob me of my rest.
Go, go, display your beauty's ray,
To some o'er-soon enamor'd swain:
Those common wiles, of sighs and smiles,
Are all bestow'd on me in vain.

I have elsewhere vow'd my duty;
Turn away your tempting eye;
Show not me a naked beauty;
Those impostures I despise:
My spirit loathes where gaudy clothes
And feigned oaths my love obtain;
I love her so whose look swears *no*,
That all your labors will be vain.

Can he prize the tainted posies,
Which on every breast are worn,
That may pluck the spotless roses
From their never-touch'd thorn?
I can go rest on her sweet breast
That is the pride of Cynthia's train;
Then hold your tongues; your mermaid songs
Are all bestow'd on me in vain.

He's a fool that basely dallies
Where each peasant mates with him:
Shall I haunt the throng'd valleys,
While there's noble hills to climb?
No, no, though clowns are scared with frowns,
I know the best can but disdain:
And those I'll prove: so shall your love
Be all bestow'd on me in vain.

Yet I would not deign embraces
With the fairest queens that be,
If another shared those graces
Which they had bestow'd on me.
I'll grant that one my love, where none
Shall come to rob me of my gain;
The fickle heart makes tears and art,
And all, bestow'd on me in vain.

I do scorn to vow a duty,
Where each lustful lad may woo;
Give me her whose sunlike beauty
Buzzards dare not soar unto:
She, she it is affords that bliss,
For which I would refuse no pain;
But such as you, fond fools, adieu,
You seek to captive me in vain.

She, that's proud in the beginning,
And disdains each looker-on,
If a coy one in the winning,
Proves a true one, being won.
Whate'er betide, she'll ne'er divide
The favor she to one doth deign;
But your fond love will fickle prove,
And all that trust in you are vain.

Therefore know, when I enjoy one,
And for love employ my breath,
She I court shall be a coy one
Though I win her with my breath.
A favor there few aim at dare;
And if, perhaps, some lover plain,
She is not won, nor I undone
By placing of my love in vain.

Leave me, then, thou Syren, leave me;
Take away these charmed arms;
Crafty wiles cannot deceive me,
I am proof 'gainst women's charms:
You labor may to lead astray
The heart, that constant must remain;
And I the while will sit and smile
To see you spend your time in vain.

GEORGE WITHER.

LADY CLARE.

IT was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn:
Lovers long betroth'd were they:
They two will wed the morrow morn:
God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"Oh, God be thank'd!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair:
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth: you are my child.

"The old earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said, "Not so: but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother, dear!
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."
"O mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me!

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropp'd her head in the maiden's hand,
And follow'd her all the way.

Down stepp'd Lord Ronald from his tower:
"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you dress'd like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth!"

"If I come dress'd like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and in deed.
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

Oh, and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail:
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn:
He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood:
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next in blood—

"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

SUMMER.

AROUND this lovely valley rise
The purple hills of Paradise.
Oh, softly on yon banks of haze
Her rosy face the summer lays;
Becalmed along the azure sky
The argosies of cloudland lie,
Whose shores with many a shining rift
Far-off their pearl-white peaks uplift.

Through all the long midsummer day
The meadow sides are sweet with hay,
I seek the coolest sheltered seat,
Just where the field and forest meet,—
Where grow the pine trees, tall and bland,
The ancient oaks, austere and grand,
And fringy roots and pebbles fret
The ripples of the rivulet.

I watch the mowers as they go
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row;
With even stroke their scythes they swing,
In tune their merry whetstones ring.
Behind, the nimble youngsters run,
And toss the thick swaths in the sun.
The cattle graze; while warm and still
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,
And bright, when summer breezes break,
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.

The butterfly and bumble-bee
Come to the pleasant woods with me;
Quickly before me runs the quail,
Her chickens skulk behind the rail,
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,
And the woodpecker pecks and flits.
Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,
The brooklet rings its tinkling bells.

The swarming insects drone and hum,
The partridge beats his throbbing drum,
The squirrel leaps among the boughs,
And chatters in his leafy house;
The oriole flashes by; and look—
Into the mirror of the brook,
Where the vain bluebird trims his coat,
Two tiny feathers fall and float.

As silently, as tenderly,
The down of peace descends on me.
Oh, this is peace! I have no need
Of friend to talk, or book to read;
A dear Companion here abides,
Close to my thrilling heart he hides;
The holy silence is his voice;
I lie, and listen, and rejoice.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

YOUTH, THAT PURSUEST.

YOUTH, that pursuest, with such eager pace,
Thy even way,
Thou pantest on to win a mournful race;
Then stay! oh stay!

Pause and luxuriate on thy sunny plain;
Loiter—enjoy;
Once past, thou never wilt come back again,
A second boy.
The hills of manhood wear a noble face,
When seen from far;
The mist of light from which they take their grace,
Hides what they are.

The dark and weary path those cliffs between
Thou canst not know;
And how it leads to regions never green,
Dead fields of snow.

Pause while thou may'st, nor deem that fate thy gain,
Which, all too fast,
Will drive thee forth from this delicious plain,
A man at last.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A GOOD EDUCATION.

I CONSIDER a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colors, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance. ADDISON.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

STANDING on the threshold,
With her wakening heart and mind,
Standing on the threshold,
With her childhood left behind;
The woman softness blending
With the look of sweet surprise
For life and all its marvels
That lights the clear blue eyes.

Standing on the threshold,
With light foot and fearless hand,
As the young knight by his armor
In minster nave might stand;
The fresh red lip just touching
Youth's ruddy rapturous wine,
The eager heart all brave, pure hope,
Oh, happy child of mine!

I could guard the helpless infant
That nestled in my arms:
I could save the prattler's golden head
From petty baby harms;
I could brighten childhood's gladness,
And comfort childhood's tears,
But I can not cross the threshold
With the step of riper years.

For hopes, and joys, and maiden dreams
Are waiting for her there,
Where girlhood's fancies bud and bloom
In April's golden air;
And passionate love, and passionate griefs,
And passionate gladness lie
Among the crimson flowers that spring
As youth goes fluttering by.

Ah! on those rosy pathways
Is no place for sobered feet,
My tired eyes have naught of strength
Such fervid glow to meet;
My voice is all too sad to sound
Amid the joyous notes
Of the music that through charmed air
For opening girlhood floats.

Yet thorns amid the leaves may lurk,
And thunder-clouds may lower,
And death, or change, or falsehood blight
The jasmine in the bower;
May God avert the woe, my child;
But oh, should tempest come,
Remember, by the threshold waits
The patient love of home!

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

TASTE not of fish that have black tails; that is, converse not with men that are smutted with vicious qualities. Stride not over the beam of the scales; wherein is taught us the regard we ought to have for justice, so as not to go beyond its measures. Sit not on a chœnix; wherein sloth is forbidden, and we are required to take care to provide ourselves with the necessaries of life. Do not strike hands with every man; this means we ought not to be over-hasty to make acquaintance or friendship with others. Wear not a tight ring; that is, we are to labor after a free and independent way of living, and to submit to no fetters. Eat not thy heart; which forbids to afflict our souls, and waste them with vexatious cares. Abstain from beans; that is, keep out of public offices, for anciently the choice of the officers of state was made by beans.

PLUTARCH.

THE AMUSEMENTS OF YOUTH.

If those who are the enemies of innocent amusements had the direction of the world, they would take away the Spring and Youth,—the former from the year, the latter from human life.

BALZAC.

WERE I BUT HIS OWN WIFE.

WERE I but his own wife, to guard and guide him,
'Tis little of sorrow should fall on my dear;
I'd chant my low love verses, stealing beside him,
So faint and so tender his heart would but hear;
I'd pull the wild blossoms from valley and highland;
And there at his feet I would lay them all down;
I'd sing him the songs of our poor stricken island,
Till his heart was on fire with a love like my own.

There's a rose by his dwelling—I'd tend the lone treasure
That he might have flowers when the summer would come;
There's a harp in his hall—I would wake its sweet measure,
For he must have music to brighten his home.
Were I but his own wife, to guide and to guard him,
'Tis little of sorrow should fall on my dear;
For every kind glance my whole life would award him—
In sickness I'd soothe and in sadness I'd cheer.

My heart is a fount welling upward for ever—
When I think of my true-love, by night or by day;
That heart keeps its faith like a fast-flowing river
Which gushes for ever and sings on its way.
I have thoughts full of peace for his soul to repose in,
Were I but his own wife, to win and to woo—
Oh, sweet if the night of misfortune were closing
To rise like the morning star, darling, for you!

MARY DOWNING.

KINDRED SOULS.

Those who are of kindred souls rarely wed together, far more rarely than those who are akin by blood.

THE bard has sung: God never formed a soul
Without its own peculiar mate to meet,
Its wandering half, when ripe to own the whole;
Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete.
But thousand evil things there are that hate
To look on happiness, these hurt, impede;
And leagued with time, space, circumstance and fate,
Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine and bleed.

And as the dove to far Palmyra flying
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
'Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream:
So may a soul o'er Life's drear desert faring,
Love's pure congenial spring unfound, unquaff'd,
Suffer, recoil, then thirsty and despairing
Of that it would, descend, and sip the nearest draught.

MARIA *del Occidente*.

A WEDDING.

THE happy morn has smiling come;
Before God's altar man and wife,
Hand clasped in hand, all silent stand,
One flesh, one life:
Ah me! ah me!
Is it for joy or misery?

The parting words with friends are said,
The slippers and the rice are cast,
And to new life man and wife
Have gaily passed:
Ah me! ah me!
Is it joy or misery?

Is it to live as God has willed,
In bonds of love and sympathy?
Is it to share or joy or care
Co-equally?
Is life to be
One grand soul-stirring harmony?

Or is it rather day by day
To waken to their cruel fate?
With icy heart to drift apart,
And learn too late
That life must be
A dull, dead waste of misery?

Nay, God forbid! but let them go
To such sweet life of perfect love,
That hand in hand at length they'll stand
In heaven above,
And so may be
One life through all eternity.

JEALOUSY, THE TYRANT OF THE MIND.

WHAT state of life can be so blest
As love, that warms a lover's breast?
Two souls in one, the same desire
To grant the bliss, and to require!
But if in heaven a hell we find,
'Tis all from thee,
O Jealousy!
'Tis all from thee,
O Jealousy!
Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy,
Thou tyrant of the mind!

All other ills though sharp they prove,
Serve to refine and perfect love:
In absence or unkind disdain,
Sweet hope relieves the lover's pain.
But, ah! no cure but death we find,
To set us free from Jealousy:
O Jealousy!
Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy,
Thou tyrant of the mind!

False in thy glass all objects are,
Some set too near, and some too far;
Thou art the fire of endless night,
The fire that burns and gives no light.
All torments of the damn'd we find
In only thee,
O Jealousy!
Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy,
Thou tyrant of the mind.

JOHN DRYDEN.

TO HIS MISTRESS, THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light—
You common people of the skies—
What are you when the moon shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents—what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own—
What are you when the rose is blown?

So when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind;
By virtue first, then choice, a queen—
Tell me, if she were not design'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

WEDDING-DAY WISHES.

SINCE I have not for your bridal
Any precious offerings brought—
Gold, or gems, or costly fabric,
By the curious workman wrought—

Let your thought admit the fancy,
While you read the words I write,
That your friend's heart is a casket,
And her wishes jewels bright.

Thus you shall be fairly furnished
With all favors brides should wear,
For the neck, the wrists, the fingers,
For your brow and shining hair.

Husband's love and faith should crown you
Better than wrought gems a queen;
Wifely truth and trust illumine,
More than pearls could, face and mien.

Home and sweet content I wish you,
More than lands and lofty hall—
Bracelets these, and golden neck-chain
Holding you in willing thrall.

Daily, loving words of kindness,
These for jeweled rings should be;
Better than the diamond's radiance
Is the light of charity.

And for fairest, best adorning,
Never wanting, ever bright,
Wear the "meek and quiet spirit,"
Priceless in the Giver's sight.

These will fail not, though misfortune
Sweep all earthly goods away;
God's dear smile of love and favor
Turneth darkness into day.

ELEANOR S. DEANE.

MAKE THE MOST OF YOURSELF.

CULTIVATE yourself; I do not mean in the sense of putting on a finish, but of feeding the roots of your being, strengthening your capacities, nourishing whatever is good, repressing whatever is bad. Determine that not a power shall go to waste; that every faculty shall do its utmost and reach its highest. I say to you with all carefulness the noblest sight this world offers is a young man bent upon making the most of himself. Alas! that so many seem not to care what they become; men in stature, but not yet born into a world of purpose and attainment,—babes in their comprehension of life! A cigar, a horse, a flirtation, a suit of clothes, a night of drinking, a low theatrical or dance, and just enough work to attain such things, or got without work,—how the spirits of the wise, sitting in the clouds, laugh at them! What an introduction to manhood and manly duties! One cannot start thus in life, and himself master of it, or get any real good out of it.

It is a sad thing to begin life with low conceptions of it. There is no misfortune comparable to a youth without a sense of nobility. Better be born blind than not see the glory of life. It is not, indeed, possible for a young man to measure life, but it it possible to cherish that lofty and sacred enthusiasm which the dawn of life awakens. It is possible to say, I am resolved to put life to its noblest and best use.

If I could get the ear of every young man for but one word, it would be this: *Make the most and the best of yourself.* There is no tragedy like wasted life,—life failing of its end, life turned to a false end.

The true way to begin life is not to look off upon it to see what it offers, but to take a good look at self. Find out what you are, how you are made up, your capacities and lacks, and then determine to get the most out of yourself possible. Your faculties are avenues between the good of the world and yourself; the larger and more open they are the more of it you will get. Your object should be to get all the riches and sweetness of life into yourself; the method is through trained faculties. You find yourself a mind: teach it to think to work broadly and steadily, to serve your needs pliantly and faithfully. You find in yourself social capacities: make yourself the best citizen, the best friend and neighbor, the kindest son and brother, the truest husband and father. Whatever you are capable of in these directions, that be and do. Let nothing within you go to waste. You also find in yourself moral and religious faculties. Beware lest you suffer them to lie dormant, or but summon them to brief periodic activity. No man can make the most of himself who fails to train this side of his nature. Deepen and clarify your sense of God. Gratify by perpetual use the inborn desire for communion with him. Listen evermore to conscience. Keep the heart soft and responsive to all sorrow. Love with all love's divine capacity and quality. And above all, let your nature stretch itself towards that sense of infinity that comes with the thought of God. There is nothing that so deepens and amplifies the nature as the use of it in moral and spiritual ways. One cannot make the most of one's self who leaves it out.

THEODORE T. MUNGEE.

EVERY man's life is a fairy tale, written by God's fingers.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSON.

HER LETTER.

I'M sitting alone by the fire,
Dress'd just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even *you* would admire—
It cost a cool thousand in France;
I'm be-diamonded out of all reason,
My hair is done up in a cue:
In short, sir, "the belle of the season"
Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken;
I left in the midst of a set;
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.
They say he'll be rich—when he grows up—
And then he adores me indeed;
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"
"And what do I think of New York?"
"And now, in my higher ambition,
With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk?"
"And isn't it nice to have riches,
And diamonds and silks, and all that?"
"And isn't it a change to the ditches
And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes—if you saw us out driving
Each day in the park, four-in-hand—
If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
To look supernaturally grand—
If you saw papa's picture, as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that,—
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet just this moment, when sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier—
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The "finest *soiree* of the year,"
In the midst of a *gaze de Chambery*,
And the hum of the smallest of talk—
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry,"
And the dance that we had on "The Fork;"

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
Of flags festoon'd over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft lustre
And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;
Of the dress of my queer *vis-a-vis*,
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee;
Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill, when the time came to go;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under their bedclothes of snow;
Of that ride—that to me was the rarest;
Of—the something you said at the gate:
Ah, Joe, then I wasn't an heiress
To "the best-paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny
To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion and beauty and money,
That I should be thinking, right there,
Of some one who breasted high water,
And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!
(Mamma says my taste still is low),
Instead of my triumphs reciting,
I'm spooning on Joseph—heigh-ho!
And I'm to be "finish'd" by travel—
Whatever's the meaning of that—
Oh, why did papa strike pay gravel
In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good-night—here's the end of my paper;
Good-night—if the longitude please—
For maybe, while wasting my taper,
Your sun's climbing over the trees.
But know, if you haven't got riches,
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
And you've struck it—on Poverty Flat.

F. BRET HARTE.

HESITATION.

BUT when at last I dared to speak,
The lanes, you know, were white with May,
Your ripe lips moved not, but your cheek
Flushed like the coming of the day;
And so it was, half shy, half sly,
You would, and would not, little one!
Although I pleaded tenderly,
And you and I were all alone!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

RETURN OF YOUTH.

YET grieve thou not, nor think thy youth is gone,
Nor dream that glorious season e'er could die,
Thy pleasant youth, a little while withdrawn,
Waits on the horizon of a brighter sky;
Waits like the morn that folds her wings, and hides
Till the slow stars bring back her dawning hour;
Waits like the vanished spring, that slumbering bides,
Bides her own sweet time to awaken bud and flower.

There shall he welcome thee, when thou shalt stand
On his bright morning hills, with smiles more sweet
Than when at first he took thee by the hand,
Through the fair earth to lead thy tender feet.
He shall bring back, but brighter, broader still,
Life's early glory to thine eyes again,
Shall clothe thy spirit with new strength and fill
Thy leaping heart with warmer love than then.

Hast thou not glimpses in the twilight here,
Of mountains where immortal morn prevails;
Comes there not through the silence to thine ear
A gentle rustling of the morning gales;
A murmur wafted from that glorious shore
Of streams that water banks forever fair,
And voices of the loved ones gone before,
More musical in that celestial air?

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

LIFE IS BEFORE YE.

LIFE is before ye; from the fated road
Ye cannot turn; then take ye up the load,
Not yours to tread, or leave the unknown way,
Ye must go o'er it, meet ye what ye may;
Gird up your souls within you to the deed!
Angels and fellow-spirits bid ye speed.
What though the brightness wane, the pleasure fade,
The glory dim! Oh, not of those is made
The awful life that to your trust is given
Children of God! inheritors of heaven!
Mourn not the perishing of each fair toy;
Ye were ordained to to, not to enjoy—
To suffer, which is nobler than do dare;
A holy burden is the life ye bear.
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up, and walk beneath it steadfastly;
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win!
God guide ye, and God guard ye on your way,
Young warrior-pilgrims who set forth to-day.

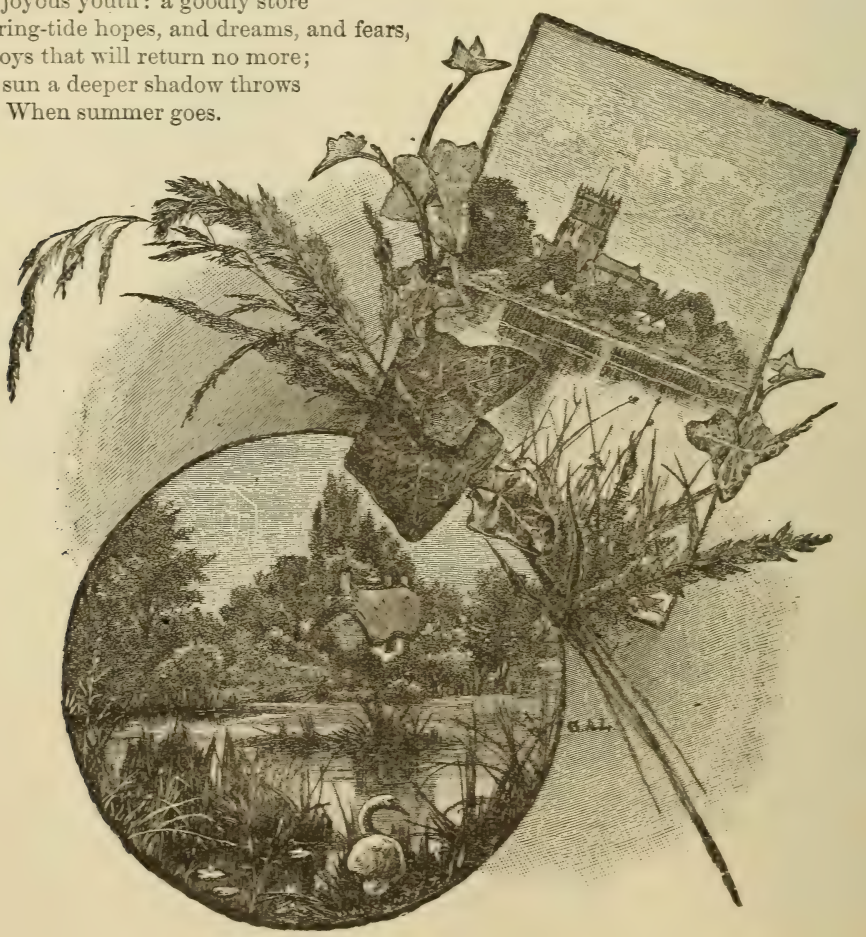
FANNY KEMBLE.

WHEN SUMMER GOES.

WHEN Summer goes—then shadows creep
Across the world of trees and flowers;
The birds a solemn silence keep
Through Autumn's slowly-dark'ning hours,
And swiftly fades each lingering rose,
When Summer goes.

When Summer goes—then disappears
Life's joyous youth: a goodly store
Of spring-tide hopes, and dreams, and fears,
And joys that will return no more;
Life's sun a deeper shadow throws
When summer goes.

When summer goes—still strength remains
To bear whatever time may bring;
For truer, deeper courage reigns
Though man may have no heart to sing;
And day by day Faith stronger grows,
When Summer goes.



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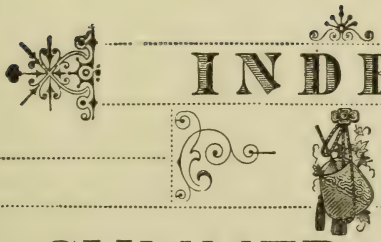

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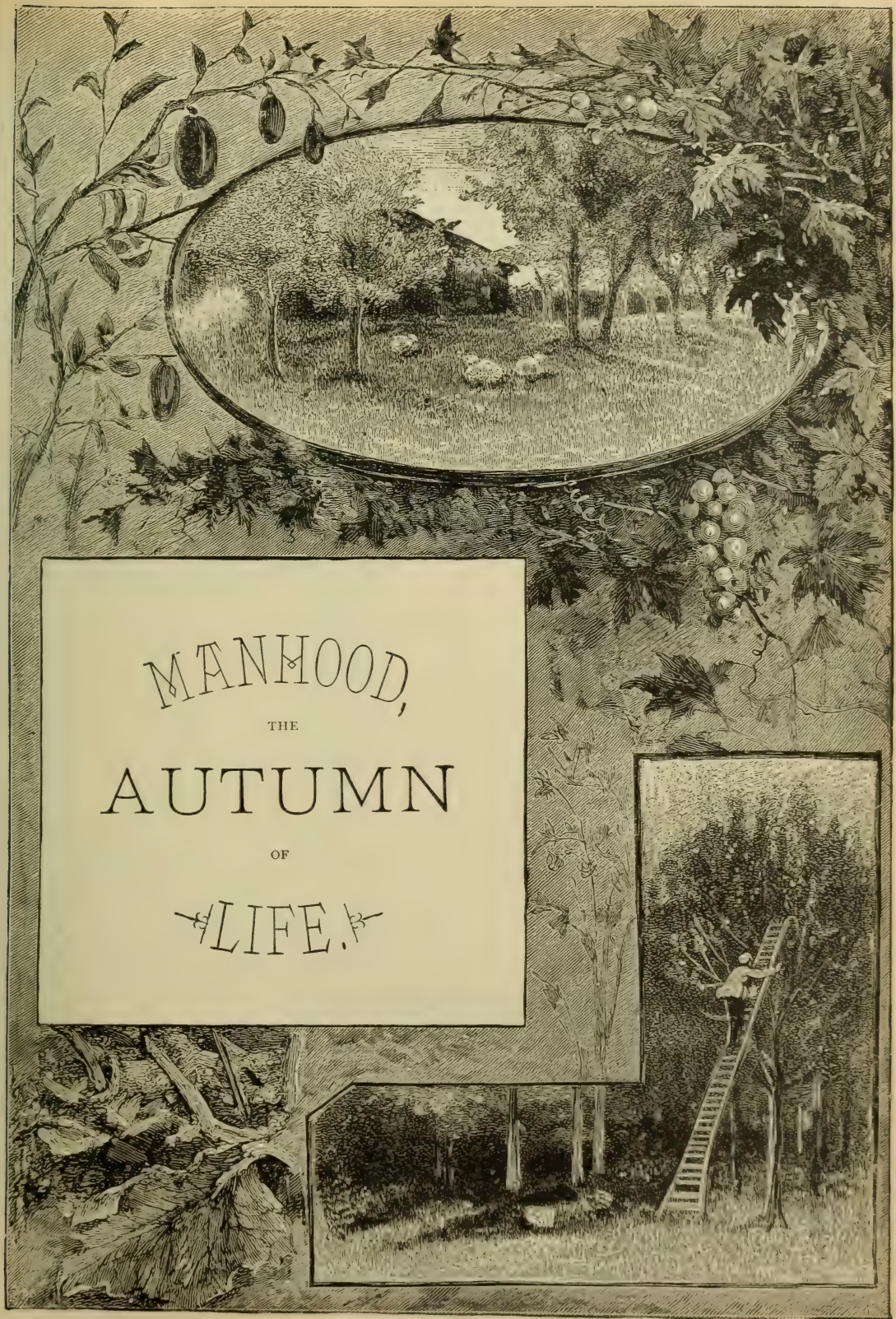
A COUNTRY TRIO.


MANHOOD,
THE
AUTUMN
OF
LIFE.

Without Labor there were no ease, no rest, so much as conceivable.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

From Labor, there shall come forth rest.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

It is not good for man to be alone. Hitherto all things that have been named were approved of God to be very good: loneliness is the first thing which God's eye named not good.

JOHN MILTON.

None are so desolate but something dear
Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd.

LORD BYRON.

A happy marriage has in it all the pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and indeed all the sweets of life.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Hail! Wedded love,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets.

MILTON.

Home is the resort
Of Love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where
Supporting and supported, polished friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.

THOMSON.

The first sure symptom of a mind in health,
Is rest of heart and pleasure felt at home.

E. YOUNG.

A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Once let friendship be given that is born of God, nor time, nor circumstance can change it to a lessening; it must be mutual growth, increasing trust, widening faith, enduring patience, forgiving love, unselfish ambition, and an affection built before the Throne, which will bear the test of time and trial.

ALLAN THROCKMORTON.

Life is to be fortified by many friendships. To love and be loved is the greatest happiness of existence.

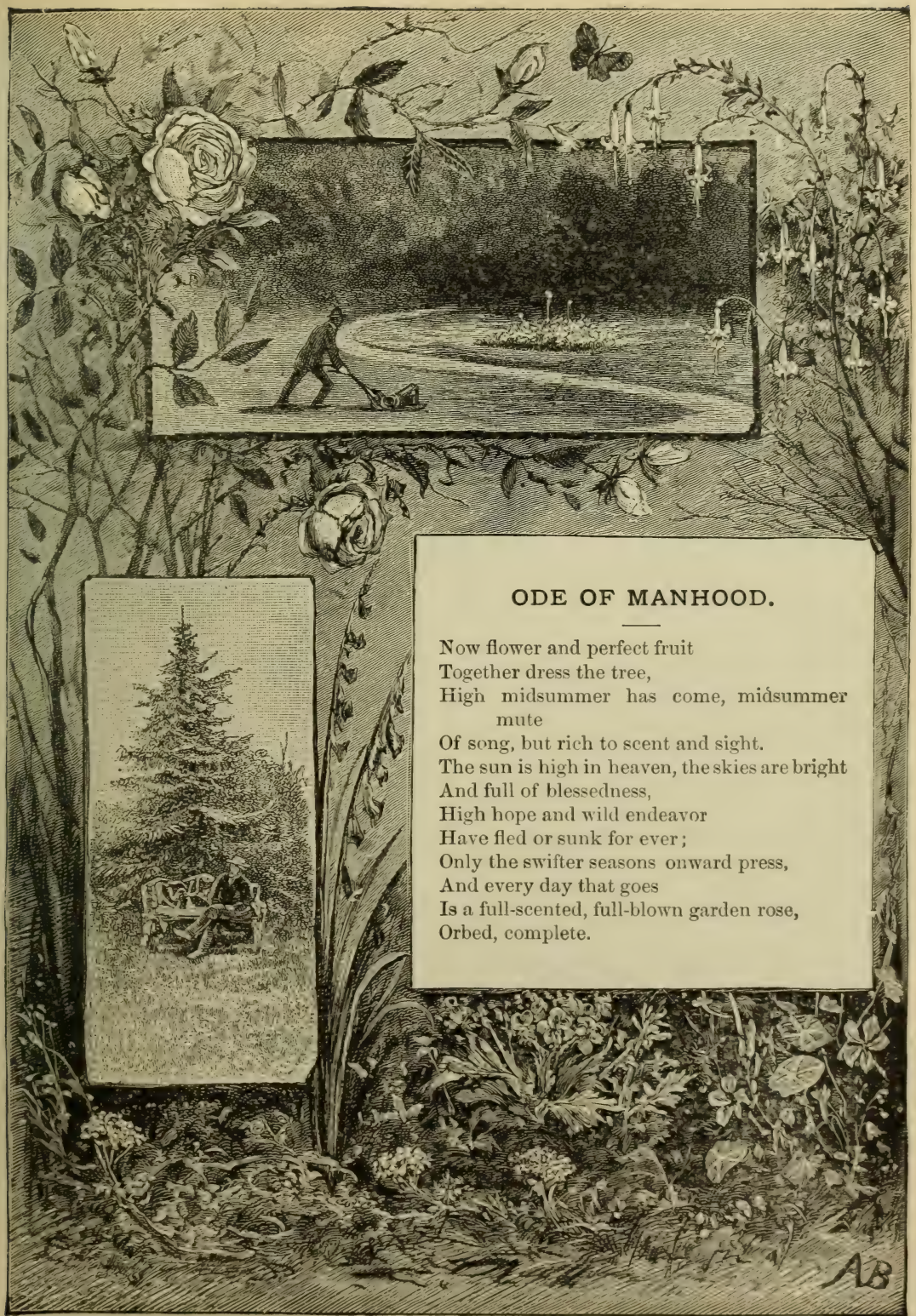
SIDNEY SMITH.

The hues of bliss more brightly glow
Chastened by sabler tints of woe.

T. GRAY.

Sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.

T. GRAY.



ODE OF MANHOOD.

Now flower and perfect fruit
Together dress the tree,
High midsummer has come, midsummer mute
Of song, but rich to scent and sight.
The sun is high in heaven, the skies are bright
And full of blessedness,
High hope and wild endeavor
Have fled or sunk for ever;
Only the swifter seasons onward press,
And every day that goes
Is a full-scented, full-blown garden rose,
Orbed, complete.

And every hour brings its own burden sweet
Of daily duty, precious care;
Wherefrom the visible landscape calm and clear
Shows finer, far, and the high heaven more near,
Than ever morning skies of sunrise were.

I miss the unbounded hope of old,
The freshness and the glow of youth;
I miss the fever and the fret,
The luminous haze of gold.
I see a mind clearer and calmer yet,
A more unselfish love, a more undoubted truth;
Such gain I take, and this
More gracious shows and fair than that I miss.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

THAT wondrous glory crowns the groves,
When Autumn days are near,
For whether green or crimson dyed,
Golden, or brown and sere,
Still beautiful in varied tints
The Autumn leaves appear.

Poets who bow at beauty's shrine,
Have penned their metres long,
And tried in varied verse and line
To render it in song.
But beauty far beyond their rhymes
For you, fair leaves, belong.

And artists, too, with pencilings—
Proficients rare and wise,
To master the great masterpiece,
In turn each vainly tries,
The painting of a hand divine
Their utmost skill defies.

And yet, fair leaves, one pensive thought
My heart will not deny,
While wild winds chant your requiem
As through the trees they sigh.
'Tis that the beautiful of earth
Should brighten but to die.

'Tis said that flowers and leaves revive,
But ah! it is not so.
'Tis true when Summer comes again
That other leaves will grow
And wave in beauty o'er your graves,
Where ye are lying low.

Whence comes your beauty, Autumn leaves,
The gorgeous hues we see?
Ye toil not, neither do ye spin,
From care and labor free,
Yet Solomon in all his pomp
Was not arrayed as ye.

When Summer sought the realms of life,
Where frosts no beauties mar,
As joyously she stepped within,
She left the door ajar,
And rays of glory shining through
Burst on you from afar.

The good in dying catch a glimpse
Of glory oft I know.
And when my Autumn time shall come,
And I from earth must go,
Then let me fall like Autumn leaves,
With glory all aglow.

MARY SPARKES WHEELER.

EQUINOCTIAL.

THE sun of life has crossed the line;
The summer-shine of lengthened light
Faded and failed—till, where I stand,
'T is equal day and equal night.

One after one, as dwindling hours,
Youth's glowing hopes have dropped away,
And soon may barely leave the gleam
That coldly scores a winter's day.

I am not young—I am not old;
The flush of morn, the sunset calm,
Paling, and deepening, each to each,
Meet midway with a solemn charm.

One side I see the summer fields,
Not yet disrobed of all their green;
While westerly, along the hills,
Flame the first tints of frosty sheen.

Ah! middle-point, where cloud and storm
Make battle-ground of this my life!
Where, even-matched, the night and day
Wage round me their September strife.

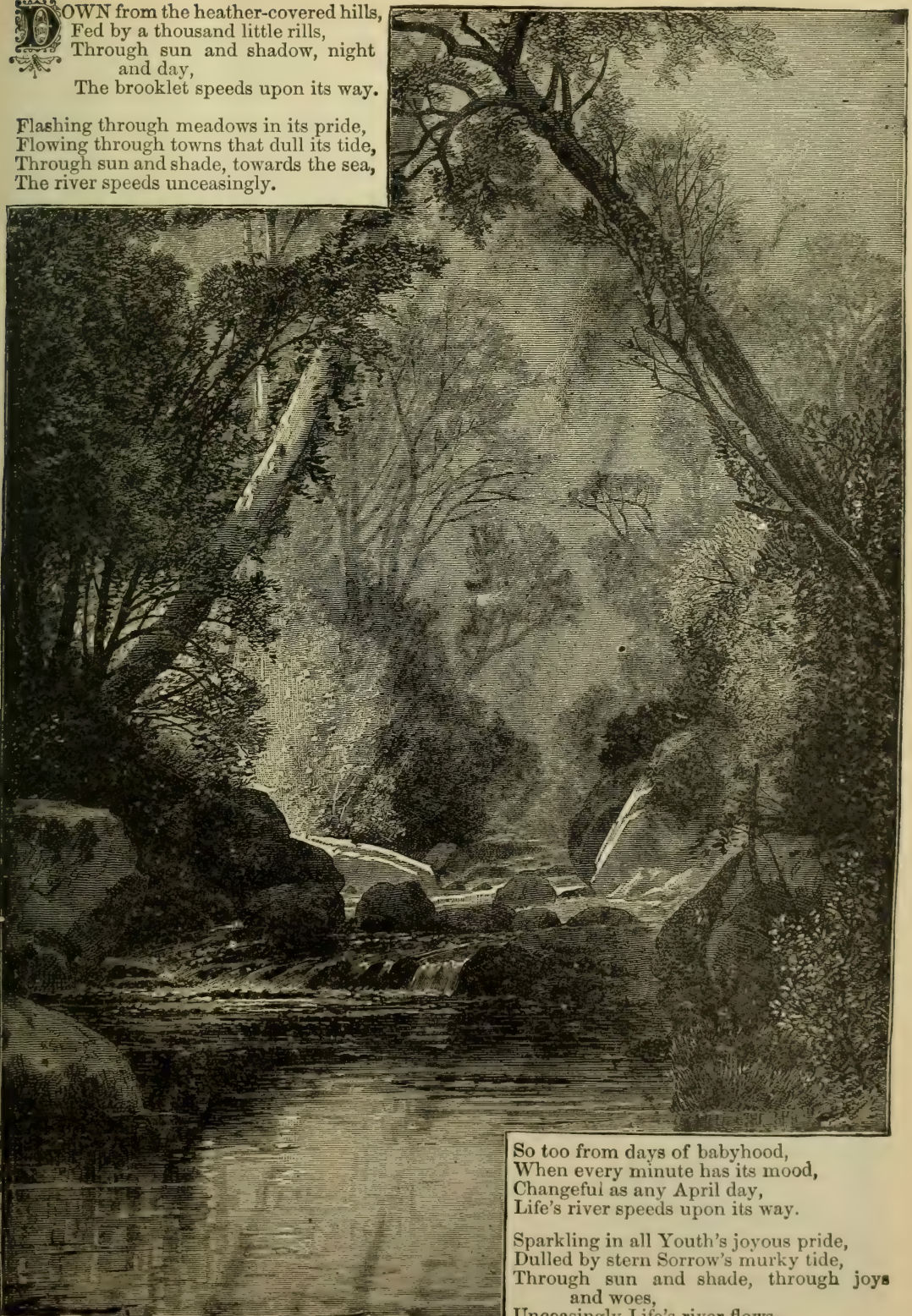
I bow me to the threatening gale:
I know, when that is over-past,
Among the peaceful harvest days
An Indian Summer comes at last!

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

DOWN from the heather-covered hills,
Fed by a thousand little rills,
Through sun and shadow, night and day,
The brooklet speeds upon its way.

Flashing through meadows in its pride,
Flowing through towns that dull its tide,
Through sun and shade, towards the sea,
The river speeds unceasingly.



So too from days of babyhood,
When every minute has its mood,
Changeful as any April day,
Life's river speeds upon its way.

Sparkling in all Youth's joyous pride,
Dulled by stern Sorrow's murky tide,
Through sun and shade, through joys and woes,
Unceasingly Life's river flows.

THE OLD FAIR STORY:

A MOTHER kissed her baby,
Rocking it into rest,
And gently clasped within her arms,
It nestled in her breast.
The old fair story,
Set round in glory,
Wherever life is found;
For oh! it's love, it's love, they say,
That makes the world go round.

A fair-faced boy and maiden
Passed through the yellow wheat;
And their hands were clasped together,
And the flowers grew at their feet.
The old fair story,
Set round in glory,
Wherever life is found;
For oh! it's love, it's love, they say,
That makes the world go round.

An old man and a wrinkled wife,
Amid the fair spring weather:
"We've shared our sorrows and our joys,
God grant we die together."
The old fair story,
Set round in glory,
Wherever life is found;
For oh; it's love, it's love, they say,
That makes the world go round.

E. H.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

WHEN Summer flowers have passed away—
Each lingering petal shed,
When Nature dons a sober grey,
And the last rose is dead;
When trees have lost their robes of green—
Then, like a regal dower,
The glad chrysanthemum is seen—
Old Autumn's fairest flower.

So, too, when health and strength grow less,
And age is creeping on;
When Summer's joy and happiness
Have blossomed and have gone—
Then, in the Autumn of our days,
Bright precious blooms appear:
New hopes, new joys, to grace the ways
Of life's swift-closing year.

AUTUMN.

GOLD upon the hill-side, heaving like the seas,
For the corn is yellow-ripe waving in the breeze,
And in orchards, apples red are weighing down the trees.

Emeralds on the lowlands where the river flows;
In the pastures sweet and green, kine and sheep repose,
And the glittering dragon-fly like an earth-star glows.

Silver on the broad mere, 'neath the noon-day light,
While the fair-winged shallops skim the waters bright,
And the white clouds in the sky sail in airy flight.

There is brightness in the heavens, freshness in the air,
Ripeness in the teeming earth, richness everywhere,
For the world to-day is filled with all things good and fair.

Glorious Autumn! well of thee poets sang of old,
Gathering round thee luscious fruits, wealth of grain untold,
Decking thee in regal robes of purple and of gold.

Well have limners painted thee in thy yellow hair,
Matron with thy sun-bronzed brow, thy majestic air,
Thy rounded breast, thy broad full waist, thy strong arms brown and bare.

But thou art lovelier by far than poet ever sung,
Or painter with his gorgeous dyes upon the canvas hung,
Most bountiful, most beautiful thy season-mates among.

The murmuring streams, the rustling trees, the dulcet low of herds,
The song of winds, the hum of bees, the melody of birds—
God's poets they, that chant thy praise in hymns more grand than words.

The golden morns, the crimson eves, the cloud-sprent blue of skies,
The green of meads, the yellow fields where the rich harvest lies—
God's limners they, that paint thy charms with more than artist-dyes.

Spring-tide is the year's gay youth—Summer is its prime;
In FAITH we watch the growth of Spring—in HOPE, the Summer time;
But mellow Autumn, like God's LOVE showers gifts on every clime.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

MANHOOD.

AS we advance from youth to middle age, a new field of action opens, and a different character is required. The flow of gay impetuous spirits begins to subside; life gradually assumes a graver cast; the mind a more sedate and thoughtful turn. The attention is now transferred from pleasure to interest, to pleasure diffused over a wide extent and measured by a larger scale. Formerly, the enjoyment of the present moment occupied the whole attention; now no action terminates ultimately in itself, but refers to some more distant aim.

Wealth and power, the instruments of lasting gratification, are now coveted more than any single pleasure; prudence and foresight lay their plan; industry carries on its patient efforts; activity pushes forward; address winds around; here an enemy is to be overcome, there a rival to be displaced; competition warms and the strife of the world thickens on every side.

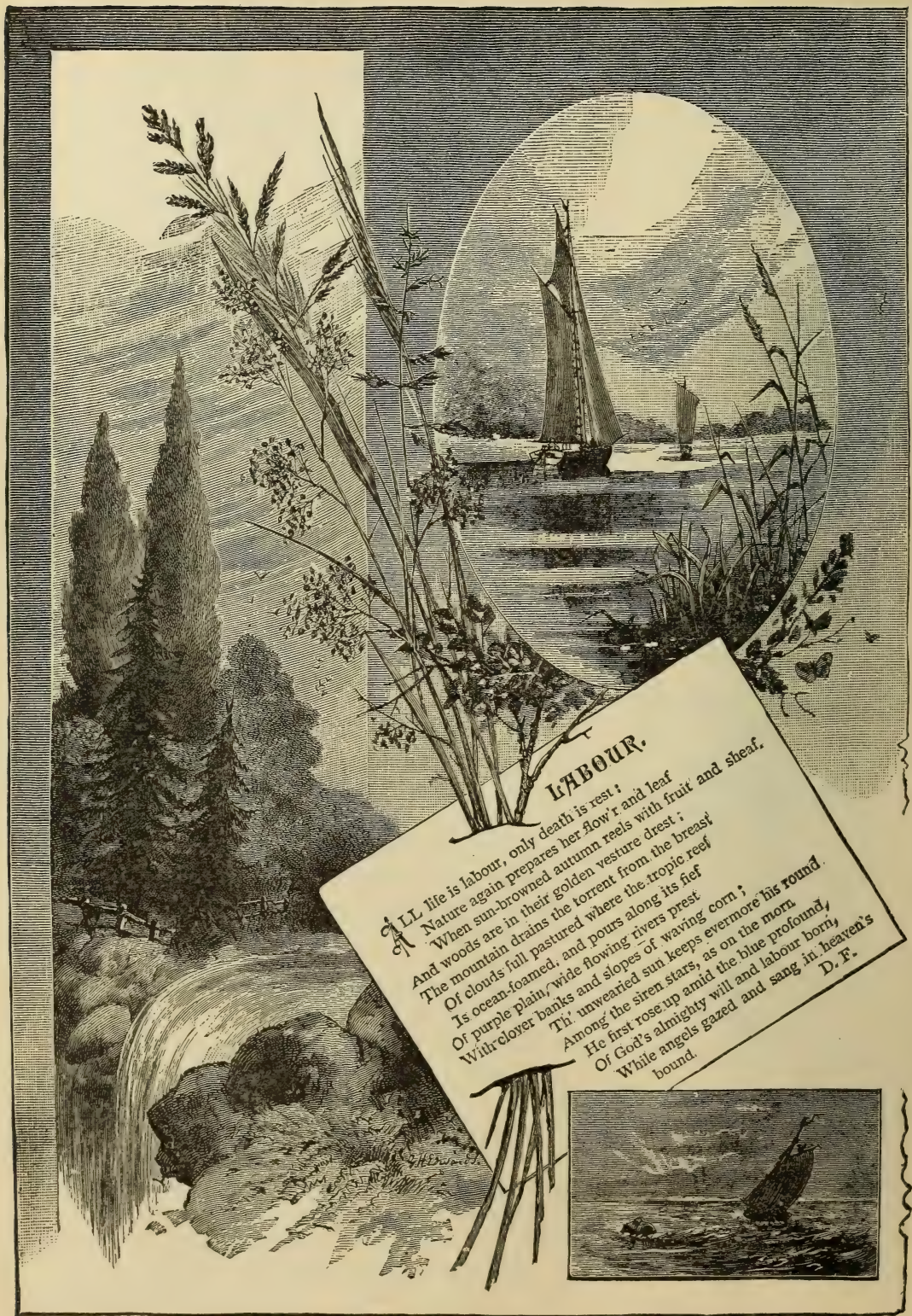
To Autumn.

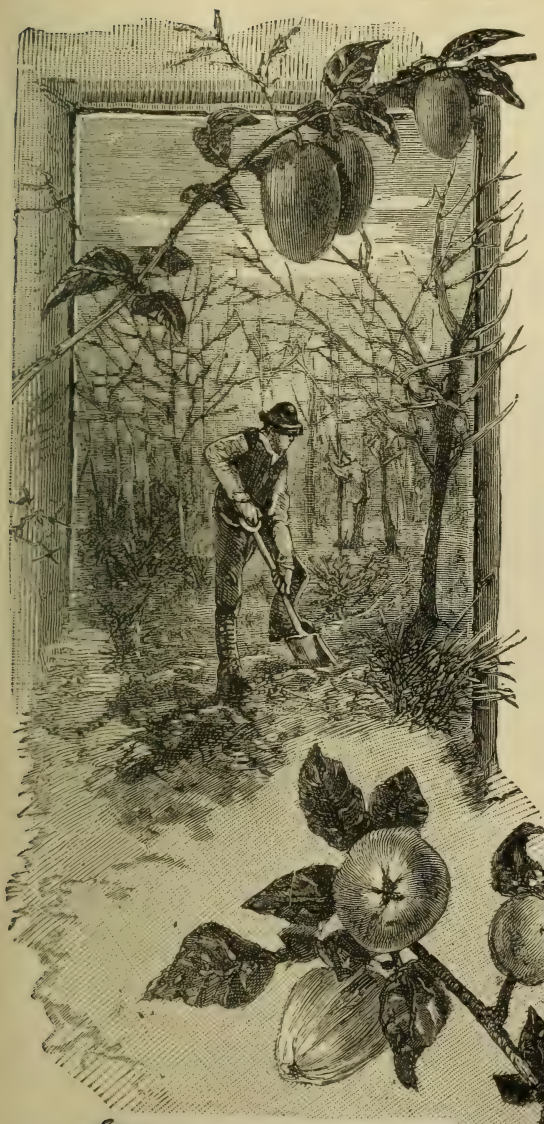
SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun!
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run—
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core—
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel-shells
With a sweet kernel—to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary-floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them—thou hast thy music too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river-sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking, as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

JOHN KEATS.


LABOUR.
ALL life is labour, only death is rest;
Nature again prepares her flow'r and leaf
When sun-browned autumn reels with fruit and sheaf.
And woods are in their golden vesture drest;
The mountain drains the torrent from the breast,
Of clouds full pastured where the tropic reef
Is ocean-foamed, and pours along its fief
Of purple plain, wide flowing rivers prest
With clover banks and slopes of waving corn;
Th' unwearied sun keeps evermore his round
Among the siren stars, as on the morn
He first rose up amid the blue profound,
Of God's almighty will and labour born,
While angels gazed and sang in heaven's bound.
D. F.



ODE OF LABOR.

THEY do the Maker wrong
Who with the closing days of youth
Shut fast the gate of Song;
Nor ever can I hold it truth,
With those who feign to tell the tale of life
That only love is worth, the love that binds
A youth and maid, nor care at all
For the long summer ere the fruit shall fall,
And hold not fit for song the glorious strife,
The joy of toil and thought, the clash of vigorous minds,
When knowledge flies before, and we pursue,
And who the Fair once followed, follow now the True.

Ah, full fair life! if something we have lost,
If never more again
We feel the ancient joy, the former pain,
If no more passion-tost
Upon the tides of life we hurry by,
The white waves laughing as we plunge along,
Nor watch the light clouds drift along the sky,
While the glad South snatches us swift and strong
To some blest isle beyond the purple wave,
Where Love is Queen and Mirth, nor Prudence grave
Nor Wisdom frowns, but to be glad is all,
From jocund morn till dewy evening fall;
Oh, if that sky is dark—those winds are still;
Another day has risen: again from the East
Our treasure is increased;
And as the orient Lord begins to grow,
New airs begin to blow,
And on the calm majestic tide,
Our full-sailed galleon comes to glide,
Love, with its little skiff, has gone,
But Life's great bark sails on.

Toil is the law of life, and its best fruit;
This from the uncaring brute
Divides;—this and the prescient mind whose store
Grows daily more and more.
Toil is the mother of wealth,
The nurse of health;
Toil 'tis that gives the zest
To well-earned rest;
The law of life laid broad and deep
As are the fixed foundations of the sea,
The medicine of grief, the remedy,
Wherefrom Life giveth his beloved sleep.
Oh, labor truly blest!
Thou rulest all the race!
Over all the toiling earth I see thy gracious face
Stand forth confest.
Wherever thou art least,
In those fair lands beneath the tropic blaze,
The slothful savage, likened to the beast,
Drags on his soulless length of days;
Where most thou art,
Man rises upward to a loftier height,
And views the earth and heaven with clearer sight,
And holds a cleaner heart.

I see the toilers with the awaking morn,
Ere yet the day is born,
Go forth to labor over all the earth.
In northern darkness, 'midst the wintry rain,
The great bell clangs thro' the smoke-laden air;
And ere light comes the workers gather there,
While the great engines throb, the swift wheels turn,
And the long, sickly gaslights flare and burn;
I hear the slow winch creak above the pit,
While the black workers, who have toiled all night,
Rise, dazed, to rest and light;
I see the fisher on the waking sea;
The great ship, full-manned, heaving silently
Across the foam; reapers in yellow corn;
The frosty shepherd in the early morn;
The naked worker bent among the cane
Or cotton; the vinedresser, lean and brown;
The thousand labors of the busy town;
The myriad trades which in each clime and race
Build up man's dwelling-place;
I see the countless toiling multitude;
And all I see is good.
But to ends nobler still
The nobler workers of the world are bent.
It is not best in an inglorious ease
To sink and dull content,
When wild revolts and hopeless miseries
The unquiet nations fill;
It is not best to rot
In dull observance, while the bitter cry
Of weak and friendless sufferers rends the sky
Wailing their hopeless lot;
Or rest in coward fear on former gain,
Making old joys supply the present pain.

Nay, best it is indeed
To spend ourselves upon the general good;
And, oft misunderstood,
To strive to lift the knees and limbs that bleed;
This is the best, the fullest meed.
Let ignorance assail or hatred sneer;
Who loves his race he shall not fear;
He suffers not for long,
Who doth his soul possess in loving, and grows strong.

Oh, student! far into the night
From youth to age
Bent low upon the blinding page,
Content to catch some gleam of light;
Art thou not happy, though the world pass by?—

Happy though Honors seek thee not, nor Fame,
And no man knows thy name?—
Happy in that blest company of old
Whose names are writ in characters of gold
Upon the rocks of Time, the glorious band
Who on the shining mountains stand,
Thinker and jurist, bard or seer,
Whatever name is brightest and most dear?
Or thou with docile hand,
Obedient to the visionary eye,
Who 'midst art's precious work dost choose to stand
Amid the great ones of the days gone by.
Oh, blest and glorious lot, always to be
With dreams of beauty compassed round about!
The godlike mother and the child divine,
Or land or sea or sky, in calm or storm,
Nature's sincerest verities of form—
To see from canvas or from marble shine,
Little by little orbing gradually,
Some trace of hidden Godhead gleaming out!

Or who, from heart and brain inspired, create,
Defying time, defying fate,
Some deathless theme, and high,
Some verse which cannot die,
Some lesson which shall still be said
Altho' their tongue be lost and dead;
Or who, in daily labor's trivial round,
Their fitting work have found;
Or who on high, guiding the car of State,
Are set, a people's envy and their pride,
Who, spurning rank and ease and wealth,
And setting pleasure aside and health,
And meeting contumely oft and hate,
Have lived laborious lives and all too early died.

Or shall I silence keep
Of you, oh ministering women fair,
Who, while the world lies sunk in careless sleep,
Still for the love of God and man can bear
To watch by alien sickbeds, and to guard
With little hope and scant reward,
'Midst misery and foul infected air,
The friendless and the dying? Shall I dare
To sing of labor's meed, nor hold you dear?
Dear souls, your joys are great, and yet not wholly here;
In heaven they blossom best and grow complete,
And beautiful upon the eternal mountains are your feet.

Ay, labor, thou art blest.
From all the earth thy voice, a constant prayer,
Soars upward day and night:
A voice of aspiration after right;
A voice of effort yearning for its rest;
A voice of high hope conquering despair!

ODE OF REST.

THERE is a joy in rest;
There is a joy to cease and to be still.
This is the remedy of all the best,
To cure the pain of too laborious will.
Ah! it is sweet to lie reclined,
Reaping the fallow mind,
When all the sweat and drougth of day is done,
And a cool breeze breathes from the setting sun.

The toiler sits before his cottage door,
Set with musk-roses round, and eglantine,
In dewy, scented, twilight-glooms divine,
When all the trouble of the week is o'er,
And sabbath rest comes with the evening sun:
The joyous shouts come up from pool or green;
Round the white chestnut-spikes the beetles hum;
And down the hawthorn-haunted by-ways come
The loitering lovers, hardly seen
Till springs aloft the clear large moon
Of pleasant June.

Or by the palm-thatched hut at shut of eve,
The dusky toilers lie, when the red sun
Is sinking or has gone.
A cool wind rises landward from the sea;
The fire-flies glance like silver in the palm;
On the fringed shore the thundering rollers heave;
And all the simple souls are full of glee,
And the fair earth of calm.
Or on the hot and trackless sand,
In the sweet dying day,
Beyond the unknown monuments of the dead,
The last muezzin calls, the prayers are said,
And turbaned faces stern relax awhile
To some unwonted smile,
Watching the large-eyed children at their play.

Or maybe busy brains, which day by day
Life's struggle frets away,
Weary with fierce pursuit of fame or wealth,
And prizing only health;
Over the joyous wave in some swift boat,
White-winged, delight to float
From land to land upon the tideless sea;
Borne careless still and free
By hoary cape and gleaming southern town,
And many an islet clothed with palm and vine,
And on the wine-dark sea-depths looking down,
High based on wave-worn fronts, the marble shrine;
Or see the white town flush with dying day,
And the red mountain fire the glimmering bay.

Or maybe on the icy hill they creep
Above the pines, across the frozen sea,

Whose blue abysses bare the unfathomed deep;
Each to the other bound, and silently,
Fearful lest some chance step or spoken word,
The avalanche trembling to its fall have stirred;
And up the giddy height
Little by little, gaining slow,
They gradually go,
Till with hard toil of knee and hand,
On the white summit panting but content,
With full hearts throbbing high and forces spent,
At last the climbers stand;
For this of old is sure,
That change of toil is toil's sufficient cure.

Or by the lovely classic shore,
The traveler sees with wondering eyes
The treasure-house of art; the store

Of gracious memories
Left by some cunning vanished hand,
At whose supreme command
The spirit of beauty rose and did appear:
The angel with the lily; the poor maid,
Submissive, yet afraid;
The fair Madonnas mild;
The deep ineffable Child;
The sweet boy-angels singing high and clear;
The lady with the mystic smile;
The kneeling Magi from the fabled East;
The blessed Presence at the sacred feast;
And many a virgin martyr sweet,
And many a youthful saint,
Gazing from heavenly eyes and free of guile;
Who, when the tortured life began to faint,
Looking in agony above,
Saw the heavens opened, and the Paraclete
Descending like a dove.

Or maybe under secular trees,
Old when his ancestors were young,
The statesman, in the golden autumn, sees
New glories for the eloquent tongue,
New triumphs gained against the banded
might
Of selfishness and fear, new struggles for the
right;
And in the falling evening and the sad
Short light of waning days,
Illumes his soul with subtle inward rays,
And grows sedately glad.
These thy refreshments are, oh blest
And necessary Rest!
Peaceful delights, which bear not soil and fret
As do the victories of toil, and yet
Bear their own fruit exceeding fair:
Renewal of the laboring mind,
New hopes, new dawns, and carking care
A black night left behind.

GOOD NIGHT.

GOOD night,
To each weary, toil-worn wight!
Now the day so sweetly closes,
Every aching brow reposes
Peacefully till morning light.
Good night!

Home to rest!
Close the eye and calm the breast;
Stillness through the streets is stealing,
And the watchman's horn is pealing,
And the night calls softly, "Haste!
Home to rest!"

Sweetly sleep!
Eden's breezes round ye sweep.
O'er the peace-forsaken lover
Let the darling image hover,
As he lies in transport deep.
Sweetly sleep!

So, good night!
Slumber on till morning light;
Slumber till another morrow
Brings its stores of joy and sorrow;
Fearless, in the Father's sight,
Slumber on. Good night!

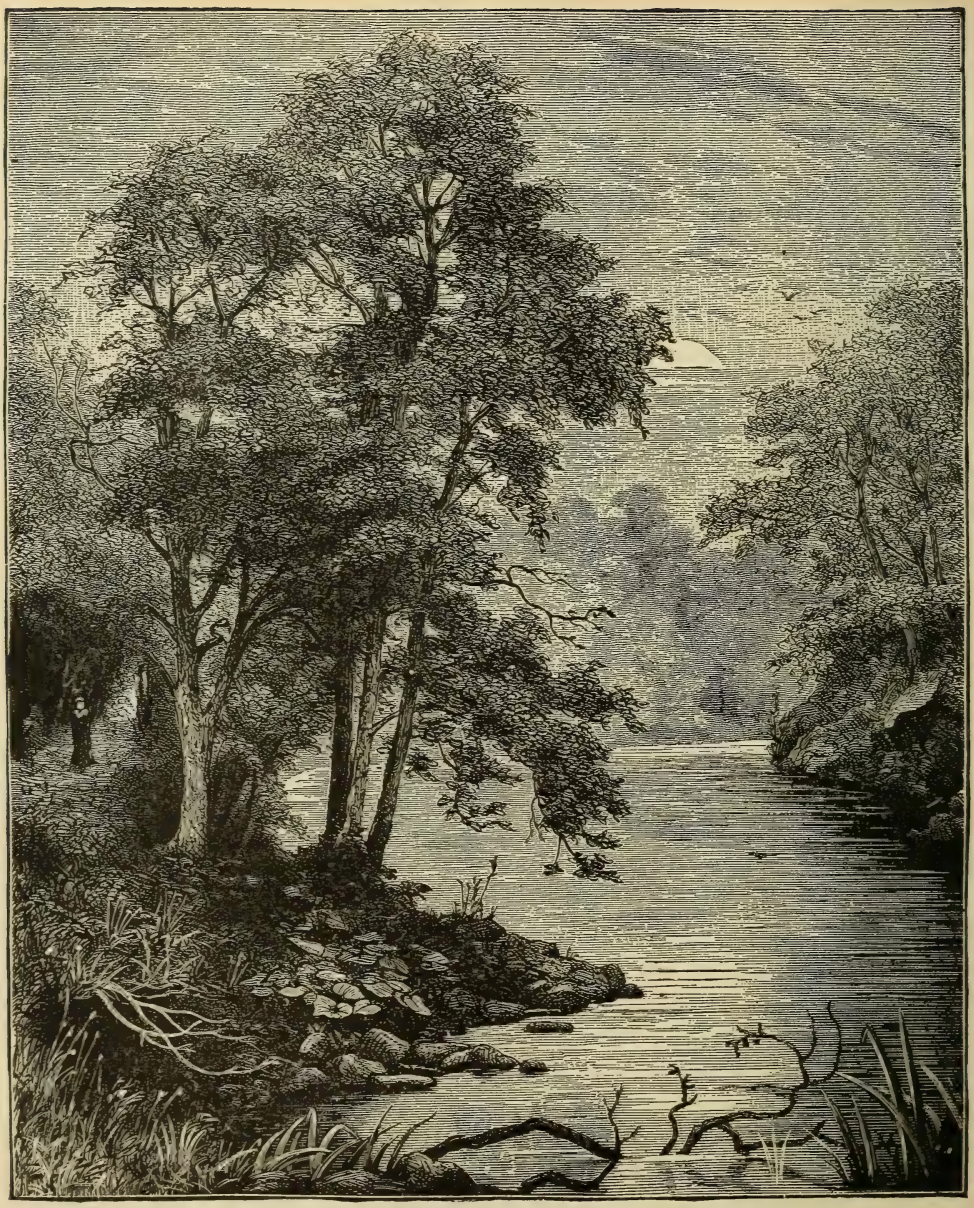
From the German of Korner. Translation of Charles T. Brooks.

NEVER DESPAIR.

THE opal-hued and many-perfumed morn
From gloom is born;
From out the sullen depth of ebon Night
The stars shed light;
Gems in the rayless caverns of the earth
Have their slow birth;
From wondrous alchemy of winter hours
Come summer flowers;
The bitter waters of the restless main
Give gentle rain;
The fading bloom and dry seed bring once
more
The year's fresh store;
Just sequences of clashing tones afford
The full accord;
Through weary ages, full of strife and ruth,
Thought reaches Truth;
Through efforts, long in vain, prophetic need
Begets the deed;
Nerve then thy soul with direst need to cope;
Life's brighest hope
Lies latent in Fate's deadliest lair—
Never despair!

LABOR is the true alchemist which beats out in patient transmutation the baser metals into gold.

W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D.



THE HOUR OF REST.

BENEATH the green impleached trees,
Beside the stream I pass;
I hear the bird upon the breeze,
The breeze among the grass.
What is thy song, O breeze? O bird?
O sweet bird, flying to thy nest?
"Rest to the weary world,
Rest! rest!"

Sleep soon, O world, thy rest is brief!
Sink soon, thou westering beam!
The stream is singing to the leaf,
The leaf unto the stream.
What is thy song, O leaf? O stream?
O grey stream flowing to the west?
"Rest to the weary world,
Rest! rest!" F. E. W

THE VILLAGE TEAMSTER.

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

AWAY—away o'er the feathery crest
Of the beautiful blue are we:
For our toil-lot lies on its boiling breast,
And our wealth's in the glorious sea!
And we've hymn'd in the grasp of the fiercest night.
To the God of the sons of toil,
As we cleft the wave by its own white light,
And away with its scaly spoil.
Then oh, for the long and the strong oar-sweep
We have given, and will again!
For when children's weal lies in the deep,
Oh, their fathers *must* be men!

And we'll think, as the blast grows loud and long,
That we hear our offspring's cries;
And we'll think, as the surge grows tall and strong,
Of the tears in their mother's eyes:
And we'll reel through the clutch of the shiv'ring green,
For the warm, warm clasp at home—
For the welcoming shriek of each heart's own queen,
When her cheek's like the flying foam.
Then oh, for the long and the strong oar-sweep
We have given, and *must* again!
But when white waves leap, and our pale wives weep,
O Heaven,—thy mercy then!

Do we yearn for the land when toss'd on this?
Let it ring to the proud one's tread!
Far worse than the waters and winds may hiss
Where the poor man gleans his bread.
If the adder-tongue of the upstart knave
Can bleed what it may not bend,
'Twere better to battle the wildest wave
That the spirit of storms could send,
Than be singing farewell to the bold oar-sweep
We have given, and will again;
Though our souls *should* bow to the savage deep,
Oh, they'll never to savage men!

And if Death, at times, through a foamy cloud,
On the brown-brow'd boatman glares,
He can pay him his glance with a soul as proud
As the form of a mortal bears;
And oh 'twere glorious, sure, to die,
In our toils for *some* on shore,
With a hopeful eye fix'd calm on the sky,
And a hand on the broken oar.
Then oh, for the long and the strong oar-sweep!
Hold to it!—hurrah!—dash on!
If our babes must fast till we rob the deep,
It is time we had begun!

FRANCIS DAVIS.

TRUE REST.

SWEET is the pleasure
Itself cannot spoil!
Is not true leisure
One with true toil?

Thou that wouldst taste it,
Still do thy best;
Use it, not waste it,—
Else 'tis no rest.

Wouldst behold beauty
Near thee? all round?
Only hath duty
Such a sight found.

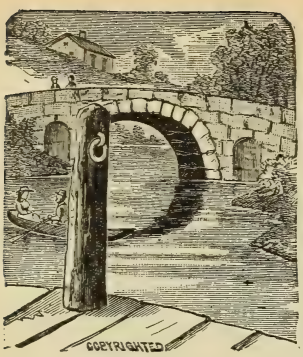
Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After its life.

Deeper devotion
Nowhere hath knelt;
Fuller emotion
Heart never felt.

'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best;
'Tis onwards! unswerving,—
And that is true rest.

JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT



LABOR IS WORSHIP.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into heaven!
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!"—the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing;
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing
Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
Only *man*, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! 'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune.

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping-willow;
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health! Lo, the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life current leaping!
How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
Labor is wealth! In the sea the pearl groweth;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee;
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee!
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod.
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor! all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

"PRESS ON."

PRESS on! there's no such word as fail!
Press nobly on! the goal is near;
Ascend the mountain! breast the gale!
Look upward, onward; never fear!
Why shouldst thou faint? Heaven smiles above,
Though storm and vapor intervene;
That sun shines on, whose name is Love,
Serenely o'er life's shadow'd scene.

Press on! surmount the rocky steeps;
Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch:
He fails alone who feebly creeps;
He wins who dares the hero's march.
Be thou a hero! let thy might
Tramp on eternal snows its way,
And through the ebon walls of night
Hew down a passage unto day.

Press on! if once or twice thy feet
Slip back and stumble, harder try:
From him who never dreads to meet
Danger and death, they're sure to fly.
To coward ranks the bullet speeds;
While, on their breasts who never quail,
Gleams, guardian of chivalric deeds,
Bright courage, like a coat of mail.

Press on! if Fortune play thee false
To-day, to-morrow she'll be true:
Whom now she sinks she now exalts,
Taking old gifts and granting new.
The wisdom of the present hour
Makes up for follies past and gone;
To weakness strength succeeds, and power
From frailty springs:—press on! press on!

Press on! what though upon the ground
Thy love has been poured out like rain?
That happiness is always found
The sweetest which is born of pain.
Oft 'mid the forest's deepest glooms
A bird sings from some blighted tree;
And in the dreariest desert blooms
A never-dying rose for thee.

Therefore, press on! and reach the goal,
And gain the prize, and wear the crown!
Faint not! for to the steadfast soul
Come wealth and honor and renown.
To thine own self be true, and keep
Thy mind from sloth, thy heart from soil:
Press on! and thou shalt surely reap
A heavenly harvest for thy toil.

PARK BENJAMIN.

NOT only strike while the iron is hot, but make it hot by striking.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

WORK.

THERE is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, is in communication with Nature: the real desire to get work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations which are truth.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows!—draining off the sour festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small!

Labor is life; from the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given force, the sacred celestial life-essence, breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, to all knowledge, "self-knowledge," and much else, so soon as work fitly begins. Knowledge! the knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly, thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working: the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds in endless logic vortices, till we try it and fix it. "Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by action alone."

Older than all preached gospels was this unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, for-ever-enduring gospel: work, and therein have well-being. Man, Son of Earth and of Heaven, lies there not, in the innermost heart of thee, a spirit of active method, a force for work;—and burns like a painfully smoldering fire, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficent facts around thee! What is immethodic, waste, thou shalt make methodic regulated, arable, obedient and productive to thee. Wheresoever thou findest disorder, there is thy eternal enemy: attack him swiftly, subdue him; make order of him, the subject not of chaos, but of intelligence, divinity, and thee! The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead. The waste cotton-shrub, gather its waste white down, spin it, weave it; that, in place of idle litter, there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man be covered.

But, above all, where thou findest ignorance, stupidity, brute-mindedness—attack it, I say; smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou livest and it lives; but smite, smite in the name of God! The highest God, as I understand it, does audibly so command thee; still audibly, if thou have ears to hear. He, even He, with his unspoken voice, is fuller than any Sinai thunders, or syllabled speech of whirlwinds; for the SILENCE of deep eternities, of worlds from beyond the morning stars, does it not speak to thee? The unborn ages; the old graves, with their long-moldering dust, the very tears that wetted it, now all dry—do not these speak to thee what ear hath not heard? The deep death-kingdoms, the stars in their never-resting courses, all space and all time, proclaim it to thee in continual silent admonition. Thou, too, if ever man should, shalt work while it is called to-day; for the night cometh, wherein no man can work.

All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all sciences, all spoken epics, all acted heroism, martyrdoms—up to that "agony of bloody sweat," which all men have called divine! O brother, if this is not "worship," then I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky.

Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow-workmen there, in God's eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving: sacred band of the immortals, celestial body-guard of empire of mind. Even in the weak human memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving: peopling, they alone the immeasured solitudes of Time! To thee Heaven, though severe, is *not* unkind; Heaven is kind—as a noble mother; as that Spartan mother, saying while she gave her son his shield, "WITH IT, MY SON, OR UPON IT!" Thou, too, shalt return *home*, in honor to thy far-distant home, in honor; doubt it not—if in the battle thou keep thy shield! Thou, in the eternities and deepest death-kingdoms, art not an alien; thou everywhere art a denizen! Complain not; the very Spartans did not *complain.*

The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about, was happiness enough to get his work done. Not, I can't *eat*, but I can't *work*, that was the burden of all wise complaining among men. It is after all, the one unhappiness of a man that he cannot work, that he cannot get his destiny, as a man, fulfilled. Behold the day is passing swiftly over, our life is passing swiftly over, and the night cometh, when no man can work. The night once come, our happiness, our unhappiness, it is all abolished, vanished, clean gone, a thing that has been. But our work, behold that is not abolished, that has not vanished; our work, behold it remains, or the want of it remains; for endless time and eternity remains, and that is the sole question with us forever more! Brief, brawling day, with its noisy phantasms, its poor, paper crowns, tinsel gilt, is gone! and divine, everlasting night, with her star diadems, with her silences, and her veracities, is come! *What* hast thou done, and *how?* Happiness, unhappiness, all that was but the wages thou hadst; thou hast spent all that in sustaining thyself hitherward, not a coin of it remains with thee, it is all spent, eaten; and now thy work, where is thy *work?* Swift, out with thy work!

THOMAS CARLYLE.

N sordid Avarice various evils wait,
And gold, false, glittering, is the tempting bait.
Oh cursed gold! in whom our woes combine,
Why dost thou thus with pleasing ruin shine?
Cause of the parents' curse, of brethren's strife,
Wars, murders, all miseries of life.

WORK AWAY.

WORK away!
For the master's eye is on us.
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day.
Work away!
Keep the busy fingers plying,
Keep the ceaseless shuttles flying;
See that never thread lie wrong;
Let not clash or clatter round us,
Sound of whirring wheels confound us;
Steady hand! let woof be strong
And firm, that has to last so long!
Work away!

Keep upon the anvil ringing
Stroke of hammer; on the gloom
Set 'twixt cradle and 'twixt tomb
Shower of fiery sparkles flinging;
Keep the mighty furnace glowing;
Keep the red ore hissing, flowing
Swift within the ready mould;
See that each one than the old
Still be fitter, still be fairer
For the servant's use, and rarer
For the master to behold:
Work away!

Work away!
For the leader's eye is on us
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day.
Wide the trackless prairies round us,
Dark and unsunned woods surround us
Deep and savage mountains bound us;
Far away
Smile the soft savannas green,
Rivers sweep and roll between;
Work away!

Bring your axes, woodmen true;
Smite the forest till the blue
Of heaven's sunny eye looks through
Every wild and tangled glade;
Jungled swamp and thicket shade
Give to-day!
O'er the torrent fling your bridges,
Pioneers! Upon the ridges
Widen, smooth the rocky stair—
They that follow, far behind
Coming after us, will find
Surer, easier footing there;
Heart to heart, and hand to hand,
From the dawn to dusk o' day,
Work away!
Scouts upon the mountain's peak—
Ye that see the Promised Land,
Hearten us! for ye can speak
Of the country ye have scanned,
Far away!

Work away.
For the Father's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day.
WORK AND PRAY!
Pray! and work will be completer;
Work! and prayer will be the sweeter;
Love! and prayer and love the fleeter
Will ascend upon their way.
Fear not lest the busy finger
Weave a net the soul to stay:
Give her wings—she will not linger;
Soaring to the source of day;
Cleaving clouds that still divide us
From the azure depths of rest,
She will come again! beside us,
With the sunshine on her breast,
Sit, and sing to us, while quickest
On their task the fingers move,
While the outward din wars thickest,
Songs that she hath learned above.

Live in Future as in Present;
Work for both while yet the day
Is our own! for lord and peasant,
Long and bright as summer's day,
Cometh, yet more sure, more pleasant,
Cometh soon our holiday;
Work away!

DUTY.

I SLEPT and dreamed that life was Beauty:
I woke and found that life was Duty:
Was then my dream a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday light and truth to thee.

YOUR MISSION.

HARK, the voice of Jesus crying,—
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvest waiting!
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and strong the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers thee:
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore;
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you do for Jesus,
Will be precious in his sight.

If you cannot speak like angels;
If you cannot preach like Paul·
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

If you cannot be the watchman
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all;
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

If among the older people,
You may not be apt to teach;
"Feed my lambs," said Christ, our Shepherd,
"Place the food within their reach,"
And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand
Will be found among your jewels
When you reach the better land.

Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task he gives you gladly;
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

DANIEL MARCH, D.D.

INDUSTRY.

THE way to wealth is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words, industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality, nothing will do, and with them everything.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy; and he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night, while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.

Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hopes will die fasting. There are no gains without pains; then help, hands, for I have no lands: or if I have, they are smartly taxed. He that hath a trade hath an estate, and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honor, but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious, we shall never starve; for, at the working-man's house, hunger looks in, but dares not enter. Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.

Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour. Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

COME, see the Dolphin's anchor forged! 'tis at a white heat now—
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased, though, on the forge's brow,
The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound,
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare,
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle-chains,—the black mould heaves below,
And red and deep, a hundred veins burst out at every throe.
It rises, roars, rends all outright,—O Vulcan, what a glow!
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright,—the high sun shines not so!
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery fearful show.
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid row
Of smiths, that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe,
As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster slow
Sinks on the anvil; all about, the faces fiery grow:
"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out, leap out!" bang, bang! the sledges go;
Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low,
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow;
The leathern mail rebounds the hail, the rattling cinders strow
The ground around; at every bound the sweltering fountains flow;
And, thick and loud, the swinking crowd at every stroke pant "Ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters! leap out, and lay on load;
Let's forge a goodly anchor—a bower thick and broad,
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road,
The low reef roaring on her lee, the roll of ocean pour'd
From stem to stern, sea after sea; the mainmast by the board;
The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains;
But courage still, brave mariners, the bower yet remains!
And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save when ye pitch sky-high;
Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing, here am I!"

Swing in your strokes in order; let foot and hand keep time;
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime.
But while ye swing your sledges, sing, and let the burthen be,
The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen we!
Strike in, strike in!—the sparks begin to dull their rustling red;
Our hammers ring with sharper din—our work will soon be sped;
Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay;
Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here
For the yeo-heave-o and the heave away, and the sighing seamen's cheer—

When, weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far from love and home;
And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last;
A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast.
O trusted and trustworthy guard! if thou hadst life like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!
O deep sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as thou?—
The hoary monster's palaces!—Methinks what joy 'twere now
To go plumb-plunging down, amid the assembly of the whales,
And feel the churn'd sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails!
Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,
And send him foil'd and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn;

To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn;
And for the ghastly-grinning shark, to laugh his jaws to scorn;
To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles,
He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallow'd miles—
Till, snorting like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls;
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far astonish'd shoals
Of his back-browsing ocean calves; or, haply, in a cove
Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undine's love,
To find the long-hair'd mermaidens; or, hard by icy lands,
To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed fisher of the deep! whose sports can equal thine?
The dolphin weighs a thousand tons that tugs thy cable line;
And night by night 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white the giant game to play.
But, shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave:
A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.
O lodger in the sea-king's halls! couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side—or who that dripping band,
Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend,
With sounds like breakers in a dream blessing their ancient friend—
Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride—thou'dst leap within the sea!

Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant strand
To shed their blood so freely for the love of fatherland—
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave!
Oh, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honor him for their memory whose bones he goes among!

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

TO SLEEP.

A SONNET.

By William Wordsworth.

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds, and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky.
I've thought of all by turns; and still I lie
Sleepless; and soon the small birds' melodies
Must hear, first utter'd from my orchard trees;
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.
Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,
And could not win thee, Sleep, by any stealth:
So do not let me wear to-night away;
Without thee what is all the morning's wealth?
Come, blessèd barrier betwixt day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!

HARVEST HOME.

SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not everywhere;
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou knowest not which may thrive,
The late, or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When, and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

Hence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel reapers shall descend
And heaven cry "Harvest Home."

JAS. MONTGOMERY.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

CLEAR the brown path to meet his coulter's gleam!
Lo! on he comes, behind his smoking team,
With toil's bright dewdrops on his sun-burnt brow,
The lord of earth, the hero of the plough!

First in the field before the reddening sun,
Last in the shadows when the day is done,
Line after line, along the bursting sod,
Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod;
Still where he treads the stubborn clods divide,
The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide;
Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves,
Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield cleaves;
Up the steep hillside, where the laboring train
Slants the long track that scores the level plain,
Through the moist valley, clogg'd with oozing clay,
The patient convoy breaks its destined way;
At every turn the loosening chains resound,
The swinging ploughshare circles glistening round,
Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,
And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.

These are the hands whose sturdy labor brings
The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings;
This is the page whose letters shall be seen
Changed by the sun to words of living green;
This is the scholar whose immortal pen
Spells the first lesson hunger taught to men;
These are the lines that heaven-commanded Toil
Shows on his deed,—the charter of the soil!

O gracious Mother, whose benignant breast
Wakes us to life, and lulls us all to rest,
How thy sweet features, kind to every clime,
Mock with their smile the wrinkled front of Time!
We stain thy flowers,—they blossom o'er the dead;
We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread;
O'er the red field that trampling strife has torn
Waves the green plumage of thy tassell'd corn;
Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest plain,
Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.
Yet, O our Mother, while uncounted charms
Steal round our hearts in thine embracing arms,
Let not our virtues in thy love decay,

And thy fond sweetness waste our strength away.
No! by these hills whose banners now display'd
In blazing cohorts Autumn has arrayed;
By yon twin summits, on whose splintery crests
The tossing hemlocks hold the eagles' nests;
By these fair plains the mountain circle screens,
And feeds with streamlets from its dark ravines,—
True to their home, these faithful arms shall toil
To crown with peace their own untainted soil;
And, true to God, to freedom, to mankind,
If her chain'd ban-dogs Faction shall unbind,
These stately forms, that, bending even now,
Bow'd their strong manhood to the humble plough,
Shall rise erect, the guardians of the land,
The same stern iron in the same right hand,
Till o'er their hills the shouts of triumph run;
The sword has rescued what the ploughshare won!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

REST AT EVENING.

WHEN the weariness of life is ended,
And the task of our long day is done,
And the props, on which our hearts depended,
All have failed, or broken, one by one;
Evening and our sorrow's shadow blended,
Telling us that peace has now begun.

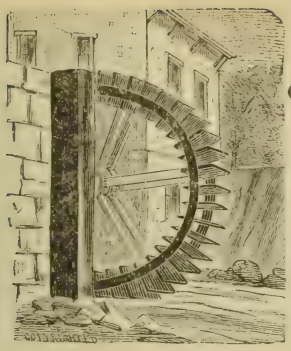
How far back will seem the sun's first dawning,
And those early mists so cold and gray!
Half forgotten even the toil of morning,
And the heat and burden of the day.
Flowers that we were tending, and weeds scorning,
All alike, withered and cast away.

Vain will seem the impatient heart, that waited
Toils that gathered but too quickly round;
And the childish joy, so soon elated
At the path we thought none else had found;
And the foolish ardor, soon abated
By the storm which cast us to the ground.

Vain those pauses on the road, each seeming
As our final home and resting-place;
And the leaving them, while tears were streaming
Of eternal sorrow down our face;
And the hands we held, fond folly dreaming
That no future could their touch efface.

All will then be faded: Night will borrow
Stars of light to crown our perfect rest;
And the dim vague memory of faint sorrow
Just remain to show us all was best;
Then melt into a divine to-morrow:
O, how poor a day to be so blest!

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.



RESTLESSNESS.

DOWN in the harbor the ships lie moored,
Weary sea-birds with folded wing,—
Anchors sunken and sails secured;
Yet on the water they rock and swing,
Rock and swing,
As though each keel were a living thing.

Silence sleeps on the earth and air,
Never a breath does the sea-breeze blow,
Yet like living pendulums there,
Down in the harbor, to and fro,
To and fro,
Backward and forward the vessels go.

As a child on its mother's breast,
Cradled in happy slumber, lies,
Yet, half-conscious of joy and rest,
Varies its breathing, and moves and sighs,
Moves and sighs,
Yet neither wakes nor opens its eyes.

Or it may be, the vessels long—
For almost human they seem to me—
For the leaping waves, and the storm-wind strong,
And the fetterless freedom out at sea,
Out at sea,
And feel their rest a captivity.

So as a soul from a higher sphere,
Fettered down to this earthly clay,
Strives at the chains that bind it here,
Tossing and struggling, day by day,
Day by day,
Longing to break them and flee away.

Strive the ships in their restlessness,
Whether the tide be high or low;—
And why these tear-drops, I cannot guess,
As down in the harbor, to and fro,
To and fro,
Backward and forward the vessels go.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

THE DUTY OF LABOR.

LABOR is man's great function. The earth and the atmosphere are his laboratory. With spade and plow, with mining shafts, and furnaces, and forges, with fire and steam, amid the noise and whirl of swift and bright machinery, and abroad in the silent fields, beneath the roofing sky, man was made to be ever working, ever experimenting. And while he and all his dwellings of care and toil are borne onward with the circling skies, and the shows of heaven are around him, and their infinite depths image and invite his thought, still in all the worlds of philosophy, in the universe of intellect, man must be a worker. He is nothing, he can be nothing, he can achieve nothing, fulfill nothing, without working.

Not only can he gain no lofty improvement without this, but without it he can gain no tolerable happiness. So that he who gives himself up to utter indolence finds it too hard for him, and is obliged in self-defense, unless he be an idiot, to do something. The miserable victims of idleness and ennui, driven at last from their chosen resort, are compelled to work, to do something; yes, to employ their wretched and worthless lives in—"killing time." They must hunt down the hours as their prey. Yes, time, that mere abstraction, that sinks light as the air upon the eyelids of the busy and the weary, to the idle is an enemy, clothed with gigantic armor; and they must kill it, or themselves die. They cannot live in mere idleness; and all the difference between them and others is, that they employ their activity to no useful end. They find, indeed, that the hardest work in the world is to do nothing.

DEWEY.

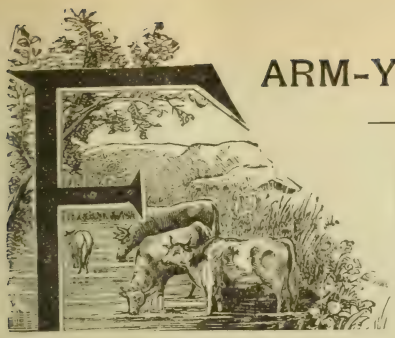
THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF LABOR.

THERE is dignity in toil—in toil of the hand as well as toil of the head—in toil to provide for the bodily wants of an individual life, as well as in toil to promote some enterprise of world-wide fame. All labor that tends to supply man's wants, to increase man's happiness, to elevate man's nature—in a word, all labor that is honest—is honorable too. Labor clears the forest, and drains the morass, and makes the "wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose." Labor drives the plow, and scatters the seeds, and reaps the harvest, and grinds the corn, and converts it into bread, the staff of life. Labor, tending the pastures and sweeping the waters, as well as cultivating the soil, provides with daily sustenance the nine hundred millions of the family of man. Labor gathers the gossamer web of the caterpillar, the cotton from the field, and the fleece from the flock, and weaves it into raiment soft and warm and beautiful, the purple robe of the prince and the gray gown of the peasant being alike its handiwork. Labor moulds the brick, and splits the slate, and quarries the stone, and shapes the column, and rears not only the humble cottage, but the gorgeous palace, and the tapering spire, and the stately dome. Labor, diving deep into the solid earth, brings up its long-hidden stores of coal to feed ten thousand furnaces, and in millions of homes to defy the winter's cold.

Labor explores the rich veins of deeply-buried rocks, extracting the gold and silver, the copper and tin. Labor smelts the iron, and moulds it into a thousand shapes for use and ornament, from the massive pillar to the tiniest needle, from the ponderous anchor to the wire gauze, from the mighty fly-wheel of the steam-engine to the polished purse-ring or the glittering bead. Labor hews down the gnarled oak, and shapes the timber, and builds the ship, and guides it over the deep, plunging through the billows, and wrestling with the tempest, to bear to our shores the produce of every clime. Labor, laughing at difficulties, spans majestic rivers, carries viaducts over marshy swamps, suspends bridges over deep ravines, pierces the solid mountain with the dark tunnel, blasting rocks and filling hollows, and while linking together with its iron but loving grasp all nations of the earth, verifying, in a literal sense, the ancient prophecy, "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low;" labor draws forth its delicate iron thread, and stretching it from city to city, from province to province, through mountains and beneath the sea, realizes more than fancy ever fabled, while it constructs a chariot on which speech may outstrip the wind, and compete with lightning, for the telegraph flies as rapidly as thought itself.

Labor, the mighty magician, walks forth into a region uninhabited and waste; he looks earnestly at the scene, so quiet in its desolation, then waving his wonder-working wand, those dreary valleys smile with golden harvests; those barren mountain-slopes are clothed with foliage; the furnace blazes; the anvil rings; the busy wheel whirls round; the town appears; the temple of religion, rears its lofty front; a forest of masts rises from the harbor. On every side are heard the sounds of industry and gladness.

Labor achieves grander victories, it weaves more durable trophies, it holds wider sway, than the conqueror. His name becomes tainted and his monuments crumble; but labor converts his red battle-fields into gardens, and erects monuments significant of better things.



FARM-YARD SONG.

OVER the hills the farm-boy goes,
His shadow lengthened along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing;
The early dews are falling;—

Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling,—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther, over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart at the close of day;
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon shed stand yoke and plough;
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow,
The cooling dews are falling;
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
The whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,
His cattle calling,—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray,—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes,
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling;
The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye;
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly calling,—
"So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So! so, boss! so! so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes,
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the cricket's ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
The heavy dews are falling.
The housewife's hand has turned the lock:
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose;
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes
Singing, calling,—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!
And oft the milkmaid in her dreams
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

LABOR AND REST.

TWO hands upon the breast,
And labor's done;
Two pale feet crossed in rest,
The race is run;
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
And all tears cease;
Two lips where grief is mute,
And wrath at peace!—
So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot,—
God in his mercy answereth not.

Two hands to work addressed
Aye for his praise;
Two feet that never rest,
Walking his ways;
Two eyes that look above,
Still through all tears;
Two lips that breathe but love,
Nevermore fears,
So pray we afterward low on our knees;—
Pardon those erring prayers!
Father, hear these!

DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

TOIL AND BE GLAD.

TOIL and be glad! let industry inspire
Unto your quickened limbs her buoyant breath!
Who does not act is dead; absorbed entire
In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath;
Oh, leaden-hearted men to be in love with death!

Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven
When drooping health and spirits go amiss!
How tasteless then whatever can be given!
Health is the vital principle of bliss
And exercise of health. In proof of this,
Behold the wretch who slugs his life away,
Soon swallowed in Disease's sad abyss,
While he whom Toil has braced, or manly play
Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

O, who can speak the vigorous joys of health!
Unclogged the body, unobscured the mind;
The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,
The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
In health the wiser brutes true gladness find,
See how the younglings frisk along the meads,
As May comes on and wakes the balmy wind;
Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds.

* * * * * * * *

Come, follow me; I will direct you right,
Where pleasure's roses, void of serpents, grow,
Sincere as sweet: come, follow this good Knight,
And you will bless the day that brought him to your sight.

Some he will lead to courts, and some to camps,
To senates some, and public sage debates,
Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight lamps,
The world is poised, and managed mighty states;
To high discovery some, that new creates
The face of earth; some to the thriving mart:
Some to the rural reign and softer fates;
To the sweet muses some, who raise the heart;
All glory shall be yours, all Nature and all Art.

JAMES THOMSON.

WORKING AND WAITING.

A HUSBANDMAN who many years
Had ploughed his field and sown in tears,
Grew weary with his doubts and fears:
"I toil in vain! these rocks and sands
Will yield no harvest to my hands;
The best seeds rot in barren lands.
My drooping vine is withering;
No promised grapes its blossoms bring:
No birds among the branches sing;
My flock is dying on the plain;
The heavens are brass—they yield no rain;
The earth is iron,—I toil in vain!"
While yet he spoke, a breath had stirred
His drooping vine, like wing of bird,
And from its leaves a voice he heard:
"The germs and fruits of life must be
Forever hid in mystery,
Yet none can toil in vain for me.
A mightier hand more skilled than thine.
Must hang the clusters on the vine,
And make the fields with harvest shine.
Man can but work; God can create:
But they who work, and watch and wait,
Have their reward, though it come late.
Look up to heaven! behold, and hear
The clouds and thunderings in thy ear—
An answer to thy doubts and fear."
He looked, and lo! a cloud-draped car,
With trailing smoke and flames afar,
Was rushing from a distant star;
And every thirsty flock and plain
Was rising up to meet the rain,
The covenant of God with men,
Rewritten with His rainbow pen:
"Seed-time and harvest shall not fail,
And though the gates of hell assail,
My truth and promise shall prevail!"

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

NDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,—
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from noon till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school,
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from the threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys:
He hears the parson pray and preach;
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LABOR SONG.

From "THE BELL-FOUNDER."

AH! little they know of true happiness, they whom satiety fills,
Who, flung on the rich breast of luxury, eat of the rankness that kills,
Ah! little they know of the blessedness toil-purchased slumber enjoys
Who, stretched on the hard rack of indolence, taste of the sleep that destroys;
Nothing to hope for, or labor for; nothing to sigh for or gain;
Nothing to light in its vividness, lightning-like, bosom and brain;
Nothing to break life's monotony, rippling it o'er with its breath;—
Nothing but dullness and lethargy, weariness, sorrow, and death!

But blessed that child of humanity, happiest man among men,
Who, with hammer or chisel or pencil, with rudder or ploughshare or pen,
Laboreth ever and ever with hope through the morning of life,
Winning home and its darling divinities,—love-worshipped children and wife.
Round swings the hammer of industry, quickly the sharp chisel rings,
And the heart of the toiler has throbbings that stir not the bosom of kings,—
He the true ruler and conqueror, he the true king of his race,
Who nerveth his arm for life's combat, and looks the strong world in the face.

DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY.

The orchard big with bending fruit,
From whose deep-loaded boughs a mellow show'r
Incessant melts away.—THOMSON.

APPROACHING Autumn, just begins to tinge
The leafy verdure with golden fringe;
Thro' the fair scenes unequal shades appear,
That speak the downfall of the waning year:
The promontory, topt with yellower pine,
The tower, where wreaths of fading ivy twine;
Near the brown elm the berried hollies spread,
And the last rose, that spots the copse with red;
The woodbine's feathery bloom, that, unconfined,
Mounts in the circles of the wasting wind;
While the changed oak in tawny beauty stands,
Proud of his height, and all the grove commands.

HOBHOUSE.

PULLING IN THE BOAT.

THE MOWERS.

THE sunburnt mowers are in the swath—
Swing, swing, swing!
The towering lilies loath
Tremble, and totter, and fall;
The meadow-rue
Dashes its tassels of golden dew;
And the keen blade sweeps o'er all—
Swing, swing, swing!

The flowers, the berries, the plumed grass,
Fall in a smothered mass;
Hastens away the butterfly;
With half their burden the brown bees hie;
And the meadow-lark shrieks distrest,
And leaves the poor younglings all in the nest.
Totters the Jacob's-ladder tall,
And sadly nod
The royal crowns of the golden-rod:—
The keen blade moweth all!

Anon, the chiming whetstones ring—
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling!
And the mower now
Pauses and wipes his beaded brow.
A moment he scans the fleckless sky,
A moment, the fish-hawk soaring high,
And watches the swallows dip and dive
Anear and far;
They whisk and glimmer, and chatter and strive;
What do they gossip together?
Cunning fellows they are,—
Wise prophets to hive;
"Higher or lower they circle and skim,
Fair or foul to-morrow's hay-weather!"
Tallest primroses or loftiest daisies
Not a steel-blue feather
Of slim wing grazes!
"Fear not! fear not!" cry the swallows.
Each mower tightens his snath-ring's wedge,
And his finger daintly follows
The long blade's tickle-edge;
Softly the whetstone's last touches ring.
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling!

"Perchance the swallows, that flit in their glee,
Of to-morrow's weather know little as we,"
Says Farmer Russet; "'tis hidden in shower
Or sunshine; to-morrow we do not own;
To-day is ours alone.
Not a twinkle we'll waste of the golden hour.
Grasp tightly the nibs,—give heel and give toe,
Lay a goodly swath shaved smooth and low!
Prime is the day,—
Swing, swing, swing!"
(Farmer Russet is aged and gray,—
Gray as the frost, but fresh as the spring;
Straight is he
As a balsam-tree,
And with heart most blithe and sinews lithe,
He leads the row with his merry scythe).
"Come, boys! strike up the old song
While we circle around,—
The song we always in hay-time sing;
And let the woods ring,
And the echoes prolong
The merry sound!"

SONG.

June is too early for richest hay
(Fair weather, fair weather);
The corn stretches taller the livelong day,
But grass is ever too sappy to lay
(Clip all together);
June is too early for richest hay.

(*Chorus.*)

O, we will make hay now while the sun shines—
We'll waste not a golden minute!
The blue arch to-day no storm-shadow lines—
We'll waste not a minute,
For the west wind is fair;
O, the hay-day is rare!
The sky is without a brown cloud in it!

August's a month that too far goes by
(Late weather, late weather);
Grasshoppers are chipper and kick too high,
And grass, that's standing is fodder scorched dry
(Pull altogether);
August's a month that too far goes by.

(*Chorus.*)

July is just in the nick of time!
(Best weather, best weather;)
The midsummer month is the golden prime
For haycocks smelling of clover and thyme
(Strike all together);
July is just in the nick of time!
(*Chorus.*)

Still hiss the scythes!
Shudder the grasses' defenceless blades—
The lily-throng writhes:
And, as a phalanx of wild-geese streams
Where the shore of April's cloud-land gleams
On their dizzy way in serried grades,—
Wing on wing, wing on wing,
The mowers, each a step in advance
Of his fellow, time their stroke with a glance
Of swerveless force;
And far through the meadow leads their course,—
Swing, swing, swing!

MYRON BUELL BENTON.

GRADATIM.

HEAVEN is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true;
That a noble deed is a step toward God—
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By pride deposed and passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the *morning* calls us to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the *night*;
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way—
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire and pray;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in *dreams* is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

J. G. HOLLAND.

MAKE YOUR MARK.

IN the quarries should you toil,
Make your mark:
Do you delve upon the soil,
Make your mark;
In whatever path you go,
In whatever place you stand,
Moving swift or moving slow,
With a firm and honest hand,
Make your mark.

Should opponents hedge your way,
Make your mark;
Work by night or work by day,
Make your mark;
Struggle manfully and well,
Let no obstacle oppose;
None, right-shielded, ever fell,
By the weapons of his foes;
Make your mark.

What though born a peasant's son,
Make your mark;
Good by poor men can be done,
Make your mark;
Peasants' garbs may warm the cold,
Peasants' words may calm a fear;
Better far than hoarding gold,
Is the drying of a tear;
Make your mark.

Life is fleeting as a shade,
Make your mark;
Marks of some kind must be made,
Make your mark;
Make it while the arm is strong,
In the golden hours of youth;
Never, never make it wrong,
Make it with the stamp of truth;
Make your mark.

DAVID BARKER.

OPPORTUNITY FOR WORK.

EXAMPLES of greatness and goodness before us bid us work and the changing present offers ample opportunity. Around us, everywhere, the new crowds aside the old. Improvement steps by seeming perfection. Discovery upsets theories and clouds over established systems. The usages of one generation become matters of tradition, for the amusement of the next. Innovation rises on the site of homes reverenced for early associations. Science can scarcely keep pace with the names of publications, qualifying or abrogating the past. Machinery becomes old iron, as its upstart successor usurps its place. The new ship dashes scornfully by the naval prodigy of last year, and the steamer laughs at them both. The railroad engine, as it rushes by the crumbling banks of the canal, screams out its mockery at the barge rotting piece-meal. The astronomer builds up his hypothesis, and is comforting himself among the nebulæ, when invention comes to the rescue; the gigantic telescope points upward, and lo! the raw material of which worlds are manufactured becomes the centres of systems blazing in the infinite heavens, and the defeated theorizer retreats into space, with his speculations, to be again routed, when human ingenuity shall admit us one hair-breadth further into creation.

There is no effort of science or art that may not be exceeded; no depth of philosophy that cannot be deeper sounded; no flight of imagination that may not be passed by strong and soaring wing.

All nature is full of unknown things; earth air, water, the fathomless ocean, the limitless sky, lie almost untouched before us. What has hitherto given prosperity and distinction, has not been more open to others than to us; to no one, past or present, more than to the student going forth from the school-room to-morrow.

Let not, then, the young man sit with folded hands, calling on Hercules. Thine own arm is the demigod. It was given thee to help thyself. Go forth into the world trustful, but fearless. Exalt thine adopted calling or profession. Look on labor as honorable, and dignify the task before thee, whether it be in the study, office, counting-room, work-shop, or furrowed field. There is an equality in all, and the resolute will and pure heart may ennoble either. GEORGE R. RUSSELL.

HASTE NOT! REST NOT.

WITHOUT haste! without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not! Let no thoughtless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed!
Ponder well, and know the right,
Onward then, with all thy might!
Haste not! years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not! Life is sweeping by,
Go and dare before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time!
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not! rest not! calmly wait;
Meekly bear the storms of fate!
Duty be thy polar guide;—
Do the right, whate'er betide!
Haste not! rest not! conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

JOHANN W. VON GOETHE.

WORKING UNDER DISADVANTAGES.

WHO shall reckon up the countless circumstances which lie like a depressing burden on the energies of men, and make them work at that disadvantage which we have thought of under the figure of *carrying weight in life?* There are men who carry weight in a damp, marshy neighborhood, who, amid bracing mountain air, might have done things which now they will never do. There are men who carry weight in an uncomfortable house: in smoky chimneys: in a study with a dismal look-out: in distance from a railway station: in ten miles between them and a bookseller's shop. Give another hundred a year of income, and the poor struggling parson who preaches dull sermons, will astonish you by the talent he will exhibit, when his mind is freed from the dismal, depressing influence of ceaseless scheming to keep the wolf from the door. Let the poor little sick child grow strong and well, and with how much better heart will its father face the work of life! Let the clergyman, who preached in a spiritless enough way, to a handful of uneducated rustics, be placed in a charge where weekly he has to address a large cultivated congregation; and with the new stimulus, latent powers may manifest themselves which no one fancied he possessed, and he may prove quite an eloquent and attractive preacher. A dull, quiet man, whom you esteemed as a blockhead, may suddenly be valued very differently when circumstances unexpectedly call out the solid qualities he possesses, unsuspected before. A man, devoid of brilliancy, may on occasion show that he possesses great good sense; or that he has the power of sticking to his task, in spite of discouragement. Let a man be placed where dogged perseverance will stand him in stead, and you may see what he can do when he has but a chance. The especial weight which has held some men back—the thing which kept them from doing great things and attaining great fame—has been just this: that they were not able to say or to write what they have thought and felt. And indeed, a great poet is nothing more than the one man in a million who has the gift to express that which has been in the mind and heart of multitudes. If even the most commonplace of human beings could write all the poetry he has felt, he would produce something that would go straight to the hearts of many.

COUNTRY PARSON.

THE USEFUL PLOUGH.

A COUNTRY life is sweet!
In moderate cold and heat,
To walk in the air, how pleasant and fair!
In every field of wheat,
The fairest of flowers, adorning the bowers,
And every meadow's brow;
So that I say, no courtier may
Compare with them who clothe in gray,
And follow the useful plough.

They rise with the morning lark,
And labor till almost dark;
Then folding their sheep, they hasten to sleep;
While every pleasant park
Next morning is ringing with birds that are singing
On each green, tender bough.
With what content and merriment
Their days are spent, whose minds are bent
To follow the useful plow!

REST.

THERE are halting-places found in the most agitated or most unhappy life. Revolutions of Mind and Body, Passions and Diseases, cannot go on without some moments of rest. Man is a being so weak that he can neither act nor suffer continuously; were he not to halt a little now and then, his strength would be prematurely exhausted.

ED. ABOUT.

WORK AND ITS ACHIEVEMENT.

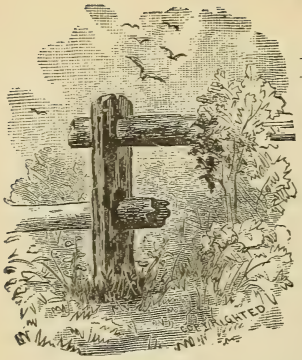
IT IS in achievement that work throws off all its repulsive features, and assumes the form and functions of an angel. Before her, like a dissolving scene, the forest fades, with its wild beasts and its wild men, and under her hand smiling villages rise among the hills and on the plains, and yellow harvests spread the fields with gold. The city, with its docks and ware-houses, and churches and palaces, springs at her bidding into being. The trackless ocean mirrors her tireless pinions as she ransacks the climes for the food of commerce, or flames with the torches of her steamsped messengers. She binds states and marts and capitals together with bars of iron, that thunder with the ceaseless rush of life and trade. She pictures all scenes of beauty on canvas, and carves all forms of excellence in marble. Into huge libraries she pours the wealth of countless precious lives. She erects beautiful and convenient homes for men and women to dwell in, and weaves the fibres which nature prepares into fabrics for their covering and comfort. She rears great civilizations that run like mountain-ranges through the level centuries, their summits sleeping among the clouds, or still flaming with the fire that fills them, or looming grandly in the purple haze of history. Nature furnishes material, and work fashions it. By the hand of art, work selects, and moulds, and modifies, and recombines that which it finds, and gives utterance and being to those compositions of matter and of thought which build for man a new world, with special adaptation to his desires, tastes and necessities. Man's record upon this wild world is the record of work, and of work alone.

Work explores the secrets of the universe, and brings back those contributions which make up the sum of human knowledge. It counts the ribs of the mountains and feels the pulses of the sea, and traces the foot-paths of the stars, and calls the animals of the forest and the birds of the air and the flowers of the field by name. It summons horses of fire and chariots of fire from heaven, and makes them the bearers of its thought. It plunders the tombs of dead nationalities, and weaves living histories from the shreds it finds. It seeks out and sets in order the secrets of the soil, and divides to every plant its food. It builds and binds into unity great philosophies, along which run the life and thought of ages. It embalms the life of nations in literatures, in whose crypts are scattered seeds of thought that only need the light to spread into harvests of bread for living generations.

How wonderful a being is man, when viewed in the light of his achievements It is in the record of these that we find the evidence of his power and the credentials of his glory. Into the results of work each generation pours its life; and as these results grow in excellence, with broader forms and richer tints and nobler meanings, they become the indexes of the world's progress. We estimate the life of a generation by what it does; and the results of its work stand out in advance of its successor, to show it what it can do, and to show it what it must do, to reach a finer consummation. Thus the results of work become the most powerful stimulus of the worker. They inspire emulation; they instruct in mode and style; they feed perennially the springs of ambition.

J. G. HOLLAND.

THE FARMER'S BOY.



LED now the sullen murmurs of the North,
The splendid raiment of the spring peeps forth;
Her universal green and the clear sky
Delight still more and more the gazing eye.
Wide o'er the fields, in rising moisture strong,
Shoots up the simple flower, or creeps along
The mellowed soil, imbibing fairer hues
Or sweets from frequent showers and evening dews
That summon from their sheds the slumbering ploughs,
While health impregnates every breeze that blows.
No wheels support the diving, pointed share;
No groaning ox is doomed to labor there;
No helpmates teach the docile steed his road
(Alike unknown, the ploughboy and the goad):
But unassisted, through each toilsome day,
With smiling brow the ploughman cleaves his way,
Draws his fresh parallels, and, widening still,
Treads slow the heavy dale, or climbs the hill.
Strong on his wing his busy followers play,
Where writhing earthworms meet the unwelcome day,
Till all is changed, and hill and level down
Assume a livery of sober brown;
Again disturbed, when Giles with wearying strides
From ridge to ridge the ponderous harrow guides,
His heels deep sinking, every step he goes,
Till dirt adhesive loads his clouted shoes.
Welcome, green headland! firm beneath his feet:
Welcome, the friendly bank's refreshing seat;
There, warm with toil, his panting horses browse
Their sheltered canopy of pendent boughs;
Till rest delicious chase each transient pain,
And new-born vigor swell in every vein.
Hour after hour and day to day succeeds,
Till every clod and deep-drawn furrow spreads
To crumbling mould,—a level surface clear,
And strewed with corn to crown the rising year;
And o'er the whole Giles, once tranverse again,
In earth's moist bosom buries up the grain.
The work is done; no more to man is given;
The grateful farmer trusts the rest to Heaven.

. . . . .

His simple errand done he homeward hies;
Another instantly its place supplies.
The clattering dairy-maid, immersed in steam,

Singing and scrubbing midst her milk and cream,
Bawls out, "Go fetch the cows!"—he hears no more:
For pigs and ducks and turkeys throng the door,
And setting hens for constant war prepared,—
A concert strange to that which late he heard.
Straight to the meadow then he whistling goes;
With well-known halloo calls his lazy cows;
Down the rich pasture heedlessly they graze,
Or hear the summons with an idle gaze,
For well they know the cow-yard yields no more
Its tempting fragrance, nor its wintry store.
Reluctance marks their steps, sedate and slow,
The right of conquest all the law they know;
The strong press on, the weak by turns succeed,
And one superior always takes the lead,
Is ever foremost wheresoe'er they stray,
Allowed precedence, undisputed sway:
With jealous pride her station is maintained,
For many a broil that post of honor gained.
At home, the yard affords a grateful scene,
For spring makes e'en a miry cow-yard clean.
Thence from its chalky bed behold conveyed
The rich manure that drenching winter made,
Which, piled near home, grows green with many a weed,
A promised nutriment for autumn's seed.
Forth comes the maid, and like the morning smiles;
The mistress too, and followed close by Giles.
A friendly tripod forms their humble seat,
With pails bright scoured and delicately sweet.
Where shadowing elms obstruct the morning ray
Begins the work, begins the simple lay;
The full-charged udder yields its willing stream
While Mary sings some lover's amorous dream;
And crouching Giles, beneath a neighboring tree,
Tugs o'er his pail, and chants with equal glee;
Whose hat with battered brim, of nap so bare,
From the cow's side purloins a coat of hair,—
A mottled ensign of his harmless trade,
An unambitious, peaceable cockade.
As unambitious, too, that cheerful aid
The mistress yields beside her rosy maid;
With joy she views her plenteous reeking store,
And bears a brimmer to the dairy door;
Her cows dismissed, the luscious mead to roam,
Till eve again recall them loaded home.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

MIDDLE AGE.

FAIR time of calm resolve—of sober thought!
Quiet half-way hostelrie on life's long road,
In which to rest and readjust our load!
High tableland, to which we have been brought
By stumbling steps of ill-directed toil!
Season when not to achieve is to despair!
Last field for us of a full fruitful soil!
Only Spring-tide, our freighted aims to bear
Onward to all our yearning dreams have sought!

How art thou changed? once to our youthful eyes
Thin silvering locks and thought's imprinted lines
Of sloping Age gave weird and wintry signs;
But now these trophies ours, we recognise
Only a voice faint rippling to its shore,
And a weak tottering step as marks of eld.
None are so far but some are on before;
Thus still at distance is the goal beheld,
And to improve the way is truly wise.

Farewell, ye blossomed hedges! and the deep
Thick green of Summer on the matted bough!
The languid Autumn mellows round us now:
Yet fancy may its vernal beauties keep,
Like holly leaves for a December wreath.
To take this gift of life with trusting hands,
And star with heavenly hopes the night of death,
Is all that poor humanity demands
To lull its meaner fears in easy sleep.

JAMES HEDDERWICK.

DO GOOD.

THOUSANDS of Men breathe, move, and live, pass off the stage of Life, and are heard of no more. Why? They do not partake of good in the world, and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled; and so they perished. Their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die? Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue.

CHALMERS.

CEASE NOT TO LABOR.

WHAT are we set on earth for? Say, to toil—
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,
And Death's mild curfew shall Work assoil.
God did anoint thee with his odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign: and He assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hands,
From thy hands, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand,
And share its dew-drop with another near.

ELIZ. B. BROWNING.

WHATEVER YOU DO, DO IT WELL.

A JOB slighted, because it is apparently unimportant, leads to habitual neglect, so that men degenerate, insensibly, into bad workmen.

"That is a good rough job," said a foreman in our hearing, recently, and he meant that it was a piece of work, not elegant in itself, but strongly made and well put together.

Training the hand and eye to do work well, leads individuals to form correct habits in other respects, and a good workman is, in most cases, a good citizen. No one need hope to rise above his present situation who suffers small things to pass by, unimproved, or who neglects, metaphorically speaking, to pick up a cent because it is not a dollar. Some of the wisest law-makers, the best statesmen, the most gifted artists, the most merciful judges, the most ingenious mechanics, rose from the great mass.

A rival of a certain lawyer sought to humiliate him publicly by saying: "You blacked my father's boots once." "Yes," replied the lawyer, unabashed, "and I did it well." And because of his habit of doing even mean things well, he rose to greater.

Take heart, all who toil! all youths in humble situations, all in adverse circumstances. If it be but to drive the plow, strive to do well; if only to cut bolts, make good ones; or to blow the bellows, keep the iron hot. It is attention to business that lifts the feet higher up on the ladder.

Says the good Book: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

THE LABORER.

TOILING in the naked fields,
Where no bush a shelter yields,
Needy Labor dithering stands,
Beats and blows his numbing hands,
And upon the crumping snows
Stamps in vain to warm his toes.

Though all's in vain to keep him warm,
Poverty must brave the storm,
Friendship none its aid to lend,
Constant health his only friend,
Granting leave to live in pain,
Giving strength to toil in vain.

JOHN CLARE.

WORK WITHOUT WEARINESS.

ACTION is the destiny and the lot of man. All the conditions of his existence suppose his activity. It is so in his physical frame. The elastic foot is for speed; the firm, lithe limb, for endurance; the arm, at once supple and sinewy, for toil; the eye and the ear for their respective revelries of sight and sound. It is so in his mental constitution. By the active exercise of the powers with which God has endowed him, he can classify objects and understand truth. He has a memory by which he can inherit the past, a regal imagination by which he can colonize and almost enact the future. It is so in his moral nature. There is a power of perception within him to distinguish between right and wrong; an instinct of worship which, however he may brutalize, he cannot stifle; yearnings after a nobler life which neither can debauchery extinguish, nor murder wholly kill. Moreover, God has made the vigor of the faculties contingent upon their exercise. The muscle will shrink if it be never strung. The moveless arm will stiffen into hopeless catalepsy, while

> "The athlete, worsted in the Olympic games,
> Gains strength, at least, for life."

Man was not made simply to live, the mere passive recipient of external impressions, a lifeless harp upon which each fitful wind might play; he was made to act, to will, to influence, to become a power, to be the living centre of ever radiating impressions. His existence is not to be that of a zoophyte, the mere clinging of a helpless parasite to its guardian rock; it is to be a life, beautiful and holy, beating with quick pulses of activity, adventurous with an energy of which insensate matter knows not, and finding in the rapturous doing life's very soul of joy.

But though doing is a necessity of all, well-doing is not now natural to any. We have lost the inheritance of moral manhood. A strange weakness has paralyzed the sources of our former power. Distrust and alienation are the mildest forms of feeling in which we naturally think upon God; and so thorough is the spiritual decrepitude, so great the stoop and ail of our moral nature, that we can hardly conceive of a time when it was erect and healthy, and are almost disposed to think upon Eden as some fable of the classic olden time, or ancient limner's dream.

While this is the actual condition of humanity, there is hope in its future destiny, and in its present experience too, because Christianity has revealed her glad tidings of great joy. By the death of Christ, the accepted substituted and propitiation, provision is made for the transformation of the nature, and by the shedding forth of the Holy Ghost, the application of that provision is secured to the believing soul. It is quite possible, therefore, that an entire counteraction should be set up against the depravity of the Fall; well-doing may become, as it once was, not a casual achievement, not a momentary chivalry, but the rule of every day, the native and constant forth putting of the clean heart and of the right spirit.

It is possible that many who did well should grow weary in well-doing. The exhortation deprecates this. Weariness in well-doing! How readily it creeps even upon the most vigilant of us! Who has not felt its tendencies, and had to rise and shake himself, if, happily, the drowsiness might be removed from his soul? Weariness in well-doing! Under the dread spell of its inconstancy, fair plans have proved abortive, and generous youth has languished into premature age, and Christian consistency has come by a scar upon its beauty, and the edifice of Christian graces has been stayed in its erection, till the scoffing world, gazing from the unfinished masonry to the sluggard builder, says, "This man began to build, and was not able to finish."

The causes of this weariness are manifold, and we may each of us find them for ourselves if we study the Book that is within. Was it SLOTH that overcame us? Did we shrink from the effort of continued resistance to evil, and of perpetual watching against our own insidious sin? Was it SELF-COMPLACENCY that obtained possession of our hearts; that old serpent of vanity which whispered us into carnal security? Was it ANGER which seized us in its petulant grasp, because we were not appreciated by our fellows, and were mortified to find the hollow preference given to inferior men, because some coveted pre-eminence was denied us, and our efforts to do good were met only with prejudice or scorn? Was it RESPECTABILITY which waved us off from commoner fellowship, which bade us leave all personal toil to the hewers and drawers among the people, and which told us that we could condone for our forsaken labor by our willingness to direct and to subscribe? Was it the SPIRIT OF INDIFFERENCE which exhausted our energies? Had we entered upon a work too high for us, which demanded sacrifices that our heroism could not reach, and imposed restraints from which our passion fretted in rebellion? Ah! how many are there who thus rest in luxurious harbors until they lose their roll, or lull themselves into disastrous, and well nigh hopeless slumber, upon the world's enchanted ground.

But why weary in well-doing? The obligations which pressed upon us so forcibly in our early decision have not diminished in their importance or grandeur. The soul is worth as much. God's claims are as imperative. Eternity is as magnificent, and it is not farther off, but nearer. Heaven has not withered from its eternal spring. Hell is not less certain and real. There is no change, save only in ourselves. The motives remain with equal, nay, with greater constraint upon us, for there are fewer sands in our life-glass than when we first began. Oh, to cast off the weariness, and in recovered strength to go forth in the service of the Lord!

"Ye shall reap if ye faint not." The harvest is certain, and it is nearing. Every pulse approximates it. Every day is hastening its approach. Every Sabbath brings us nearer to the sound of the joy bells, which, to usher in the eternal Sabbath, are ringing as for a bridal. Why be weary NOW! Does the pilgrim halt when he is in sight of the shrine? Though the racer may be panting and breathless, surely he will press on when the goal of his wishes is before him. Courage, my flagging brother! The call is upon thee, hearken to it, and thine shall be the recompense of the reward.

REV. WM. MORLEY PUNSHON.

WORK AND HOPE.

HOW speaks the present hour? Act!
Walk upward glancing;
So shall thy footsteps in glory be traced,
Slow, but advancing.
Scorn not the smallness of daily endeavor,
Let the great meaning ennoble it ever;
Droop not o'er efforts expended in vain;
Work, as believing that labor is gain.

What doth the future say? Hope!
Turn thy face sunward!
Look where the light fringes the far-rising slope,
Day cometh onward.
Watch though so long be the twilight delaying,
Let the first sunbeam arise on thee praying;
Fear not, for greater is God by thy side
Than armies of Satan against thee allied.

ONWARD.

THERE is a fire-fly in the southern clime
Which shineth only when upon the wing;
So it is with the mind when once we rest,
We darken. On! said God unto the soul
As to the earth, forever. On it goes,
A rejoicing native of the infinite—
As a bird of air—an orb of heaven.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

A CALL TO WORK.

LISTEN! the Master beseecheth,
Calling each one by his name:
His voice to each loving heart reacheth,
Its cheerfulest service to claim.
Go where the vineyard demandeth
Vine-dressers' nurture and care;
Or go where the white harvest standeth,
The joy of the reaper to share.

Seek those of evil behavior,
Bid them their lives to amend;
Go point the lost world to the Saviour,
And be to the friendless a friend.
Still be the lone heart of anguish
Soothed by the pity of thine:
By waysides if wounded ones languish,
Go pour in the oil and wine.

Work though the enemies' laughter
Over the valleys may sweep—
For God's patient workers hereafter
Shall laugh when the enemies weep.
Ever on Jesus reliant
Press on your chivalrous way—
The mightiest Philistine giant
His Davids are chartered to slay.

Work for the good that is nighest;
Dream not of greatness afar;
That glory is ever the highest
Which shines upon men as they are.
Work though the world would defeat you;
Heed not its slander and scorn;
Nor weary till angels shall greet you
With smiles through the gates of the morn.

Offer thy life on the altar;
In the high purpose be strong;
And if the tired spirit should falter
Then sweeten thy labor with song.
What if the poor heart complaineth,
Soon shall its wailing be o'er;
For there in the rest which remaineth,
It shall grieve and be weary no more.

W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL. D.

LABOR AND REST.

NOW came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied: for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung.
Silence was pleased; now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw,
When Adam thus to Eve: "Fair consort, the hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labor and *rest*, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumberous weight inclines
Our eyelids. Other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labor, to reform
Yon flowery arbors, yonder alleys green,
Our walks at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth.
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums
That lie bestrewn, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us rest."

JOHN MILTON.

NOT ALL ALONE.

OH! say not thou art all alone
Upon this wide, cold-hearted earth;
Sigh not o'er joys forever flown—
The vacant chair, the silent hearth;
Why should the world's unholy mirth
Upon thy quiet dreams intrude,
To scare those shapes of heavenly birth
That people oft thy solitude?

Though many a fervent hope of youth
Hath passed and scarcely left a trace;
Though earth-born love its tears and truth,
No longer in thy heart have place;
Nor time, nor grief, can e'er efface
The brighter hopes that now are thine—
The fadeless love, all pitying grace,
That makes thy darkest hours divine!

Not all alone; for thou canst hold
Communion sweet with saint and sage,
And gather gems of price untold
From many a pure unsullied page—
Youth's dreams, the golden lights of age,
The poet's love are still thine own;
For while such themes thy thoughts engage,
Oh! how canst thou be all alone!

Not all alone; the lark's rich note,
As mounting up to heaven she sings;
The thousand silvery sounds that float
Above, below, on morning's wings;
The softer murmurs twilight brings—
The cricket's chirp, cicala's glee;
All earth—that lyre of myriad strings—
Is jubilant with life for thee!

Not all alone! the whispering trees,
The rippling brook, the starry sky,
Have each peculiar harmonies—
To soothe, subdue, and sanctify;
The low, sweet breath of evening's sigh
For thee hath oft a friendly tone,
To lift thy grateful thoughts on high,
To say, thou art not all alone!

Not all alone; a watchful eye
That notes the wandering sparrow's fall;
A saving hand is ever nigh,
A gracious Power attends thy call,
When sadness holds thy heart in thrall,
Is oft his tenderest mercy shown;
Seek then the balm vouchsafed to all,
And thou canst never be alone!

ALARIC A. WATTS.

AN IMPOSITION ON THE SINGLE.

WHEN you have once shown yourself too considerate and self-denying, to add a family of your own to an already crowded population, you are vindictively marked out by your married friends, who have no similar condition, and no similar self-denial, as the recipient of half their conjugal troubles, and the born friend of all their children. Husbands and wives *talk* of the cares of matrimony, and bachelors and spinsters *bear* them.

WILKIE COLLINS.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

BACHELOR'S hall! what a quare-lookin' place it is!
Kape me from sich all the days of my life!
Sure, but I think what a burnin' disgrace it is
Niver at all to be gettin' a wife.

See the old bachelor, gloomy and sad enough.
Placing his taykettle over the fire;
Soon it tips over—St. Patrick! he's mad enough
(If he were present) to fight wid the squire.

Then, like a hog in a mortar-bed wallowing,
Awkward enough, see him knading his dough;
Troth! if the bread he could ate widout swallowing,
How it would favor his palate, you know!

His dishcloth is missing; the pigs are devouring it;
In the pursuit he has battered his shin;
A plate wanted washing; Grimalkin is scouring it;
Thunder and turf! what a pickle he's in!

His meal being over, the table's left setting so;
Dishes, take care of yourselves, if you can!
But hunger returns; then he's fuming and fretting so!
Och! let him alone for a baste of a man.

Pots, dishes, pans, and such grasy commodities.
Ashes and prata-skins, kiver the floor;
His cupboard's a storehouse of comical oddities
Sich as had niver been neighbors before.

Late in the night, then, he goes to bed shiverin';
Niver the bit is the bed made at all;
He crapes, like a tarrapin, under the kiverin'—
Bad luck to the picter of Bachelor's Hall.

JOHN FINLEY.

BACHELOR'S FARE.

FUNNY and free are a bachelor's reveries,
Cheerily, merrily passes his life,
Nothing knows he of connubial devilries,
Troublesome children and clamorous wife.
Free from satiety, care and anxiety,
Charms in variety fall to his share;
Bacchus's blisses, and Venus's kisses,
This, boys, this is the Bachelor's Fare.

A wife, like a canister, chattering, clattering,
Tied to a dog, for his torment and dread,
All bespattering, bumping and battering,
Hurries and worries him till he is dead.
Old ones are two devils, haunted with blue devils,
Young ones are new devils raising despair;
Doctors and nurses combining their curses,
Adieu to full purses and Bachelor's Fare.

Through such folly, days, once sweet holidays,
Soon are embittered by wrangling and strife;
Wives turn jolly days to melancholy days,
All perplexing and vexing one's life;
Children are riotous, maid-servants fly at us,
Mammy to quiet us growls like a bear;
Polly is squalling, and Molly is bawling,
While dad is recalling his Bachelor's Fare.

When they are older grown, then they are
bolder grown,
Turning your temper and spurning your
rule;
Girls through foolishness, passion or mulish-
ness,
Parry your wishes and marry a fool.
Boys will anticipate, lavish and dissipate,
All that your busy pate hoarded with care;
Then tell me what jollity, fun or frivolity,
Equals in quality Bachelor's Fare!

HORACE SMITH.

COUSIN JANE.

WHAT do people think of her?
Old Cousin Jane,
With a sallow, sunken cheek,
Hair with many a silver streak,
Features never made for show,
Eyes that faded long ago,
Brows no longer smooth and fair,
Form bent o'er with pain and care;
Sad to be so old and plain,
Slighted Cousin Jane!

What do we all think of her?
Our Cousin Jane?
Quieting the children's noise,
Mending all the broken toys,
Doing deftly, one by one,
Duties others left undone,
Gliding round the sick one's bed
With a noiseless foot and tread;
Who like her to sooth in pain?
Useful Cousin Jane!

What do angels think of her?
Our Cousin Jane?
Bearing calmly every cross,
Finding gain, though seeking loss,
And a beauty ever bright
In the rigid line of right.

Self-forgetting, free from art,
With a loving, cheerful heart,
Living, aye, for others gain,
Saintly Cousin Jane!

Would that thinking oft of her—
Our Cousin Jane—
Might our inward vision clear,
To behold the unseen near,
And in forms of dullest hue,
Heaven's own beauty shining through!
Reached—that land of purest day,
Passed—misjudging earth away.
What radiance will she then attain!
Star-crowned Cousin Jane!

THE UNLOVED.

THE great mystery of God's providence is the permitted crushing out of flowering instincts. Life is maintained by the respiration of oxygen and of sentiments. In the long catalogue of scientific cruelties, there is hardly anything quite so painful to think of as that experiment of putting an animal under the bell of an air-pump, and exhausting the air from it. [I never saw the accursed trick performed. Laus Deo!] There comes a time when the souls of human beings, women more even than men, begin to faint for the atmosphere of the affections they were made to breathe. Then it is that society places its transparent bell-glass over the young woman who is to be the subject of one of its fatal experiments. The element by which only the heart lives, is sucked out of her crystalline prison. Watch her through its transparent walls; her bosom is heaving, but it is in a vacuum. Death is no riddle, compared to this. I remember a poor girl's story in the "Book of Martyrs." The "dry pan and the gradual fire" were the images that frightened her most. How many have withered and wasted under as slow a torment in the walls of that larger inquisition which we call civilization!

For that great procession of the unloved, who not only wear the crown of thorns, but must hide it under the locks of brown or gray, under the snowy cap, under the chilling turban; hide it even from themselves; perhaps never know they wear it, though it kills them; there is no depth of tenderness in my nature that pity has not sounded. Somewhere, somewhere love is in store for them; the universe must not be allowed to fool them so cruelly. What infinite pathos in the small, half-unconscious artifices by which unattractive young persons seek to recommend themselves to the favor of those toward whom our dear sisters, the unloved, like the rest, are impelled by God-given instincts!

O. W. HOLMES.

SOLILOQUY OF A BACHELOR.

I DO much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviors to love, will become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace!

SHAKESPEARE.

FROM ENDYMION.

NO one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds, as if with unseen wings,
A breath from heaven had touched its strings;
And whispers, in its song,
"Where hast thou stayed so long?"

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE PASSING STORM.

EPITAPH ON THE UNMATED.

O chosen spot of ground she called her own.
In pilgrim guise o'er earth she wandered on;
Yet always in her path some flowers were strown.
No dear ones were her own peculiar care,
So was her bounty free as heaven's air;
For every claim she had enough to spare.
And, loving more her heart to *give* than lend,
Though oft deceived in many a trusted friend,
She hoped, believed, and trusted to the end.
She had her joys;—'t was joy to her to love.
To labor in the world with God above,
And tender hearts that ever near did move.
She had her griefs;—but they left peace behind,
And healing came on every stormy wind,
And still with silver every cloud was lined.
And every loss sublimed some low desire,
And every sorrow taught her to aspire,
Till waiting angels bade her "Go up higher."

E. S.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

BRIDGET ELIA has been my housekeeper for many a long year. I have obligations to Bridget extending beyond the period of memory. We house together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness; with such tolerable comfort, upon the whole, that I, for one, find in myself no sort of disposition to go out upon the mountains, with the rash king's offspring, to bewail my celibacy. We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits—yet so, as "with a difference." We are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings—as it should be among near relations. We are both of us inclined to be a little too positive; and I have observed the result of our disputes to be almost uniformly this: that in matters of fact, dates, and circumstances, it turns out, that I was in the right, and Bridget in the wrong. But where we have differed upon moral points, upon something proper to be done, or let alone; whatever heat of opposition, or steadiness of conviction, I set out with, I am sure always, in the long-run, to be brought over to her way of thinking! Her education in youth was not much attended to; and she happily missed all that train of female garniture, which passeth by the name of accomplishments. She was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should he brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it; but I can answer for it, that it makes (if the *worst* comes to the WORST) incomparable old maids!

CHARLES LAMB.

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

MY pipe is lit, my grog is mixed,
My curtains drawn, and all is snug
Old Puss is in her elbow-chair,
And Tray is sitting on the rug.
Last night I had a curious dream,
Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg—
What d' ye think of that, my cat?
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

She looked so fair, she sang so well,
I could but woo and she was won;
Myself in blue, the bride in white,
The ring was placed, the deed was done!
Away we went in chaise-and-four,
As fast as grinning boys could flog—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

What loving *tete-a-tetes* to come!
What *tete-a-tetes* must still defer!
When Susan came to live with me,
Her mother came to live with her!
With sister Belle she could n't part,
But all MY ties had leave to jog—
What d' ye think of that, my cat?
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

The mother brought a pretty Poll—
A monkey, too, what work he made!
The sister introduced a beau—
My Susan brought a favorite maid.
She had a tabby of her own,—
A snappish mongrel christened Gog,—
What d' ye think of that, my cat?
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

The monkey bit—the parrot screamed,
All day the sister strummed and sung;
The petted maid was such a scold!
My Susan learned to use her tongue;
Her mother had such wretched health,
She sat and croaked like any frog—
What d' ye think of that, my cat?
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

No longer Deary, Duck, and Love,
I soon came down to simple "M!"
The very servants crossed my wish,
My Susan let me down to them.
The poker hardly seemed my own,
I might as well have been a log—
What d' ye think of that, my cat?
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

My clothes they were the queerest shape!
Such coats and hats she never met!
My ways they were oddest ways!
My friends were such a vulgar set!
Poor Tompkinson was snubbed and huffed,
She could not bear that Mister Blogg—
What d' ye think of that, my cat?
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

At times we had a spar, and then
Mamma must mingle in the song—
The sister took a sister's part—
The maid declared her master wrong—
The parrot learned to call me "Fool!"
My life was like a London fog—
What d' ye think of that, my cat?
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

My Susan's taste was superfine,
As proved by bills that had no end;
I never had a decent coat—
I never had a coin to spend!
She forced me to resign my club,
Lay down my pipe, retrench my grog—
What d' ye think of that, my cat?
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

Each Sunday night we gave a rout
To fops and flirts, a pretty list;
And when I tried to steal away
I found my study full of whist!
Then, first to come, and last to go,
There always was a Captain Hogg—
What d' ye think of that, my cat?
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

Now was not that an awful dream
For one who single is and snug—
With pussy in the elbow-chair,
And Tray reposing on the rug?—
If I must totter down the hill,
'Tis safest down without a clog—
What d' ye think of that, my cat?
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

THOMAS HOOD.

THE OLD MAID.

WHY sits she thus in solitude? Her heart
Seems melting in her eyes' delicious blue;
And as it heaves, her ripe lips lie apart,
As if to let its heavy throbbings through;
In her dark eye a depth of softness swells,
Deeper than that her careless girlhood wore;
And her cheek crimsons with the hue that tells
The rich, fair fruit is ripened to the core.

It is her thirtieth birthday! With a sigh
Her soul hath turned from youth's luxuriant bowers,
And her heart taken up the last sweet tie
That measured out its links of golden hours!
She feels her inmost soul within her stir
With thoughts too wild and passionate to speak;
Yet her full heart—its own interpreter—
Translates itself in silence on her cheek.

Joy's opening buds, affection's glowing flowers,
Once lightly sprang within her beaming track;
Oh, life was beautiful in those lost hours!
And yet she does not wish to wander back;
No! she but loves in loneliness to think
On pleasures past, though never more to be;
Hope links her to the future—but the link
That binds her to the past is memory.

From her lone path she never turns aside,
Though passionate worshippers before her fall;
Like some pure planet in her lonely pride,
She seems to soar and beam above them all.
Not that her heart is cold—emotions new
And fresh as flowers are with her heart-strings knit;
And sweetly mournful pleasures wander through
Her virgin soul, and softly ruffle it.

For she hath lived with heart and soul alive
To all that makes life beautiful and fair;
Sweet thoughts, like honey-bees, have made their hive
Of her soft bosom-cell, and cluster there.
Yet life is not to her what it has been—
Her soul hath learned to look beyond its gloss;
And now she hovers, like a star, between
Her deeds of love, her Saviour on the cross.

Beneath the cares of earth she does not bow,
Though she hath ofttimes drained its bitter cup;
But ever wanders on with heavenward brow,
And eyes whose lovely lids are lifted up.
She feels that in that lovelier, happier sphere
Her bosom yet will, bird-like, find its mate,

And all the joys it found so blissful here
Within that spirit-realm perpetuate.

Yet sometimes o'er her trembling heartstrings thrill
Soft sighs—for raptures it hath ne'er enjoyed;
And then she dreams of love, and strives to fill
With wild and passionate thoughts the craving void.
And thus she wanders on—half sad, half blest—
Without a mate for the pure, lonely heart
That, yearning, throbs within her virgin breast,
Never to find its lovely counterpart!

AMELIA B. WELBY.

THE OLD MAID'S PRAYER TO DIANA.

SINCE thou and the stars, my dear Goddess, decree,
That old maid as I am, and old maid I must be,
Oh! hear the petition I render to thee,
For to bear it, must be my endeavor,
From the grief of my friendships all dropping around,
Till not one that I loved in my youth can be found,
From the legacy hunters which near us abound,
Diana, thy servant deliver!

From the scorn of the young, and the flouts of the gay,
From all the trite ridicule rattled away,
By the pert ones who know nothing wiser to say,
Or a spirit to laugh at them, give her,
From repining at fancied neglected desert,
Or, vain of a civil speech, bridling alert
From finical niceness, or slatternly dirt,
Diana, thy servant deliver!

From over-solicitous guarding of pelf,
From humor unchecked, that most obstinate elf,
From every unsocial attention to self,
Or ridiculous whim whatsoever,
From the vaporish freaks, or methodical airs,
Apt to sprout in a brain that's exempted from cares,
From impertinent meddling in other's affairs,
Diana, thy servant deliver!

From spleen at beholding the young more caressed,
From pettish asperity tartly expressed,
From scandal, detraction, and every such pest,
From all thy true servant deliver!
Nor let satisfaction depart from her lot,
Let her sing, if at ease, and be patient if not,
Be pleased when remembered, content, if forgot,
Till the Fates her slight thread shall dissever.

MRS. TIGHE.

KIZZY KRINGLE.

I AM an old maid. Perhaps I might have been married. Perhaps not. I don't know as that is anybody's business. I have a little room I call my own. Old maids like to have a good time as well as other folks; so I don't shut myself moping in my little salt-box of a room. When the four walls close too tight around me, there are four or five families where I go visiting. Everybody is glad to see me. If the baby has the colic, I tend it; if Willie wants a new tail to his kite, I make it; if Lottie has torn her best frock, I mend it; and if papa comes slily up to me, and slips a dickey into my hand, I sew the missing string on, and say nothing. I have lately made the acquaintance of a new family, who have a whole house-full of children—not one too many, according to my way of thinking. Louisas and Marys, and Lauras and Annas, and Frankies and Harries, beside a little baby that its mother has not had time to name. I love to watch little children. I love to hear them talk, when they don't think I am listening. I love to read to them, and watch their eyes sparkle. They are oftener much pleasanter company than grown people; at least, so Kizzy thinks. But that is only an old maid's opinion.

FANNY FERN.

SAILED TO-NIGHT.

OVER the moonlit sea,
Far away from Devon and me,
My lover has sailed to-night!—
And I may lie and weep,
Whilst my kindred are fast asleep,
Such tears as are kept from sight—
Weep, till my eye grows dim
Underneath the reddening rim,
For the love I drove away;
Weep with an aching brain,
And a heart full of hidden pain,
That must never see the day.

The love I could not tell
Lay deep in my heart as a well,
Where I kept my secret hid;
And when he came I know,
Though forehead and cheek were aglow,
My lip was a closed lid.

I could not cry aloud
"I love you," for, oh, I was proud,
As I thought a maid should be;
So when he came to woo,
I bound up my roses with rue,—
And *now*, he's off o'er the sea.

No wreck e'er cast ashore
'Mid the wind and the water's roar
Could be such a wreck as I;
Lost on the reefs of pride,
To be lashed by the chafing tide,
Of memory till I die.

Yet haply, after years,
When I have out-wept youthful tears,
My love may re-sweep the main:
And then if he comes to sue,
He will find me tranquil, but true,
And leave me never again.

ISABELLA BANKS.

THE BACHELORS.

THE naturalists say that these singular creatures
Are alike in their habits, their form, and their features;
The Benedicks think that their senses are small.
Whilst women affirm they have no sense at all,
But are curious compounds of very strange stuff,
Inflexible, hard, and exceedingly tough:—
The old ones have wigs, and the young ones have hair,
And they scent it, and curl it, and friz it with care,
And turn it to dark should it chance to be fair.

They are ramblers and wanderers, never at home,
Making sure of a welcome wherever they roam;
And every one knows that the Bachelor's den
Is a room set apart for these singular men—
A nook in the clouds, perhaps five by four,
With skylight, or no light, ghosts, goblins, and gloom,
And every where known as the Bachelor's Room.

These creatures, 'tis said, are not valued at all,
Except when the herb give a Bachelor's ball;
Then dress'd in their best, in their gold-broidered vest,
'Tis allowed, as a fact, that they act with much tact,
And they lisp out, "How do?" and they coo and they sue,
And they smile for awhile, their guests to beguile,
Condescending and bending, for fear of offending:
Though inert, they expect to be pert, and to flirt,
And they turn and they twist, and are great hands at whist;
And they whirl and they twirl—they whisk and are brisk,
And they whiz and they quiz, and they spy with their eye,
And they sigh as they fly,
For they meet to be sweet, and are fleet on their feet,
Pattering, and flattering, and chattering—
Spluttering, and fluttering, and buttering—
Advancing, and glancing, and dancing, and prancing,
And bumping and jumping, and stumping, and thumping—
Sounding and bounding around and around,
And sliding and gliding with minuet pace—
Pirouetting, and sitting with infinite grace.

They like dashing and flashing, lashing and splashing,
Racing and pacing, chasing and lacing;
They are flittering and glittering, gallant and gay,
Yawning all morning, and lounging all day;
Love living in London, life loitering away
At their clubs in the dubs, or with beaux in the rows,

Or, what's propera, at the opera,
Reaching home in the morning—fie! fie sirs, for shame—
At an hour, for their sakes, I won't venture to name.

But when the bachelor-boy grows old,
And these butterfly days are past—
When threescore years their tale have told,
And the days are wet, and the nights are cold,
And something more is required than gold
His heart to cheer, and his hearth uphold—
When, in fact, he finds he's completely sold,
And the world can grumble, and women can scold—
His sun setting fast, and his tale being told,
He then repents at last!

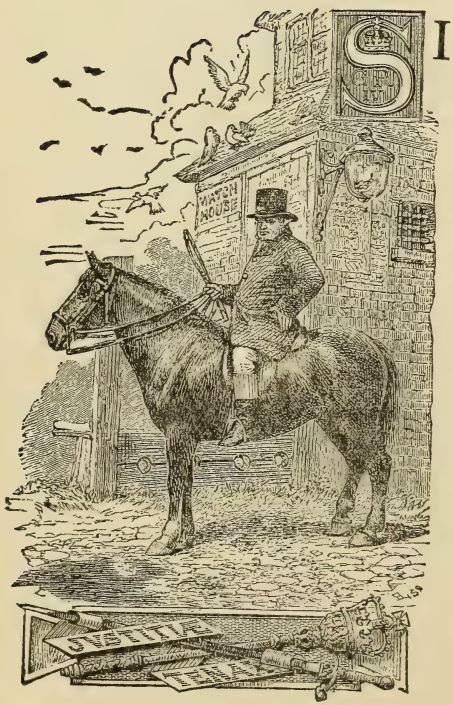
When he, at length, is an odd old man,
With no warmer friend than a warming-pan,
He is fidgety, fretful, and frowsty—in fine,
Loves self, and his bed, and his dinner, and wine
And he rates and he prates, and reads the debates,
And abuses the world, and the women he hates,
And is cosing and prosing, and dozing all day,
And snoring, and roaring, and boring away;
And he's huffy, and stuffy, and puffy, and snuffy,
And musty, and fusty, and rusty, and crusty;
Sneezing, and wheezing, and teasing, and freezing,
And grumbling, and fumbling, and mumbling, and stumbling;
Falling, and bawling, and crawling, and sprawling,
Withering, and dithering, and quivering, and shivering;
Waking, and aching, and quaking and shaking,
Ailing, and wailing, and always bewailing,
Weary and dreary, and nothing that's cheery,
Groaning and moaning, his selfishness owning;
And crying and sighing, while lying and dying,
Grieving and heaving, though naught he is leaving
But wealth and ill-health, and his pelf, and himself.

Then he sends for a doctor to cure or to kill,
With his wonderful skill,
And a very big bill,
All of which is worth nil,
But who gives him offense, as well as a pill,
By dropping a hint about *making his will;*
For the game's up at last,
The grave die is cast,
Never was fretful antiquity mended—
So the lonely life of the bachelor's ended.

Nobody mourns him, nobody sighs,
Nobody misses him, nobody cries;
For whether a fool, or whether he's wise,
Nobody grieves when a bachelor dies.

Now, gentlemen! mark me, for this is the life
That is led by a man never bless'd with a wife;
And this is the way that he yields up his breath.
Attested by all who are in at the death.

THE OLD BACHELOR.



SIX years had passed, and forty ere the six,—
When Time began to play his usual tricks;—
The looks once comely in a virgin's sight,
Locks of pure brown, displayed the encroaching white;
The blood, once fervid, now to cool began,
And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man.
I rode or walked as I was wont before,
But now the bounding spirit was no more;
A moderate pace would now my body heat;
A walk of moderate length distress my feet.
I showed my stranger guest those hills sublime,
But said, "The view is poor; we need not climb."
At a friend's mansion I began to dread
The cold neat parlor and the gay glazed bed:
At home I felt a more decided taste,
And must have all things in my order placed.
I ceased to hunt; my horses pleased me less—
My dinner more; I learned to play at chess.
I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute
Was disappointed that I did not shoot.
My morning walks I now could bear to lose,
And blessed the shower that gave me not to choose:
In fact, I felt a languor stealing on;
The active arm, the agile hand, were gone;
Small daily actions into habits grew.
And new dislike to forms and fashions new.
I loved my trees in order to dispose;
I numbered peaches, looked how stocks arose;
Told the same story oft—in short, began to prose.

CRABBE.

OLD BACHELORS.

THE use of the term old bachelor might be objected to, with as much reason as that of old maid, were it not for the fact that it has been regarded less contemptuously. Until within the last century, books have been written almost entirely by men. Looking at the subject from *their* point of view, they have generally represented that, if a woman remained single, it was because she could not avoid it; and that her unfortunate condition was the consequence of her being repulsive in person or manners. The dramas and general literature of all countries abound with jokes on this subject. Women are described as jumping with ridiculous haste at the first chance to marry, and as being greatly annoyed if no chance presents itself. To speak of women as in the market, and of men as purchasers, has so long been a general habit, that it is done unconsciously; and the habit doubtless embodies a truth, though few people reflect why it is so. Nearly all the trades, professions, and offices are engrossed by men; hence marriage is almost the only honorable means of support for women, and almost the only avenue open to those who are ambitious of position in society. This state of things gives an unhealthy stimulus to match-making, and does much to degrade the true dignity and purity of marriage. But I allude to it here merely as explanatory why old maid is considered a more reproachful term than old bachelor; one being supposed to be incurred voluntarily, and the other by compulsion. Men, on the contrary, being masters of the field, are troubled with no sense of shame, if they continue in an isolated position through life, though they may experience regret.

It is true, the single brotherhood are not without their annoyances. A meddlesome woman will sometimes remark to a bachelor friend, in a significant sort of way, that the back of his coat has a one-eyed look, by reason of the deficiency of a button; and she will add, in a compassionate tone, "But what else can be expected, when a man has no wife to look after him?" Another, still more mischievous, who happens to know of his attending the Fair, and trying to buy various articles otherwise appropriated, will sometimes offer impertinent consolation; saying, "Don't be discouraged. Try again. Perhaps you 'll have better luck next time. You know the proverb says, There never was so silly a Jack but there's *as* silly a Gill." Then again, the French phrase for old bachelor, *Vieux Garcon*, translates itself into right impudent English. Why on earth should a man be called the Old Boy, merely because he has not seen fit to marry? when it is either because he don't like the market, or wants to look further, in order to make sure of getting his money's worth in the article.

I have spoken facetiously, but it may well be excused. Women have for so many generations been the subject of pitiless jokes, rung through all manner of changes, and not always in the best taste, that it is pardonable to throw back a few jests, provided it be done in sport, rather than in malice. The simple fact is, however, that what I have said of unmarried women is also true of unmarried men; their being single is often the result of superior delicacy and refinement of

feeling. Those who are determined to marry, will usually accomplish their object, sooner or later, while those who shrink from making wedlock a mere convenience, unsanctified by affection, will prefer isolation, though they sometimes find it sad. I am now thinking of one, who, for many reasons would probably be accepted by ninety-nine women out of a hundred. I once said to him, "How is it, that a man of your domestic tastes and affectionate disposition has never married?" He hesitated a moment, then drew from under his vest the miniature of a very lovely woman, and placed it in my hand. I looked up with an inquiring glance, to which he replied: "Yes, perhaps it might have been; perhaps it *ought* to have been. But I had duties to perform toward my widowed mother, which made me doubt whether it were justifiable to declare my feelings to the young lady. Meanwhile, another offered himself. She married him, and is, I believe, happy. I have never seen another woman who awakened in me the same feelings, and so I have remained unmarried."

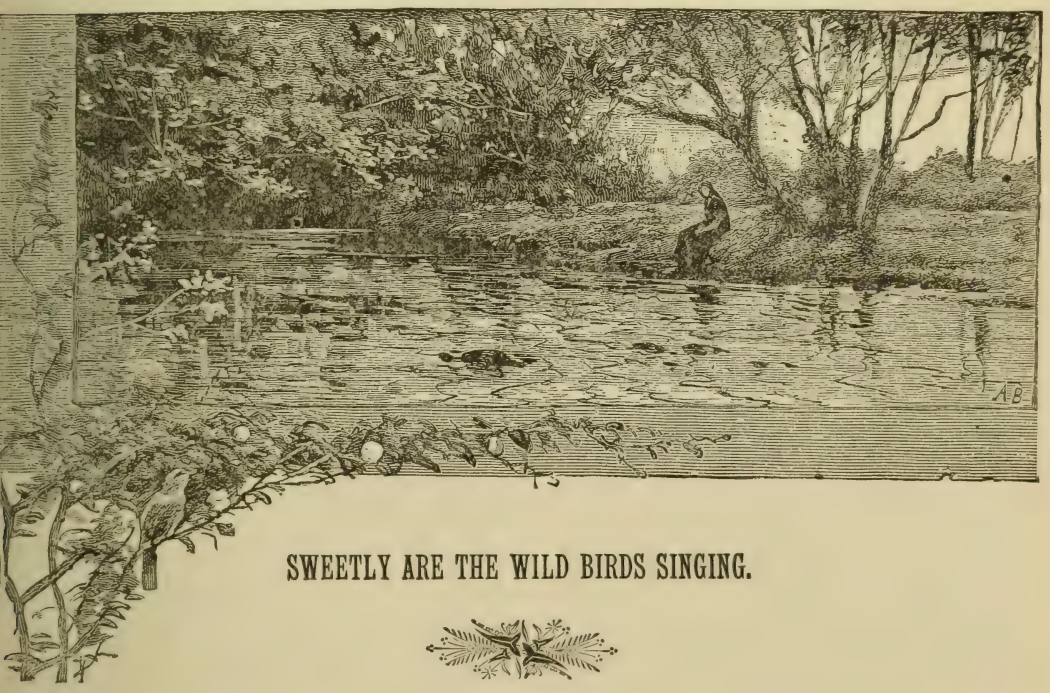
I knew twin brothers, who became attached to the same lady. One was silent, for his brother's sake; but he never married; and through life he loved and assisted his brother's children, as if they had been his own. There are many such facts to prove that self-sacrifice and constancy are far from being exclusively feminine virtues.

But my impression is, that there is a larger proportion of unmarried women than of unmarried men, who lead unselfish, useful lives. I, at least, have happened to know of more "Aunt Kindlys," than Uncle Kindlys. Women, by the nature of their in-door habits and occupations, can nestle themselves into the inmost of other people's families, much more readily than men. The household inmate, who cuts paper-dolls to amuse fretful children, or soothes them with lullabies when they are tired,—who sews on buttons for the father, when he is in a hurry, or makes goodies for the invalid mother,—becomes part and parcel of the household; whereas a bachelor is apt to be a sort of appendage; beloved and agreeable, perhaps, but still something on the outside. He is like moss on the tree, very pretty and ornamental, especially when lighted up by sunshine; but no inherent part of the tree, essential to its growth. Sometimes, indeed, one meets with a genial old bachelor, who cannot enter the house of a married friend, or relative, without having the children climb into his lap, pull out his watch, and search his pocket for sugar-plums. But generally, it must be confessed that a *Vieux Garcon* acts like an Old Boy when he attempts to make himself useful in the house. His efforts to quiet crying babies are laughable, and invariably result in making the babies cry more emphatically. A dignified, scholastic bachelor, who had been spending the night with a married friend, was leaving his house after breakfast, when a lovely little girl of four or five summers peeped from the shrubbery, and called out, "Good morning!" "Good morning, child!" replied he, with the greatest solemnity of manner, and passed on. A single *woman* would have said, "Good morning, dear!" or "Good morning, little one!" But the bachelor was as dignified as if he had been making an apostrophe to the stars. Yet he had a great, kind heart, and was a bachelor because that heart was too refined to easily forget a first impression.

I know another bachelor, who finds time to be a benefactor to his neighborhood, though his life is full of labors and cares. In addition to the perpetual work

of a farm, he devotes himself with filial tenderness to a widowed mother and invalid aunts, and yet he is always ready wherever help or sympathy is needed. If a poor widow needs wood cut, he promptly supplies the want, and few men with a carriage and four are so ready to furnish a horse for any kindly service. The children all know his sleigh, and call after him for a ride. None of his animals have the forlorn, melancholy look which indicates a hard master. The expression of his countenance would never suggest to any one the condition of an old bachelor; on the contrary, you would suppose he had long been accustomed to look into the eyes of little ones clambering upon his knees for a kiss. This is because he adopts all little humans into his heart.

L. MARIA CHILD.



SWEETLY ARE THE WILD BIRDS SINGING.

SWEETLY are the wild birds singing,
Softly purls the silvery rill,
Yet though all around is lovely,
I am lonely, lonely still!
Vainly sunbeams spread before me,
Vainly flowers their scents impart—
I am lonely, desolation
Reigns supreme within my heart!
Vainly are the wild birds singing,
Vainly purls the silv'ry rill;
For though all around is lovely,
I am lonely, lonely still.

Ah! how long ere patient waiting,
Waiting that to bear is hard,
Finds in love that cannot alter,
Bliss that is a full reward.
Soon, ay soon, or life will vanish,
Hope on wearied wings depart;
Soon, or else despair will silence
Beatings of this weary heart!
Vainly are the wild birds singing,
Vainly purls the silv'ry rill;
For though all around is lovely,
I am lonely, lonely still.

SONG OF ANTICIPATION.

O DEAR, I'm beginning to tremble,
Only think of what people would say,
If I should not chance to get married!
Let me see—I am twenty next May.

Why, I can remember the time,
When twenty I thought an old maid!
But I yet shall encounter the time,
When I think it's quite young, I'm afraid!

For myself, I don't think I should mind,
I could live very happy alone,
But people so laugh at old maids,
And I don't like a laugh, I must own.

And to have a whole volley of aunts,
And cousins, insulting my ear,
With, "I wonder you are not engaged,
At your age I was married, my dear!"

Now, what is more teazing than this,
'Tis worse than the creak of a door,
I'd wed the first fool that came stalking along,
If I need not hear this any more!

But to folly and wisdom I'll give,
A brief sketch of my person and life,
"*Verbum sat*," take my word for it, I
Should make a most excellent wife!

My eyes rather border on green,
My figure is not very tall,
But I dress in extreme of the style,
And that you know makes up for all!

My face's not so broad as the moon's,
My foot's very well when it's hid;
I don't call myself ugly, I'm sure;
Was there ever a maiden that did?

I never but once was in love;
The years since it happened are three;
But my pride made me act like a prude,
And my chosen one would not choose me.

When tired of loving, unloved,
I thought the best thing was to die,
So I wore a long face a long while,
And never would speak sans a sigh!

But my health was remarkably good,
And all I could do 'twould not fail;
Not a friend would confess I looked thin,
And I could not contrive to look pale!

When cut both by love and by death,
I began to be rude as a bear;
Full of frolics, and capers, and fun,
To make matter-of-fact people stare!

Now to folly and wisdom I've given
A sketch of my person and life;
"Verbum sat," take my word for it, I
Should make a most excellent wife!

But if "nobody's coming to marry,
Nobody coming to woo,"
I'll flourish a cheery old maiden,
And laugh with the laughers too!

My face shall be full of sunshine,
My spirit a "house of glee,"
My heart full of loving-kindness,
Though nobody marry me!

ELIZABETH AUSTIN.

SOLITUDE OF SINGLE WOMEN.

IT is a condition to which a single woman must make up her mind, that the close of her days will be more or less solitary. Yet there is a solitude which old age feels to be as natural and satisfying as that rest which seems such an irksomeness to youth, but which gradually grows into the best blessings of our lives; and there is another solitude, so full of peace and hope, that it is like Jacob's sleep in the wilderness, at the foot of the ladder of angels.

"All things are less dreadful than they seem."

And it may be that the extreme loneliness which, viewed afar off, appears to an unmarried woman as one of the saddest of the inevitable results of her lot, shall by that time have lost all its pain, and be regarded but as the quiet dreamy hour "between the lights;" when the day's work is done, and we lean back, closing our eyes, to think it all over before we finally go to rest, or to look forward, in faith and hope, unto the coming morning.

A finished life—a life which has made the best of all the materials granted to it, and through which, be its web dark or

bright, its pattern clear or clouded, can now be traced plainly the hand of the Great Designer; surely this is worth living for. And though at its end it may be somewhat lonely; though a servant's and not a daughter's arm may guide the failing step; though most likely it will be strangers only who come about the dying bed, close the eyes that no husband ever kissed, and draw the shroud kindly over the poor withered breast where no child's head has ever lain; still, such a life is not to be pitied, for it is a completed life. It has fulfilled its appointed course, and returns to the Giver of all breath, as pure as He gave it.

DINAH MULOCH CRAIK.

NOT A MISTAKE.

OUR neighbor over the way, passes for a woman who has failed in her career, because she is an old maid. People wag solemn heads of pity, and say that she made so great a *mistake* in not marrying the brilliant and famous man who was for long years her suitor. It is clear that no orange flower will ever bloom for her. The young people think of her solitary hours of bitter regret, and please their imaginations with fancying her hard struggle with the conviction that she has lost all that makes life beautiful. But this old maid who is thus pitied for a secret sorrow, is a woman whose nature is a tropic, in which the sun shines, the birds sing, the flowers bloom forever. There are no regrets, no doubts and half wishes, but a calm sweetness, a transparent peace. I saw her blush when her old lover passed by, or paused to speak to her, but it was only the sign of delicate feminine consciousness. She knew his love and honored it, although she could not understand it, nor return it. Although all the world had exclaimed at her indifference to such homage, and had declared it was astonishing she should lose so fine a match, she would only say simply and quietly, "If the highest Ideal of manly nobleness, intellect, and worth, loved me, and I did not *love*, how could I marry?"

G. W. CURTIS.

THE WOUNDED HEART.

SWEET, thou hast trod on a heart.
Pass! there's a world full of men;
And women as fair as thou art
Must do such things now and then.

Thou only hast stepped unaware,—
Malice no one can impute;
And why should a heart have been there,
In the way of a fair woman's foot?

It was not a stone that could trip,
Nor was it a thorn that could rend;
Put up thy proud under-lip!
'Twas merely the heart of a friend.

And yet, peradventure, one day
Thou, sitting alone at the glass,
Remarking the bloom gone away,
Where the smile in its dimplement was,

And seeking around thee in vain
From hundreds who flattered before,
Such a word as, "Oh, not in the main
Do I hold thee less precious, but more!"

Thou'lt sigh, very like, on thy part,
"Of all I have known or can know,
I wish I had only that heart
I trod upon ages ago!"

E. B. BROWNING.

TALK not of wasted affection; affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment.
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.

FROM EVANGELINE—PART II.

UNMARRIED WOMEN.

SOCIETY moves slowly toward civilization, but when we compare epochs half a century, or even a quarter of a century apart, we perceive many signs that progress *is* made. Among these pleasant indications is the fact that the phrase "old maid" has gone wellnigh out of fashion; that jests on the subject are no longer considered witty, and are never uttered by gentlemen. In my youth, I not unfrequently heard women of thirty addressed something in this style: "What, not married yet? If you don't take care, you will outstand your market." Such words could never be otherwise than disagreeable, nay, positively offensive, to any woman of sensibility and natural refinement; and that not merely on account of wounded vanity, or disappointed affection, or youthful visions receding in the distance, but because the idea of being in the *market*, of being a *commodity*, rather than an individual, is odious to every human being.

I believe a large proportion of unmarried women are so, simply because they have too much conscience and delicacy of feeling to form marriages of interest or convenience, without the concurrence of their affections and their taste. A woman who is determined to be married, and who "plays her cards well," as the phrase is, usually succeeds. But how much more estimable and honorable is she who regards a life-union as too important and sacred to be entered into from motives of vanity or selfishness.

To rear families is the ordination of Nature, and where it is done conscientiously it is doubtless the best education that men or women can receive. But I doubt the truth of the common remark that the discharge of these duties makes married people less selfish than unmarried ones. The selfishness of single women doubtless shows itself in more petty forms; such as being disturbed by crumbs on the carpet, and a litter of toys about the house. But fathers and mothers are often selfish on a large scale, for the sake of advancing the worldly prosperity or social condition of their children. Not only is spiritual growth frequently sacrificed in pursuit of these objects, but principles are trampled on, which involve the welfare of the whole human race. Within the sphere of my own observation, I must confess that there is a larger proportion of unmarried than of married women whose sympathies are active and extensive.

I have before my mind two learned sisters, familiar with Greek, Latin, and French, and who, late in life, acquired a knowledge of German also. They spent more than sixty years together, quietly digging out gold, silver, or iron from the rich mines of ancient and modern literature, and freely imparting their treasures wherever they were called for. No married couple could have been more careful of each other in illness, or more accommodating toward each other's peculiarities; yet they were decided individuals; and their talk never wanted

> "An animated No,
> To brush its surface, and to make it flow."

Cultivated people enjoyed their conversation, which was both wise and racy; a steady light of good sense and large information, with an occasional flashing rocket of not ill-natured satire. Yet their intellectual acquisitions produced no contempt for the customary occupations of women. All their friends received tasteful keepsakes of their knitting, netting or crocheting, and all the poor of the town had garments of their handiwork. Neither

their sympathies nor their views were narrowed by celibacy. Early education had taught them to reverence everything that was established; but with this reverence they mingled a lively interest in all the great progressive questions of the day. Their ears were open to the recital of everybody's troubles and everybody's joys. On New Year's day, children thronged round them for books and toys, and every poor person's face lighted up as they approached; for they were sure of kindly inquiries and sympathizing words from them, and their cloaks usually opened to distribute comfortable slippers, or warm stockings of their own manufacture. When this sisterly bond, rendered so beautiful by usefulness and culture, was dissolved by death, the survivor said of her who had departed: "During all her illness she leaned upon me as a child upon its mother; and O, how blessed is now the consciousness that I never disappointed her!" This great bereavement was borne with calmness, for loneliness was cheered by hope of reunion. On the anniversary of her loss the survivor wrote to me: "I find a growing sense of familiarity with the unseen world. It is as if the door were invitingly left ajar, and the distance were hourly diminishing. I never think of *her* as alone. The unusual number of departed friends for whom we had recently mourned, seem now but an increase to her happiness."

I had two other unmarried friends, as devoted to each other, and as tender of each other's peculiarities as any wedded couple I ever knew. Without being learned, they had a love of general reading, which, with active charities, made their days pass profitably and pleasantly. They had the orderly, systematic habits common to single ladies, but their sympathies and their views were larger and more liberal than those of their married sisters. Their fingers were busy for the poor, whom they were always ready to aid and comfort, irrespective of nation or color. Their family affections were remarkably strong, yet they had the moral courage to espouse the unpopular cause of the slave, in quiet opposition to the prejudices of beloved relatives. Death sundered this tie when both were advanced in years. The departed one, though not distinguished for beauty during her mortal life, had, after her decease, a wonderful loveliness, like that of an angelic child. It was the outward impress of her interior life.

Few marriages are more beautiful or more happy than these sisterly unions; and the same may be said of a brother and sister, whose lives are bound together. All lovers of English literature know how charmingly united in mind and heart were Charles Lamb and his gifted sister; and our own poet, Whittier, so dear to the people's heart, has a home made lovely by the same fraternal relation of mutual love and dependence.

A dear friend of mine, whom it was some good man's loss not to have for a life-mate, adopted the orphan sons of her brother, and reared them with more than parental wisdom and tenderness, caring for all their physical wants, guiding them in precept and example by the most elevated moral standard, bestowing on them the highest intellectual culture, and studying all branches with them, that she might in all things be their companion.

Nor is it merely in such connections, which somewhat resemble wedded life, that single women make themselves useful and respected. Many remember the store kept for so long a time in Boston by Miss Ann Bent.

Her parents being poor, she early began to support herself by teaching. A relative

subsequently furnished her with goods to sell on commission; and in this new employment she manifested such good judgment, integrity, and general business capacity, that merchants were willing to trust her to any extent. She acquired a handsome property, which she used liberally to assist a large family of sisters and nieces, some of whom she established in business similar to her own. No mother or grandmother was ever more useful or beloved. One of her nieces said; "I know the beauty and purity of my aunt's character, for I lived with her forty years, and I never knew her to say or do anything which might not have been said or done before the whole world."

I am ignorant of the particulars of Miss Bent's private history; but doubtless a woman of her comely looks, agreeable manners, and excellent character, might have found opportunities to marry, if that had been a paramount object with her. She lived to be more than eighty-eight years old, universally respected and beloved; and the numerous relatives, toward whom she had performed a mother's part, cheered her old age with grateful affection.

There have also been many instances of single women who have enlivened and illustrated their lives by devotion to the beautiful arts. Of these none are perhaps more celebrated than the Italian Sofonisba Angusciola and her two accomplished sisters. These three "virtuous gentlewomen," as Vasari calls them, spent their lives together in most charming union. All of them had uncommon talent for painting, but Sofonisba was the most gifted. One of her most beautiful pictures represents her two sisters playing at chess, attended by the faithful old duenna, who accompanied them everywhere. This admirable artist lived to be old and blind; and the celebrated Vandyke said of her, in her later years: "I have learned more from one blind old woman in Italy, than from all the masters of the art."

Many single women have also employed their lives usefully and agreeably as authors. There is the charming Miss Mitford, whose writings cheer the soul like a meadow of cowslips in the springtime. There is Frederica Bremer, whose writings have blessed so many souls. There is Joanna Baillie, Maria Edgeworth, Elizabeth Hamilton, and our own honored Catherine M. Sedgwick, whose books have made the world wiser and better than they found it.

I am glad to be sustained in my opinions on this subject by a friend whose own character invests single life with peculiar dignity. In a letter to me, she says: "I object to having single women called a *class*. They are *individuals*, differing in the qualities of their characters, like other human beings. Their isolation, as a general thing, is the result of unavoidable circumstances. The Author of Nature doubtless intended that men and women should live together. But, in the present state of the world's progress, society has, in many respects, become artificial in proportion to its civilization; and consequently the number of single women must constantly increase. If humanity were in a state of natural, healthy development, this would not be so; for young people would then be willing to begin married life with simplicity and frugality, and real happiness would increase in proportion to the diminution of artificial wants. This prospect, however, lies in the future, and many generations of single women must come and go before it will be realized.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST.

"But the achievement of *character* is the highest end that can be proposed to any human being, and there is nothing in single life to prevent a woman from attaining this great object; on the contrary, it is in many respects peculiarly favorable to it. The measure of strength in character is the power to conquer circumstances when they refuse to co-operate with us. The temptations peculiarly incident to single life are petty selfishness, despondency under the suspicion of neglect, and *ennui* from the want of interesting occupation. If an ordinary, feeble-minded woman is exposed to these temptations, she will be very likely to yield to them. But she would not be greatly different in character, if protected by a husband and flanked with children; her feebleness would remain the same, and would only manifest itself under new forms.

"Marriage, under favorable circumstances, is unquestionably a promoter of human happiness. But mistakes are so frequently made by entering thoughtlessly into this indissoluble connection, and so much wretchedness ensues from want of sufficient mental discipline to make the best of what cannot be remedied, that most people can discover among their acquaintance as large a proportion of happy single women as they can of happy wives. Moreover, the happiness of unmarried women is as independent of mere gifts of fortune, as that of other individuals. Indeed, all solid happiness must spring from inward sources. Some of the most truly contented and respectable women I have ever known have been domestics, who grew old in one family, and were carefully looked after, in their declining days, by the children of those whom they faithfully served in youth.

"Most single women might have married, had they seized upon the first opportunity that offered; but some unrevealed attachment, too high an ideal, or an innate fastidiousness, have left them solitary; therefore, it is fair to assume that many of them have more sensibility and true tenderness than some of their married sisters. Those who remain single in consequence of too much worldly ambition, or from the gratification of coquettish vanity, naturally swell the ranks of those peevish, discontented ones, who bring discredit on single life in the abstract. But when a delicate gentlewoman deliberately prefers passing through life alone, to linking her fate with that of a man toward whom she feels no attraction, why should she ever repent of so high an exercise of her reason? This class of women are often the brightest ornaments of society. Men find in them calm, thoughtful friends, and safe confidants, on whose sympathy they can rely without danger. In the nursery, their labors, being voluntary, are less exhausting than a parent's. When the weary, fretted mother turns a deaf ear to the twenty-times-repeated question, the baffled urchins retreat to the indulgent aunt, or dear old familiar friend, sure of obtaining a patient hearing and a kind response. Almost everybody can remember some samples of such *Penates*, whose hearts seem to be too large to be confined to any one set of children.

"Some of my fairest patterns of feminine excellence have been of the single sisterhood. Of those unfortunate ones who are beacons, rather than models, I cannot recall an individual whose character I think would have been materially improved by marriage. The faults which make a single woman disagreeable would probably exist to the same degree if she were a wife; and the virtues which adorn her in a state of celibacy would make her

equally beloved and honored if she were married. The human soul is placed here for development and progress; and it is capable of converting all circumstances into means of growth and advancement.

"Among my early recollections is that of a lady of stately presence, who died while I was still young, but not till she had done much to remove from my mind the idea that the name of 'old maid' was a term of reproach. She was the daughter of Judge Russell, and aunt to the late Reverend and beloved Dr. Lowell. She had been one of a numerous family of brothers and sisters, but in my childhood was sole possessor of the old family mansion, where she received her friends and practised those virtues which gained for her the respect of the whole community. Sixty years ago, it was customary to speak of single women with far less deference than it now is; and I remember being puzzled by the extremely respectful manner in which she was always mentioned. If there were difficulties in the parish, or if any doubtful matters were under discussion, the usual question was 'What is Miss Russell's opinion?' I used to think to myself, 'She is an old maid, after all, yet people always speak of her as if she were some great person.'

"Miss Burleigh was another person of whom I used to hear much through the medium of mutual friends. She resided with a married sister in Salem, and was the 'dear Aunt Susan,' not only of the large circle of her own nephews and nieces, but of all their friends and favorites. Having ample means, she surrounded herself with choice books and pictures, and such objects of art or nature as would entertain and instruct young minds. Her stores of knowledge were prodigious, and she had such a happy way of imparting it, that lively boys were glad to leave their play, to spend an hour with Aunt Susan. She read to her young friends at stated times, and made herself perfectly familiar with them; and as they grew older she became their chosen confidant. She was, in fact, such a centre of light and warmth, that no one could approach her sphere without being conscious of its vivifying influence.

"'Aunt Sarah Stetson,' another single lady, was a dear and honored friend of my own. She was of masculine size and stature, gaunt and ungainly in the extreme. But before she had uttered three sentences, her hearers said to themselves, 'Here is a wise woman!' She was the oldest of thirteen children, early deprived of their father, and she bore the brunt of life from youth upward. She received only such education as was afforded by the public school of an obscure town seventy years ago. To add to their scanty means of subsistence, she learned the tailor's trade. In process of time, the other children swarmed off from the parental hive, the little farm was sold, and she lived alone with her mother. She built a small cottage out of her own earnings, and had the sacred pleasure of taking her aged parent to her own home, and ministering with her own hands to all her wants. For sixteen years, she never spent a night from home, but assiduously devoted herself to the discharge of this filial duty, and to the pursuance of her trade. Yet in the midst of this busy life, she managed to become respectably familiar with English literature, especially with history. Whatever she read, she derived from it healthful aliment for the growth of her mental powers. She was full of wise maxims and rules of life; not doled out with see-saw prosiness, but with strong common sense, rich and racy, and frequently flavored with the keenest satire. She had a flashing wit, and wonderful

power of detecting shams of all sorts. Her religious opinions were orthodox, and she was the embodiment of the Puritan character. She was kindly in her feelings, and alive to every demonstration of affection, but she had a granite firmness of principle, which rendered her awful toward deceivers and trangressors. All the intellectual people of the town sought her company with avidity. The Unitarian minister and his family, a wealthy man, who happened to be also the chief scholar in the place, and the young people generally, took pleasure in resorting to Aunt Sarah's humble home, to minister to her simple wants, and gather up her words of wisdom. Her spirit was bright and cheerful to the last. One of her sisters, who had been laboring sixteen years as a missionary among the southwestern Indians, came to New England to visit the scattered members of her family. After seeing them in their respective homes, she declared: 'Sarah is the most light-hearted of them all; and it is only by *her* fireside that I have been able to forget past hardships in merry peals of laughter.'

"During my last interview with Aunt Sarah, when she was past seventy years of age, she said, 'I have lived very agreeably single; but if I become infirm, I suppose I shall feel the want of life's nearest ties.' In her case, however, the need was of short duration, and an affectionate niece supplied the place of a daughter.

"Undoubtedly, the arms of children and grandchildren form the most natural and beautiful cradle for old age. But loneliness is often the widow's portion, as well as that of the single woman; and parents are often left solitary by the death or emigration of their children.

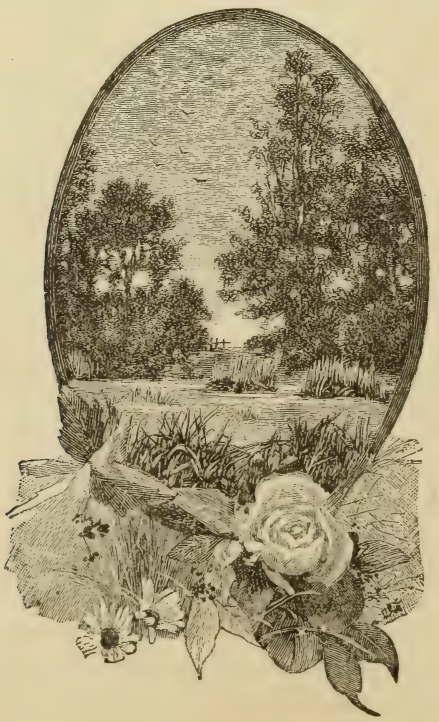
"I am tempted to speak also of a living friend, now past her sixtieth year. She is different from the others, but this difference only confirms my theory that the mind can subdue all things to itself. This lady is strictly feminine in all her habits and pursuits, and regards the needle as the chief implement of woman's usefulness. If the Dorcas labors performed by her one pair of hands could be collected into a mass, out of the wear and waste of half a century, they would form an amazing pile. In former years, when her health allowed her to circulate among numerous family connections, her visits were always welcomed as a jubilee; for every dilapidated wardrobe was sure to be renovated by Aunt Mary's nimble fingers. She had also a magic power of drawing the little ones to herself. Next to their fathers and mothers, she was the best beloved. The influence which her loving heart gained over them in childhood increased with advancing years. She is now the best and dearest friend of twenty or thirty nephews and nieces, some of whom have families of their own.

"A large amount of what is termed mother-wit, a readiness at repartee, and quickness in seizing unexpected associations of words or ideas, rendered her generally popular in company; but the deep cravings of her heart could never be satisfied with what is termed success in society. The intimate love of a few valued friends was what she always coveted, and never failed to win. For several years she has been compelled by ill health to live entirely at home. There she now is, fulfilling the most important mission of her whole beneficent life, training to virtue and usefulness five motherless children of her brother. Feeble and emaciated, she lives in her chamber surrounded by these orphans, who now constitute her chief hold on life. She shares all their pleasures, is the depository of their little griefs, and

unites in herself the relations of aunt, mother, and grandmother. She has faith to believe that her frail thread of existence will be prolonged for the sake of these little ones. The world still comes to her, in her seclusion, through a swarm of humble friends and dependants, who find themselves comforted and ennobled by the benignant patience with which she listens to their various experiences, and gives them kindly, sympathizing counsel, more valuable to them than mere pecuniary aid. Her spirit of self-abnegation is carried almost to asceticism; but she reserves her severity wholly for herself; toward others she is prodigal of indulgence. This goodly temple of a human soul was reared in these fair proportions upon a foundation of struggles, disappointments, and bereavements. A friend described her serene exterior as a 'placid, ocean-deep, manner'; under it lies a silent history of trouble and trial, converted into spiritual blessings.

"The conclusion of the matter in my mind is, that a woman may make a respectable appearance as a wife, with a character far less noble than is necessary to enable her to lead a single life with usefulness and dignity. She is sheltered and concealed behind her husband; but the unmarried woman must rely upon herself; and she lives in a glass house, open to the gaze of every passer-by. To the feeble-minded, marriage is almost a necessity, and if wisely formed it doubtless renders the life of any woman more happy. But happiness is not the sole end and aim of this life. We are sent here to build up a character; and sensible women may easily reconcile themselves to a single life, since even its disadvantages may be converted into means of development of all the faculties with which God has endowed them.

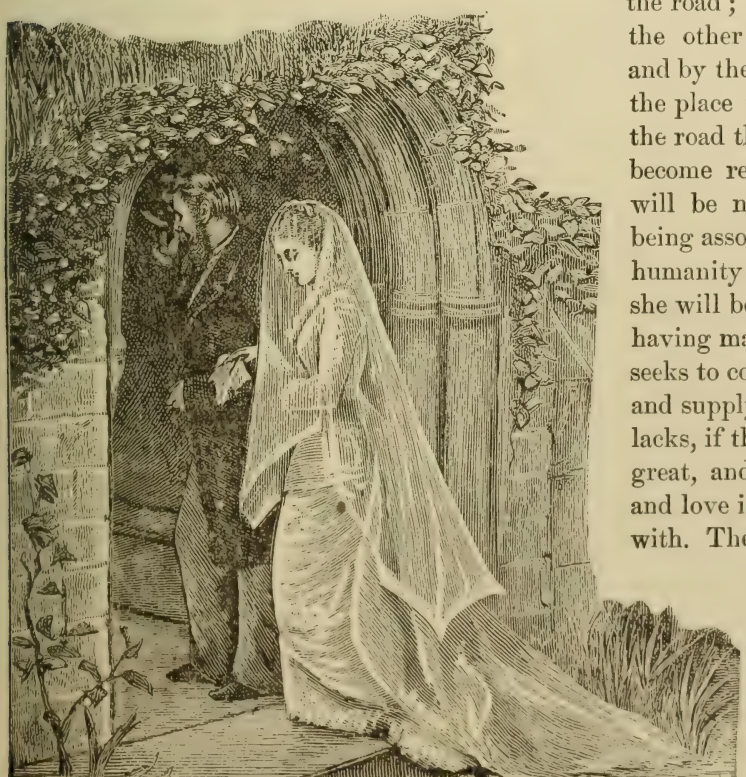
L. MARIA CHILD.



WEDDED LIFE.

MEN and women, and especially young people, do not know that it takes years to marry completely two hearts, even of the most loving and well assorted; but nature allows no sudden change. We ascend very gradually from the cradle to the summit of life. Marriage is gradual—a fraction of us at a time. A happy wedlock is a long falling in love. I know young persons think that love belongs only to the brown hair, and plump, round, crimson cheeks. So it does for its beginning. But the golden marriage is a part of love which the bridal day knows nothing of. Youth is the tassel and silken flower of love; age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear. Beautiful is the morning of love, with its prophetic crimson, violet, purple, and gold, with its hopes of days that are to come. Beautiful also is the evening of love with its glad remembrances and its rainbow side turned towards heaven as well as earth. Young people marry their opposites in temper and general character, and such a marriage is commonly a good match. They do it instinctively. The young man does not say, "My black eyes require to be wed with blue, and my overvehemence requires to be a little modified with somewhat of dullness and reserve." When those opposites come together to be wed, they do not know it; each thinks the other just like itself.

Old people never marry their opposites; they marry their similars, and from calculation. Each of these two arrangements is very proper. In their journey, these two young opposites will fall out by the way a great many times, and both get out of the road; but each will charm the other back again, and by and by they will be agreed as to the place they will go to and the road they will go by, and become reconciled. The man will be nobler and larger for being associated with so much humanity unlike himself, and she will be a nobler woman for having manhood beside her that seeks to correct her deficiencies and supply her with what she lacks, if the diversity be not too great, and there be real piety and love in their hearts to begin with. The old bridegroom, having a much shorter journey to make, must associate himself with one like himself. A perfect and complete marriage is perhaps as



rare as perfect personal beauty. Men and women are married fractionally; now a small fraction, then a large fraction. Very few are married totally, and then only, I think, after some forty or fifty years of gradual approach and experiment. Such a large and sweet fruit is a complete marriage that it needs a very long summer to ripen in, and then a long winter to mellow it. But a real, happy marriage of love and judgment between a noble man and woman is one of the things so very handsome that, if the sun were, as the Greek poets fabled, a god, he might stop the world in order to feast his eyes on such a spectacle.

MATRIMONY.

IT is pleasant to contemplate the associations clustering around the wedding morn. It is the happiest hour of human life, and breaks upon the young heart like a gentle spring upon the flowers of earth. It is the hour of bounding, joyous expectancy, when the ardent spirit, arming itself with bold hope, looks with undaunted mien upon the dark and terrible future. It is the hour when thought borrows the livery of goodness, and humanity looking from its tenement, across the broad common of life, shakes off its heavy load of sordidness, and gladly swings to its shoulders the light burden of love and kindness. It is the heart's hour, full of blissful contemplation, rich promises, and the soul's happy revels. We cordially echo the sentiment, "Happy morn, garmented with the human virtues, it shows life to the eye, lovely, as if

"Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

Marriage has in it less of beauty, but more of safety than the single life; it hath no more ease, but less danger; it is more merry and more sad; it is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but it is supported by all the strengths of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities and churches, and heaven itself. Celibacy, like the fly in the heart of the apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers honey from every flower, and labors, and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys its king, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interests of mankind, and is that state of good to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world.

THE treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Locked up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessing when I come but near the house.
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth.
The violet bed's not sweeter!

MIDDLETON.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

I.

THE night is dark, and the winter winds
Go stabbing about with their icy spears;
The sharp hail rattles against the panes,
And melts on my cheeks like tears.

'Tis a terrible night to be out of doors,
But some of us must be, early and late;
We needn't ask who, for don't we know
It has all been settled by Fate?

Not woman, but man. Give woman her flowers,
Her dresses, her jewels, or what she demands;
The work of the world must be done by man,
Or why has he brawny hands?

As I feel my way in the dark and cold,
I think of the chambers warm and bright—
The nests where these delicate birds of ours
Are folding their wings to-night!

Through the luminous windows, above and below,
I catch a glimpse of the life they lead:
Some sew, some sing, others dress for the ball,
While others (fair students) read.

There's the little lady who bears my name—
She sits at my table now, pouring her tea;
Does she think of me as I hurry home,
Hungry and wet? Not she.

She helps herself to the sugar and cream
In a thoughtless, dreamy, nonchalant way;
Her hands are white as the virgin rose
That she wore on her wedding-day.

My stubbed fingers are stain'd with ink—
The badge of the ledger, the mark of trade;
But the money I give her is clean enough,
In spite of the way it is made.

I wear out my life in the counting-room,
Over day-book and cash-book, Bought and Sold;
My brain is dizzy with anxious thought,
My skin is as sallow as gold.

How does she keep the roses of youth
Still fresh in her cheeks? My roses are flown.
It lies in a nutshell: why do I ask?
A woman's life is her own.

She gives me a kiss when we part for the day,
Then goes to her music, blithe as a bird;
She reads it at sight, and the language too,
Though I know never a word.

She sews—a little; makes collars and sleeves;
Or embroiders me slippers (always too small);
Nets silken purses (for me to fill)—
Often does nothing at all

But dream in her chamber, holding a flower,
Or reading my letters (she'd better read me)!
Even now, while I am freezing with cold,
She is cozily sipping her tea.

If I ever reach home I shall laugh aloud
At the sight of a roaring fire once more;
She must wait, I think, till I thaw myself,
For the usual kiss at the door.

I'll have with my dinner a bottle of port,
To warm up my blood and soothe my mind;
Then a little music, for even I
Like music—when I have dined.

I'll smoke a pipe in the easy-chair,
And feel her behind me patting my head;
Or, drawing the little one on my knee,
Chat till the hour for bed.

II.

Will he never come? I have watch'd for him
Till the misty panes are roughen'd with sleet;
I can see no more: shall I never hear
The welcome sound of his feet?

I think of him in the lonesome night,
Tramping along with a weary tread,
And wish he were here by the cheery fire,
Or I were there in his stead.

I sit by the grate, and hark for his step,
And stare in the fire with a troubled mind;
The glow of the coals is bright in my face,
But my shadow is dark behind.

I think of woman, and think of man,
The tie that binds, and the wrongs that part,
And long to utter in burning words
What I feel to-night in my heart.

No weak complaint of the man I love,
No praise of myself or my sisterhood;
But—something that women understand,
By men never understood.

Their natures jar in a thousand things;
Little matter, alas! who is right or wrong.
She goes to the wall. "*She is weak!*" they say;
It is that that makes them strong.

But grant us weak (as in truth we are
In our love for them), they should make us strong;
But do they? Will they? "WOMAN IS WEAK!"
Is the burden still of their song.

Wherein am I weaker than Arthur, pray?
He has, as he should, a sturdier frame,
And he labors early and late for me;
But I—I could do the same.

My hands are willing, my brain is clear,
The world is wide, and the workers few;
But the work of the world belongs to man;
There is nothing for woman to do.

Yes, she has the holy duties of home,
A husband to love, and children to bear;
The softer virtues, the social arts—
In short, a life without care.

So our masters say. But what do they know
Of our lives and feelings when they are away?
Our household duties, our petty tasks,
The nothings that waste the day?

Nay, what do they care? 'Tis enough for them
That their homes are pleasant; they seek their ease;
One takes a wife to flatter his pride;
Another, to keep his keys.

They say they love us; perhaps they do,
In a masculine way, as they love their wine;
But the soul of a woman needs something more,
Or it suffers at times like mine.

Not that Arthur is ever unkind
In word or deed, for he loves me well;
But I fear he thinks me weak as the rest—
(And I may be: who can tell?)

I should die if he changed or loved me less,
For I live at best but a restless life;
Yet he may, for they say the kindest men
Grow tired of a sickly wife.

Oh, love me, Arthur, my lord, my life!
If not for my love and my womanly fears,
At least for your child. But I hear his step—
He must not find me in tears.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

TELL YOUR WIFE.

IF you are in any trouble or quandary, tell your wife—that is if you have one—all about it at once. Ten to one her invention will solve your difficulty sooner than all your logic. The wit of woman has been praised, but her instincts are quicker and keener than her reason. Counsel with your wife, or mother or sister, and be assured, light will flash upon your darkness. Women are too commonly adjudged as verdant in all but purely womanish affairs. No philosophical students of the sex thus judge them. Their intuitions, or insights, are the most subtle. In counseling a man to tell his wife, we would go farther, and advise him to keep none of his affairs a secret from her. Many a home has been happily saved, and many a fortune retrieved, by a man's full confidence in his "better-half." Woman is far more a seer and prophet than man, if she be given a fair chance. As a general rule, wives confide the minutest of their plans and thoughts to their husbands, having no involvements to screen from them. Why not reciprocate, if but for the pleasure of meeting confidence with confidence? We are certain that no man succeeds so well in the world as he who, taking a partner for life, makes her the partner of his purposes and hopes. What is wrong of his impulse or judgment, she will check and set right with her almost universally right instincts. "Help-meet" was no insignificant title as applied to man's companion. She is a help-meet to him in every darkness, difficulty and sorrow of life. And what she most craves and most deserves is confidence—without which love is never free from a shadow.

THE GOOD WIFE.

THE heart of man, with whom affection is not a name, and love a mere passion of the hour, yearns toward the quiet of a home, as toward the goal of his earthly joy and hope. And as you fasten there your thought, an indulgent, yet dreamy fancy paints the loved image that is to adorn it, and to make it sacred.

She is there to bid you—God speed! and an adieu, that hangs like music on your ear, as you go out to the every-day labor of life. At evening, she is there to greet you, as you come back wearied with day's toil; and her look so full of gladness, cheats you of your fatigue; and she steals her arm around you, with a soul of welcome, that beams like sunshine on her brow and that fills your eye with tears of a twin gratitude—to her, and Heaven.

She is not unmindful of those old-fashioned virtues of cleanliness and of order which give an air of quiet, and which secure content. Your wants are all anticipated; the fire is burning brightly; the clean hearth flashes under the joyous blaze; the old elbow-chair is in its place. Your very unworthiness of all this haunts you like an accusing spirit, and yet penetrates your heart with a new devotion, toward the loved one who is thus watchful of your comfort.

She is gentle;—keeping your love, as she has won it, by a thousand nameless and modest virtues, which radiate from her whole life and action. She steals upon your affections like a summer wind breathing softly over sleeping valleys. She gains a mastery over your sterner nature, by very contrast; and wins you unwittingly to her lightest wish. And yet her wishes are guided by that delicate tact, which avoids conflict with your manly pride; she subdues, by seeming to yield. By a single soft word of appeal, she robs your vexation of its anger; and with a slight touch of that fair hand, and one pleading look of that earnest eye, she disarms your sternest pride.

She is kind;—shedding her kindness, as Heaven sheds dew. Who indeed could doubt it?—least of all, you who are living on her kindness, day by day, as flowers live on light? There is none of that officious parade which blunts the point of benevolence; but it tempers every action with a blessing.

If trouble has come upon you, she knows that her voice, beguiling you into cheerfulness, will allay your fears; and as she draws her chair beside you, she knows that the tender and confiding way with which she takes your hand, and looks up into your earnest face, will drive away from your annoyance all its weight. As she lingers, leading off your thought with pleasant words, she knows well that she is redeeming you from care, and soothing you to that sweet calm, which such home and such wife can alone bestow.

And in sickness,—sickness that you almost covet for the sympathy it brings,—that hand of hers resting on your fevered forehead, or those fingers playing with the scattered locks, are more full of kindness than the loudest vaunt of friends; and when your failing strength will permit no more, you grasp that cherished hand, with a fullness of joy, of thankfulness, and of love, which your tears only can tell.

She is good;—her hopes live where the angels live. Her kindness and gentleness are sweetly tempered with that meekness and forbearance which are born of Faith. Trust comes into her heart as rivers come

to the sea. And in the dark hours of doubt and foreboding, you rest fondly upon her buoyant faith, as the treasure of your common life; and in your holier musings, you look to that frail hand, and that gentle spirit, to lead you away from the vanities of worldly ambition, to the fullness of that joy which the good inherit.

D. G. MITCHELL.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MARRIED COUPLES.

BEFORE marriage and afterward, let them learn to centre all their hopes of real lasting happiness in their own fireside; let them cherish the faith that in home, and all the virtues which the love of home engenders, lies the only true source of domestic felicity; let them believe, that round the household gods Contentment and Tranquillity cluster in their gentlest and most graceful forms; and that many weary hunters of happiness through the noisy world have learnt this truth too late, and found a cheerful spirit and a quiet mind only at home, at last.

How much may depend on the education of daughters, and the conduct of mothers—how much of the brightest part of our old national character may be perpetuated by their wisdom or frittered away by their folly—how much of it may have been lost already, and how much more in danger of vanishing every day—are questions too weighty for discussion here, but well deserving a little serious consideration from all young couples, nevertheless.

To that one young couple, on whose bright destiny the thoughts of nations are fixed, may Youth look and not in vain, for an example. That one couple, blest and favored as they are, may they learn, that even the glare and glitter of a Court, the splendor of a palace, and the pomp and glory of a throne, yield in their power of conferring happiness to domestic worth and virtue. From that one young couple may they learn, that the crown of a great empire, costly and jeweled though it be, gives place in the estimation of a Queen to the plain gold ring that links her woman's nature to that of tens of thousands of her humble subjects, and guards in her woman's heart one secret store of tenderness, whose proudest boast shall be that it knows no Royalty save Nature's own, and no pride of birth but being the child of Heaven!

So shall the highest couple in the land for once, hear the truth, when men throw up their caps, and cry with loving shouts—

God Bless Them!

CHARLES DICKENS.

ARTEVELDE'S CHARACTER OF HIS WIFE.

SHE was a creature framed by love divine
For mortal love to musen life away
In pondering her perfections; so unmoved
Amidst the world's contentions, if they touch'd
No vital chord nor troubled what she loved,
Philosophy might look her in the face,
And like a hermit stooping to the well
That yields him sweet refreshment, might therein
See but his own serenity reflected
With a more heavenly tenderness of hue!
Yet whilst the world's ambitious empty cares,
Its small disquietude and insect stings,
Disturb'd her never; she was one made up
Of feminine affections, and her life
Was one full stream of love from fount to sea.

HENRY TAYLOR.

TILL Hymen brought his love—delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower;
The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sighed, till woman smiled.

CAMPBELL.

A DARKEY'S COUNSEL TO THE NEWLY MARRIED.

Y chil'ren, lub one anoder; bar wid one anoder; be faithful ter one anoder. You hab started on a long journey; many rough places am in de road; many trubbles will spring up by de wayside; but gwo on hand an' hand togedder; lub one anoder, an' no matter what come onter you, you will be happy—fur lub will sweeten ebery sorrer, lighten ebery load, make de sun shine in eben de bery cloudiest wedder. I knows it will, my chil'ren, 'case I'se been ober de groun'. Ole Aggy an' I hab trabbled de road. Hand in hand we hab gone ober de rocks; fru de mud; in de hot burning sand; been out togedder in de cole, an' de rain, an' de storm, fur nigh onter forty yar, but we hab clung ter one anoder; an' fru ebery ting in de bery darkest days, de sun ob joy an' peace hab broke fru de clouds, an' sent him bressed rays inter our hearts. We started jess like two young saplin's you's seed a growin' side by side in de woods. At fust we seemed 'way part fur de brambles, an' de tick bushes, an' de ugly forns—[dem war our bad ways]—war atween us; but lub, like de sun, shone down on us, an' we grow'd. We grow'd till our heads got above de bushes; till dis little branch, an' dat little branch—dem war our holy feelin's—put out toward one anoder, an' we come closer an' closer togedder. An' dough we 'm old trees now, an' sometime de wind blow, an de storm rage fru de tops, an freaten ter tear off de limbs, an' ter pull up de bery roots, we 'm growin' closer an' closer, an' nearer an' nearer togedder ebery day—an' soon de ole tops will meet; soon de old branches, all cobered ober wid de gray moss, will twine roun' one anoder; soon de two ole trees will come togedder, an' grow inter *one* foreber—grow inter one up dar in de sky, whar de wind neber 'll blow, whar de storm neber 'll beat; whar we shill blossom an' bar fruit ter de glory ob de Lord, an' in His heabenly kingdom foreber! Amen. EDMUND KIRKE.

THE UNREASONABLE HUSBAND.

A WIFE, domestic, good, and pure,
Like *snail* should keep within her door;

But not like snail, in silver track,
Place all her wardrobe on *her back!*

A wife should be like *echo*, true,
Not speak but when she's spoken to;

Yet not like echo, still be heard
Contending for the final word!

Like a *town clock* a wife should be,
Keep *time* and *regularity;*

But not like clock harangue so clear,
That all the town her voice may hear!

A KISS AT THE DOOR.

WE were standing in the doorway,
My little wife and I:
The golden sun upon her hair
Fell down so silently;
A small white hand upon my arm,—
What could I ask for more
Than the kindly glance of loving eyes,
As she kissed me at the door?

I know she loves with all her heart
The one who stands beside,
And the years have been so joyous,
Since first I called her bride;
We've had so much of happiness
Since we met in years before,
But the happiest time of all was when
She kissed me at the door.

Who cares for wealth of land or gold,
For fame or matchless power?
It does not give the happiness
Of just one little hour
With one who loves me as her life—
She says she loves me more—
And I thought she did this morning,
When she kissed me at the door.

At times it seems that all the world,
With all its wealth of gold,
Is very small and poor indeed,
Compared with what I hold;
And when the clouds hang grim and dark,
I only think the more
Of one who waits the coming step
To kiss me at the door.

If she lives till age shall scatter
Its frost upon her head,
I know she'll love me just the same
As the morning we were wed;
But if the angels call her,
And she goes to heaven before,
I shall know her when I meet her,—
For she'll kiss me at the door.

THE HUSBAND'S PRAYER.

OH! Thou whose merciful decree
Hath knit our hearts in bonds of love,
Our sure defence and safeguard be
Whate'er our wedded lot may prove.

Without thy blessing love is vain
The varied ills of life to bear;
But when bestowed few griefs remain
Beyond affection's healing care.

Avert from us the spirit's chill,
Each wandering thought and fickle mood;
Mould every feeling to thy will,
Incline our hearts to every good.

Implanting deep that perfect trust,
Of love's rich soil the flower most dear;
Turn all our promised joys to dust,
But leave that root unwithered here.

Blend with our love that gentleness
Which turns each angry word aside,
Which stifles wrath with tenderness,
And melts away the frost of pride.

Nor let unkindness ever reach,
Nor harsh unfeeling thoughts impair
The tenderness of years; but teach
Our hearts to bear and to forbear.

Be ours a unity of mind,
A unity of sweetest love,
A unity of faith entwined
With the dear hope of joys above.

We know that in our hearts there lies,
With all their love, the germ of change;
The world can break the holiest ties,
A breath the tenderest thoughts estrange.

We pray, oh! God, that grief like this,
Our earthly course may never see;
We'd make our love a lasting bliss,
By resting all its hopes on thee.

A WIFE.

THE wife sat thoughtfully turning over
A book inscribed with the school girl's name;
A tear, one tear, fell hot on the cover
So quickly closed when her husband came.

He came, and he went away, it was nothing;
With commonplace upon either side;
But, just as the sound of the room-door shutting,
A dreadful door in her soul stood wide.

Love she had read of in sweet romances,
Love that could sorrow, but never fail;
Built her own palace of noble fancies,
All the wide world like a fairy tale.

Bleak and bitter and utterly doleful,
Spread to this woman her map of life;
Hour after hour she look'd in her soul, full
Of deep dismay and turbulent strife.

Face in hands, she knelt on the carpet;
The cloud was loosen'd, the storm-rain fell.
Oh life has so much to wither and warp it,
One poor heart's day what poet could tell?

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

SAY, mighty love, and teach my song,
To whom my sweetest joys belong,
And who the happy pairs
Whose yielding heart and joining hands
Find blessings twisted with their bands,
To soften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains,
That thoughtless fly into the chains,
As custom leads the way;
If theirs be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as blest as they.

Not sordid souls of earthy mould,
Who, drawn by kindred charms of gold,
To chill embraces move;
So too rich mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
With wanton flames; those raging fires
The purer bliss destroy.
On Etna's top let furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed,
T' improve this burning joy.

Nor the dull pair, whose marble forms,
None of the melting passions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands.
Logs of greenwood that quench the coals;
Are married just like stoic souls,
With osiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bless.
As well may heavenly comforts spring
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
Or none beside the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantment hold
To jarring souls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen.
Samson's young foxes might as well
In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands tied between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind:
For love abhors the sight.
Loose the fiery tiger from the deer;
For native rage and native fear
Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindest souls alone must meet;
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual loves.
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

ALAS! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain has tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fell off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity!
A something light as air—a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
Oh! Love that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this has shaken.
And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of Love are gone.

THOMAS MOORE.

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

A GOOD wife rose from her bed one morn,
And thought with a nervous dread
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.
There's the meals to get for the men in the field,
And the children to fix away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned;
And all to be done this day.

It had rained in the night, and all the wood
Was wet as it could be;

There were puddings and pies to bake besides
A loaf of cake for tea.
And the day was hot, and her aching head
Throbbed wearily as she said,
"If *maidens* but knew what *good wives* know,
They would not be in haste to *wed!*"

"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
And his eyes half bashfully fell;
"It was this," he said, and coming near
He smiled, and stooping down,
Kissed her cheek—"'twas this: that you were the best
And the *dearest* wife in town!"

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife
In a smiling, absent way
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung for many a day.
And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes
Were white as the foam of the sea;
Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet
And as golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all cried in a breath,
"Tom Wood has run off to sea!
He wouldn't, I know, if he'd only had
As happy a home as we."
The night came down, and the good wife smiled
To herself, as she softly said:
"'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love—
It's *not* strange that *maids will wed!*"

THE ABSENT WIFE.

'TIS Morn:—the sea-breeze seems to bring
Joy, health, and freshness on its wing;
Bright flowers, to me all strange and new,
Are glittering in the early dew,
And perfumes rise from every grove,
As incense to the clouds that move
Like spirits o'er yon welkin clear:
But I am sad—thou art not here!

'Tis Noon:—a calm, unbroken sleep
Is on the blue waves of the deep;
A soft haze, like a fairy dream,
Is floating over wood and stream;
And many a broad magnolia flower,
Within its shadowy woodland bower,
Is gleaming like a lovely star:
But I am sad—thou art afar!

'Tis Eve:—on earth the sunset skies
Are painting their own Eden dyes;
The stars come down, and trembling glow
Like blossoms on the waves below,
And, like an unseen spirit, the breeze
Seems lingering 'midst these orange trees,
Breathing its music round the spot:
But I am sad—I see thee not!

'Tis Midnight:—with a soothing spell,
The far tones of the ocean swell,
Soft as a mother's cadence mild,
Low bending o'er her sleeping child;
And on each wandering breeze are heard
The rich notes of the mocking-bird,
In many a wild and wondrous lay:
But I am sad—thou art away!

I sink in dreams:—low, sweet, and clear,
Thy own dear voice is in my ear;
Around my neck thy tresses twine—
Thy own loved hand is clasped in mine—
Thy own soft lip to mine is pressed—
Thy head is pillowed on my breast:—
Oh! I have all my heart holds dear,
And I am happy—thou art here!

GEORGE DENNISON PRENTICE.

THRICE blessed they that master so their blood—
But earthly happier is the rose distilled,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

SHAKESPEARE.

CHOICE OF A WIFE.

IN choice of wife prefer the modest, chaste.
Lilies are fair in show but foul in smell;
The sweetest looks by age are soon defaced.
Then choose thy wife by wit and loving well.
Who brings thee wealth and many faults withal,
Presents thee honey mixed with bitter gall.

D. LODGE.

A HOME PICTURE.

EN Fisher had finished his hard day's work,
And he sat at his cottage door;
His good wife, Kate, sat by his side,
And the moon-light danced on the floor—
The moon-light danced on the cottage floor,
Her beams were clear and bright
As when he and Kate, twelve years before,
Talk'd love in her mellow light.

Ben Fisher had never a pipe of clay,
And never a dram drank he;
So he loved at home with his wife to stay,
And they chatted right merrily;
Right merrily chatted they on, the while
Her babe slept on her breast,
While a chubby rogue, with rosy smile,
On his father's knee found rest.

Ben told her how fast the potatoes grew,
And the corn in the lower field;
And the wheat on the hill was grown to seed,
And promised a glorious yield:—
A glorious yield in the harvest time,
And his orchard was doing fair;
His sheep and his stock were in their prime,
His farm all in good repair.

Kate said that her garden looked beautiful,
Her fowls and her calves were fat;
That the butter that Tommy that morning churned,
Would buy him a Sunday hat;
That Jenny, for Pa, a new shirt had made,
And 'twas done too by the rule;
That Neddy, the garden, could nicely spade;
And Ann was ahead at school.

Ben slowly raised his toil-worn hand
Through his locks of grayish brown—
"I tell you, Kate, what I think," said he,
"We're the happiest folks in town."

"I know," said Kate, "that we all work hard—
Work and health go together, I've found;
For there's Mrs. Bell does not work at all,
And she's sick the whole year round.

"They're worth their thousands, so people say,
But I ne'er saw them happy yet;
'Twould not be me that would take their gold,
And live in a constant fret;
My humble home has a light within,
Mrs. Bell's gold could not buy,
Six healthy children, a merry heart,
And a husband's love-lit eye."

I fancied a tear was in Ben's eye—
The moon shone brighter and clearer,
I could not tell why the man should cry,
But he hitched up to Kate still nearer;
He lean'd his head on her shoulder there,
And he took her hand in his—
I guess—(though I look'd at the moon just then,)
That he left on her lips a kiss.

FRANCIS DANA GAGE.

THREE LOVES IN A LIFE.

'I LOVE'—'And I love'—'And I love, too'—
They all loved well, and they loved but one.
Each heart was hers, and each heart was true—
By which shall she, the beloved, be won?
Strong on each was her gentle thrall!
Oh! how dear was she held by all!

The first was a youth in opening life;
And he was charmed with her beauty rare,
With the face and form of his fair young wife,
With her sweet blue eye and her silken hair.
Gazing then on her charms with pride,
Oh! how dear was his lovely bride!

The next had lived to his manhood's prime!
And he admired all her thoughts so wise;
How gracefully, at fit place and time,
Counsels sage to her lips would rise.
Her woman's wit would silence strife—
Oh! how dear was his prudent wife!

The last is an older, life-worn man;
And he delights in her tender heart
Which loveth as only woman's can,
And cheers him with woman's heaven-taught art.
This loving heart is all his own—
Oh! how dear has his fond wife grown!

In youth I saw but a maiden fair;
And finding beauty I sought no more,
But loved and wedded as youth will dare
And little knew of the prize I bore.
Proud was I 'midst my fellow-men,
Dear to me was my young wife then.

But as life advanced and cares came thick—
On every side came pressing round,
Till my wearied heart grew faint and sick—
Ever her at my side I found,
With words of counsel wise and free;
Dearer still was she then to me.

Her hair is grey, and her sweet blue eyes,
Though loving still, are no longer bright;
And I list not now for her thoughts so wise;
But far stronger ties our hearts unite.
Dear through life has she ever been;
Dearest now at its close serene.

MAN'S LOVE.

WHEN woman's eye grows dull,
And her cheek paleth,
When fades the beautiful,
Then man's love faileth;
He sits not beside her chair,
Clasps not her fingers,
Twines not the damp hair
That o'er her brow lingers.

He comes but a moment in,
Though her eye lightens,
Though her cheek, pale and thin,
Feverishly brightens;
He stays but a moment near,
When that flash fadeth,
Though true affection's tear
Her soft eyelid shadeth.

He goes from her chamber straight
Into life's jostle,
He meets at the very gate
Business, and bustle;
He thinks not of her within,
Silently sighing,
He forgets in that noisy din
That she is dying!

And when her young heart is still,
What though he mourneth,
Soon from his sorrow chill
Wearied he turneth;
Soon o'er her buried head
Memory's light sitteth,
And the true-hearted dead
Thus man forgetteth.

MARY ANNE BROWNE.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

WHEN man is waxing frail,
And his hand is thin and weak,
And his lips are parched and pale,
And wan and white his cheek,
Oh, then doth woman prove
Her constancy and love!

She sitteth by his chair,
And holds his feeble hand,
She watcheth ever there
His wants to understand;
His yet unspoken will
She hasteneth to fulfil.

She leads him where the moon
Is bright o'er dale or hill,
And all things, save the tune
Of the honey bees, are still,
Into the garden bowers
To sit 'midst herbs and flowers.

And when he goes not there,
To feast on breath and bloom,
She brings the posy rare
Into his darken'd room,
And 'neath his weary head
The pillow smooth doth spread.

Until the hour when death
  His lamp of life doth dim,
She never wearieth–
  She never leaveth him;
Still near him night and day,
She meets his eye alway.

And when his trial's o'er,
  And the turf is on his breast,
Deep in her bosom's core
  Lie sorrows unexpressed;
Her tears, her sighs, are weak,
Her settled grief to speak.

And though there may arise
  Balm for her spirit's pain,
And though her quiet eyes
  May sometimes smile again;
Still, still she must regret,—
She never can forget.

MARY ANNE BROWNE.

THE EXILE TO HIS WIFE.

COME to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee,
  Day-time and night-time, I'm thinking about thee;
Night-time and day-time, in dreams I behold thee;
Unwelcome the waking which ceases to fold thee.
Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten;
Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten;
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly,
Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy.

Swallows will flit round the desolate ruin,
Telling of spring and its joyous renewing,
And thoughts of thy love, and its manifold treasure,
Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure.
O Spring of my spirit! O May of my bosom!
Shine out on my soul, till it bourgeon and blossom;
The waste of my life has a rose-root within it,
And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it.

Figure that moves like a song through the even;
Features lit up by a reflex of heaven;
Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,
Where shadow and sunshine are chasing each other;
Smiles coming seldom, but childlike and simple,
Planting in each rosy cheek a sweet dimple;—
Oh, thanks to the Saviour, that even seeming
Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming!

You have been glad when you knew I was gladden'd;
Dear, are you sad now to hear I am sadden'd?
Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love,
As octave to octave, and rhyme unto rhyme, love:
I cannot weep but your tears will be flowing,
You cannot smile but my cheek will be glowing;
I would not die without you at my side, love;
You will not linger when I shall have died, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow,
Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow;
Strong, swift, and fond as the words which I speak, love,
With a song on your lip and a smile on your cheek, love.
Come, for my heart in your absence is weary,—
Haste, for my spirit is sicken'd and dreary,—
Come to the arms which alone should caress thee,
Come to the heart that is throbbing to press thee!

JOSEPH BRENAN

THE happiness of life is made up of minute fractions, the little soon forgotten charities of a kiss or a smile, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment, and the countless infinitestimals of pleasurable thought and genial feeling.

COLERIDGE.

IF thou have a fair wife and a poor one; if thine own estate be not great, assure thyself that Love abideth not with want; for she is the companion of plenty and honor.

IBID.

THE OLD WEDDING-RING.

The device: Two hearts united.
The motto: 'Dear love of mine, my heart is thine.'

I LIKE that ring—that ancient ring,
Of massive form, and virgin gold,
As firm, as free from base alloy,
As were the sterling hearts of old.
I likest—for it wafts me back,
Far, far along the stream of time,
To other men, and other days,
The men and days of deeds sublime.

But most I like it as it tells
The tale of well-requited love;
How faithful fondness persevered,
And youthful faith disdain'd to rove—
How warmly *he* his suit preferr'd,
Though *she*, unpitying, long denied,
Till, soften'd and subdu'd at last,
He won 'his fair and blooming bride.'
How, till the appointed day arrived,
They blamed the lazy-footed hours—
How then the white-robed maiden train
Strew'd their glad way with freshest flowers—
And how, before the holy man,
They stood in all their youthful pride,
And spoke those words, and vow'd those vows,
Which bind the husband to his bride.

All this it tells; the plighted troth—
The gift of every earthly thing—
The hand in hand—the heart in heart:
For this I like that ancient ring.
I like its old and quaint device;
'Two blended hearts,' though time may wear them,
No mortal change, no mortal chance,
'Till death' shall ere in sunder tear them.

Year after year, 'neath sun and storm,
Their hope in heaven, their trust in GOD,
In changeless, heartfelt, holy love,
These two the world's rough pathway trod.
Age might impair their youthful fires,
Their strength might fail, 'mid life's bleak weather;
Still hand in hand they travell'd on—
Kind souls! they slumber now together.

I like its simple poesy too:
'Thine own dear love, this heart is thine!'
Thine, when the dark storm howls along,
As when the cloudless sunbeams shine.
'This heart is thine, mine own dear love!'
Thine, and thine only, and for ever;
Thine, till the spring of life shall fail;
Thine, till the chords of life shall sever.

Remnant of days departed long,
Emblem of plighted truth unbroken,
Pledge of devoted faithfulness,
Of heartfelt, holy love the token:
What varied feelings round it cling!—
For these I like that ancient ring.

GEO. W. DOANE.

THIRTY-FIVE.

OFT in danger, yet alive,
We come to thirty-five;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty-five,
Could philosophers contrive
Life to stop at thirty-five.
Time his hours should never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.
High to soar, and deep to dive,
Nature gives at thirty-five.
Ladies, stock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five;
For, howe'er we boast and strive,
Life declines from thirty-five:
He that ever hopes to thrive
Must begin by thirty-five;
And all who wisely wish to wive
Should not delay at thirty-five.

JOHNSON.

A QUESTION.

DID I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea,
While gentle zephyrs blow with prosperous gales,
And fortune's favors fill the swelling sails,
But would forsake the ship and make the shore
When the winds whistle and the tempests roar?

MATTHEW PRYOR.

THE WIFE.

I HAVE often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times, it approaches to sublimity.

Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and support of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blast of adversity.

As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils and bind up its shattered boughs, so is it beautifully ordered by Providence that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend who had around him a blooming family knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he, with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you."

And, indeed, I have observed that a married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding that, though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch.

Whereas, a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned; and his heart to fall to ruin, like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant. These observations call to mind a little domestic story of which I was once a witness.

My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune, but that of my friend was ample; and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies that spread a kind of witchery about the sex. "Her life," said he, "shall be like a fairy-tale." Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well-suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity.

It was the misfortune of my friend, however, to have embarked his property in large speculations; and he had not been married many months, when by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept away from him, and he found himself reduced almost to penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance and a breaking heart. His life was but a pro-

tracted agony; and what rendered it more insupportable was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news.

She saw, however, with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and vapid attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to win him back to happiness; but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul.

The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched. "A little while," thought he, "and the smile will vanish from that cheek; the song will die away from those lips; the luster of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow; and the happy heart which now beats lightly in that bosom will be weighed down like mine by the cares and miseries of the world."

At length he came to me one day and related his whole situation in a tone of the deepest despair. When I heard him through, I inquired, "Does your wife know all this?" At the question, he burst into an agony of tears. "If you have any pity on me," cried he, "don't mention my wife: it is the thought of her that drives me almost to madness!"

"And why not?" said I. "She must know it sooner or later: you cannot keep it long from her, and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner than if imparted by yourself; for the accents of those we love soften the harshest tidings. Besides, you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy; and not merely that, but also endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together,—an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will soon perceive that something is preying upon your mind: and true love will not brook reserve; it feels undervalued and outraged when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it."

"Oh, but, my friend, to think what a blow I am to give to all her future prospects!—how I am to strike her very soul to the earth by telling her that her husband is a beggar! that she is to forego all the elegancies of life, all the pleasures of society, to shrink with me into indigence and obscurity! To tell her that I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued to move in constant brightness, the light of every eye, the admiration of every heart! How can she bear poverty? she has been brought up in all the refinement of opulence. How can she bear neglect? she has been the idol of society. Oh! it will break her heart! it will break her heart!"

I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words. When his paroxysm had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject gently, and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully but positively.

"But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living: nay," —observing a pang to pass across his countenance,—"don't let that afflict you. I am sure you have never placed your happiness in outward show; you have yet friends—warm friends—who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged; and surely it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary."

"I could be happy with her," cried he

convulsively, "in a hovel! I could go down with her into poverty and the dust!" "And, believe me, my friend," said I, stepping up and grasping him warmly by the hand,—"believe me, she can be the same with you. Aye, more!—it will be a source of pride and triumph to her; it will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature; for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself.

"There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity, but which kindles up and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is,—no man knows what a ministering angel she is,—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world."

There was something in the earnestness of my manner and the figurative style of my language, that caught the excited imagination of Leslie. I knew the auditor I had to deal with; and, following up the impression I had made, I finished by persuading him to go home and unburden his sad heart to his wife.

I must confess, notwithstanding all I had said, I felt some little solicitude for the result. Who can calculate on the fortitude of one whose whole life has been a round of pleasures? Her gay spirits might revolt at the dark, downward path of low humility suddenly pointed out before her, and might cling to the sunny regions in which they had hitherto reveled. Besides, ruin in fashionable life is accompanied by so many galling mortifications to which in other ranks it is a stranger. In short, I could not meet Leslie the next morning without trepidation. He had made the disclosure.

"And how did she bear it?" "Like an angel. It seemed rather to be a relief to her mind; for she threw her arms round my neck, and asked if this was all that had lately made me unhappy. But, poor girl!" added he, "she cannot realize the change we must undergo. She has no idea of poverty but in the abstract; she has only read of it in poetry, where it is allied to love. She feels as yet no privation; she suffers no loss of accustomed conveniences nor elegancies. When we come practically to experience its sordid cares, its paltry wants, its petty humiliations, then will be the real trial."

"But," said I, "now that you have got over the severest task,—that of breaking it to her,—the sooner you let the world into the secret the better. The disclosure may be mortifying; but then it is a single misery, and soon over: whereas you otherwise suffer it, in anticipation, every hour in the day. It is not poverty so much as pretense that harasses a ruined man,—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse, the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting."

On this point I found Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no false pride himself; and, as to his wife, she was only anxious to conform to their altered fortunes. Some days afterward he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwellinghouse, and taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles from town. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind.

All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold, excepting his wife's harp. That, he said, was too closely associated with the idea of herself; it belonged to the little story of their loves: for some of the sweetest moments of their

courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument and listened to the melting tones of her voice. I could not but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a doting husband.

He was now going out to the cottage, where his wife had been all day superintending its arrangement. My feelings had become strongly interested in the progress of this family story; and, as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him. He was wearied with the fatigues of the day, and, as he walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

"Poor Mary!" at length broke, with a heavy sigh, from his lips. "And what of her?" asked I: "has anything happened to her?" "What!" said he, darting an impatient glance; "is it nothing to be reduced to this paltry situation?—to be caged in a miserable cottage?—to be obliged to toil almost in the menial concerns of her wretched habitation?"

"Has she then repined at the change?" "Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good humor. Indeed, she seems to be in better spirits than I have ever known her; she has been to me all love and tenderness and comfort!" "Admirable girl!" exclaimed I. "You call yourself poor, my friend: you were never so rich; you never knew the boundless treasures of excellence you possess in that woman."

"Oh, but, my friend, if this first meeting at the cottage were over, I think I could then be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience: she has been introduced into an humble dwelling; she has been employed all day in arranging its miserable equipments; she has for the first time known the fatigues of domestic employment; she has for the first time looked round her on a home destitute of every thing elegant, almost of every thing convenient, and may now be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future poverty."

There was a degree of probability in this picture that I could not gainsay; so we walked on in silence. After turning from the main road up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded with forest-trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the most pastoral poet; and yet it had a pleasing, rural look. A wild vine had overrun one end with a profusion of foliage; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it; and I observed several pots of flowers tastefully disposed about the door and on the grassplot in front.

A small wicket-gate opened upon a footpath that wound through some shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music. Leslie grasped my arm: we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice, singing, in a style of the most touching simplicity, a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel walk. A bright, beautiful face glanced out at the window and vanished; a light footstep was heard, and Mary came tripping forth to meet us. She was in a pretty, rural dress of white; a few wild flowers were twisted in her fine hair; a fresh bloom was on her cheek; her whole countenance beamed with smiles. I had never seen her look so lovely.

"My dear George," cried she, "I am so glad you are come! I have been watching and watching for you, and running down the lane and looking out for you. I've set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage; and I've been gathering some of the most delicious strawber-

ries, for I know you are fond of them; and we have such excellent cream, and every thing is so sweet and still here. Oh!" said she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face,—"oh, we shall be so happy!"

Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught her to his bosom; he folded his arms around her; he kissed her again and again. He could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes; and he has often assured me, that though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life has indeed been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of more exquisite felicity. WASHINGTON IRVING.

CONJUGAL FELICITY.

SWEET thing of beauty! life would be
A waste devoid of all things fair,
Did not my bosom leap to thee,
The soother of its grief and care:
For woman's hand and woman's heart
Can minister a healing balm;
Snatch from the soul the quiv'ring dart,
And breathe o'er all a halcyon calm:
A ministering angel she,
To lighten mortal misery!

O, when I first beheld thy face,
And press'd in mine thy gentle hand,
Thy blooming cheek and modest grace
Wav'd o'er my soul a magic wand;
Thy kindly tone, thy playful smile,
Bespeaking innocence and love;
The lustre of thine eyes the while
That beam'd like angel-orbs above;
All join'd upon my heart, to pour
A joyance, never felt before!

I deem'd the bosom must be blest
That lean'd confidingly on thine;
But honor then the wish suppress'd
That e'er such blessing might be mine.
I saw thee bloom, a floral gem,
Such as the earth has rarely shown,
How beauteous on its graceful stem!
And yet between us was there thrown
A passless bar! But that is past:
Sweet rosebud, thou art mine at last!

And O, the ardors of my soul,
At our first happy interview,
Know no abatement, but control
My bosom wholly as when new.
I then but knew the garniture
That lent its beauty to the rose;
But now I taste the essence pure
That from its core divinely flows,
Absorbing all those bitter tears
That follow in the wake of years!

Perchance thine eyes are dimmer now,
Thy step less light, thy cheek less fair:
More grave thy voice and smile; but thou
Art still the soother of my care.
Now from thy lips a current flows
Of meek intelligence and truth,
And kindness in thy bosom glows
More sweet than all the charms of youth;
And, dove-like, thither, would I bound,
When troubled waters rage around.

Life is a changeful scene; and we
May scarce have felt its sorrows yet;
But still, whate'er the prospect be,
The path howe'er with thorns beset,
Still true to thee and Heav'n above,
I shall not seek another shrine
For solace, but hold fast the love
That ever guides my soul to thine;
Still shall I to thy breast repair,
And find my consolation there!

MARRYING FOR BEAUTY.

REMEMBER, that if thou marry for beauty, thou bindest thyself all thy life for that which perchance will neither last nor please thee one year; and, when thou hast it, it will be to thee of no price at all, for the desire dieth when it is attained, and the affection perisheth when it is satisfied. SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

A WIFE'S APPEAL TO HER HUSBAND.

YOU took me, Henry, when a girl, into your home and heart,
To bear in all your after-fate a fond and faithful part;
And tell me, have I ever tried that duty to forego,
Or pined there was not joy for me when you were sunk in woe?

No, I would rather share your grief than other people's glee;
For though you're nothing to the world, you're all the world to me.
You make a palace of my shed, this rough-hewn bench a throne;
There's sunlight for me in your smile, and music in your tone.

I look upon you when you sleep—my eyes with tears grow dim:
I cry, 'Oh! Parent of the poor look down from heaven on him!
Behold him toil from day to day exhausting strength and soul;
Look down in mercy on him, Lord, for Thou canst make him whole!'

And when at last relieving sleep has on my eyelids smiled,
How oft are they forbid to close in slumber by my child!
I take the little murmurer that spoils my span of rest,
And feel it is a part of thee I hold upon my breast.

There's only one return I crave—I may not need it long—
And it may soothe thee when I'm where the wretched feel no wrong.
I ask not for a kinder tone, for thou wert ever kind;
I ask not for less frugal fare—my fare I do not mind.

I ask not for more gay attire—if such as I have got
Suffice to make me fair to thee, for more I murmur not;
But I would ask some share of hours that you in toil bestow;
Of knowledge, that you prize so much, may I not something know?

Subtract from meetings among men each eve an hour for me;
Make me companion for your soul as I may surely be;
If you will read, I'll sit and work; then think, when you're away,
Less tedious I shall find the time, dear Henry, of your stay.

A meet companion soon I'll be for e'en your studious hours,
And teacher of those little ones you call your cottage flowers:
And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise and kind;
And as my heart can warm your heart, so may my mind your mind.

A CAUTION.

EV'N in the happiest choice, where favoring Heaven
Has equal love and easy fortune given,
Think not, the husband gained, that all is done:
The prize of happiness must still be won:
And oft the careless find it to their cost,
The *lover* in the *husband* may be lost;
The graces might *alone* his heart *allure;*
They, and the virtues *meeting* must *secure.*
Let ev'n your prudence wear the pleasing dress
Of care for *him,* and anxious tenderness.
From kind concern, about his weal or woe,
Let each domestic duty seem to flow.
Endearing still the common acts of life,
The mistress still shall charm him in the wife;
And wrinkled face shall unobserved come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone.

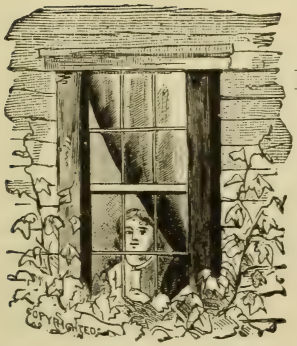
LORD GEORGE LYTTLETON.

HAIL, woman! Hail, thou faithful wife and mother,
The latest, choicest part of Heaven's great plan!
None fills thy peerless place at home; no other
Helpmeet is found for laboring, suffering man.

REV. MARK TRAFTON.

TO MY WIFE,

On the Ninth Anniversary of her Marriage.



NINE years ago you came to me,
And nestled on my breast,
A soft and winged mystery
That settled here to rest;
And my heart rocked its Babe of bliss,
And soothed its Child of air,
With something 'twixt a song and kiss,
To keep it nestling there.

At first I thought the fairy form
Too spirit-soft and good
To fill my poor, low nest with warm
And wifely womanhood.
But such a cozy peep of home
Did your dear eyes unfold;
And in their deep and dewy gloom,
What tales of love were told!

We cannot boast to have bickered not,
Since you and I were wed;
We have not lived the smoothest lot,
Nor found the downiest bed!
Time hath not passed o'er head in stars,
And under foot in flowers,
With wings that slept on fragrant airs
Thro' all the happy hours.

In dreamy curves your beauty drooped,
As tendrils lean to twine,
And very graciously they stooped
To bear their fruit, my Vine!
To bear such blessed fruit of love
As tenderly increased
Among the ripe vine-bunches of
Your balmy-breathing breast.

It is our way, more fate than fault,
Love's cloudy fire to clear;
To find some virtue in the salt
That sparkles in a tear!
Pray God it all come right at last,
Pray God it so befall,
That when our day of life is past,
The end may crown it all.

GERALD MASSEY.

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG.

AH! what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,
And sweeter too;
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest face to frown:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded; he comes home at night
As merry as a king in his delight,
And merrier too;
For kings bethink them what the state require,
Where shepherds, careless, carol by the fire:
Ah then, ah then,
If country love such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curd as doth the king his meat,
And blither too;
For kings have often fears when they sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
As doth the king upon his beds of down,
More sounder too;
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,

Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or syth,
And blither too;
For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
When shepherds laugh, and love upon the land:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

ROBERT GREENE.

HAPPY they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem, enlivened by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence: for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.——
——What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasures, and its follies all!
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
Truth, goodness, honor, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven?

THOMSON.

CONTINUE YOUR COURTSHIP.

MANY a marriage has commenced, like the morning, red, and perished like a mushroom. Wherefore? Because the married pair neglected to be as agreeable to each other after their union as they were before it. Seek always to please each other, my children, but in doing so, keep heaven in mind. Lavish not your love to-day, remembering that marriage has a morrow and again a morrow. Bethink ye my daughters, what the word *house-wife* expresses. The married woman is her husband's *domestic trust.* On her, he ought to be able to place his reliance in house and family; to her, he should confide the key of his heart and the lock of his store-room. His honor and his home are under her protection, his welfare in her hands. Ponder this! And you, my sons, be true men of honor, and good fathers of your families. Act in such wise, that your wives respect and love you. And what more shall I say to you, my children? Peruse diligently the word of God: that will guide you out of storm and dead calm, and bring you safe into port. And as for the rest,—do your best!

FREDERIKA BREMER.

MUTUAL FORGIVENESS.

I SUPPOSE the brides are few who have not wept once over the hasty words of a husband, not six months married; and I suppose there are few husbands who, in the early part of their married life, have not felt that perhaps their choice was not a wise one. Breaches of harmony will occur between imperfect men and women; but all evil results may be avoided by a resolution, well kept on both sides, to ask forgiveness for the hasty word, the peevish complaint, the unshared pleasure; and if there is a *frank* and *worthy* nature, a quarrel is impossible.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

THOUGH fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

COTTON.

THE TRYING HOUR.

WHEN the honeymoon passes behind dull mountains, or dips silently into the stormy sea of life, the trying hour of married life has come. Between the parties there are no more illusions. The feverish desire for possession has gone, and all excitement receded. Then begins, or should, the business of adaptation. If they find that they do not love one another as they thought they did, they should double their assiduous attentions to one another, and be jealous of everything which tends in the slightest way to separate them. Life is too precious to be thrown away in secret regrets or open differences. And let me say to every one to whom the romance of life has fled, and who are discontented in the slightest degree with their conditions and relations, begin this reconciliation at once. Renew the attentions of earlier days. Draw your hearts closer together. Talk the thing all over. Acknowledge your faults to one another, and determine that henceforth you will be all in all to each other; and my word for it, you shall find in your relation the sweetest joy earth has for you. There is no other way for you to do. If you are happy at home, you must be happy abroad; the man or woman who has settled down upon the conviction that he or she is attached for life to an uncongenial yoke-fellow, and that there is no way of escape, has lost life; there is no effort too costly to make which can restore to its setting upon the bosom, the missing pearl.

It is a great thing for two frail natures to live as one for life long. Two harps are not easily kept always in tune, and what shall we expect of two harps each of a thousand strings? What human will or wisdom cannot do, God can do, and his Providence is uniting ever more intimately, those who devoutly try to do the work of life and enjoy its goods together. For them, there is in store a respect, and affection; a peace and power all unknown in the hey-day of young romance. Experience intertwines their remembrances and hopes in stronger cords, and as they stand at the loom of time, one with the strong warp, the other with the finer woof, the hand of Providence weaves for them a tissue of unfading beauty and imperishable worth.

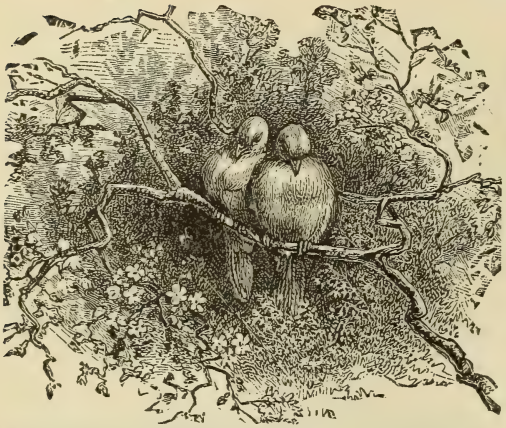
ADVICE OF DAVID COPPERFIELD'S AUNT.

"THESE are early days Trot," she pursued, "and Rome was not built in a day, nor in a year. You have chosen freely for yourself;" a cloud passed over her face for a moment, I thought; "and you have chosen a very pretty and a very affectionate creature. It will be your duty, and it will be your pleasure too—of course, I know that; I am not delivering a lecture—to estimate her (as you chose her) by the qualities she has, and not by the qualities she may not have. The latter you must develop in her, if you can. And if you cannot, child," here my aunt rubbed her nose, "you must just accustom yourself to do without 'em. But remember my dear, your future is between you two. No one can assist you; you are to work it out for yourselves. This is marriage, Trot; and Heaven bless you both in it, for a pair of babes in the woods as you are!"

CHARLES DICKENS.

A GENTLE wife
Is still the sterling comfort of man's life;
To fools a torment, but a lasting boon
To those who wisely keep the honeymoon.

JOHN TOBIN.



OH! then they come flattering,
Soft nonsense chattering,
Praising your pickling,
Playing at tickling,
Love verses writing,
Acrostics inditing,
If your finger aches, fretting,
Fondling and petting,
"My loving"—"my doving,"
"Petseying,"—"wetseying,"
Now sighing, now dying,
Now dear diamonds buying,
Or yards of chantilly, like a great big silly,
Cashmere shawls—brandy balls,
Oranges, apples,—gloves *Gros de Naples*,
Sweet pretty "skuggies"—ugly pet puggies;
Now with an ear-ring themselves endearing,
Or squandering guineas upon *Sevignes*,
Now fingers squeezing or playfully teazing,
Bringing you bull's eyes, casting you sheep's eyes,
Looking in faces while working braces,
Never once heeding what they are reading,
But soiling one's hose by pressing one's toes:
Or else so zealous, and nice and jealous of all the fellows,
Darting fierce glances if ever one dances with a son of France's;
Or finding great faults, or threatening assaults whenever you "valtz;"
Or fuming and fussing enough for a dozen if you romp with your cousin;
Continually stopping, when out a-shopping, and bank notes dropping,
Not seeking to win money, calling it "tin" money, and promising pin money;
Like pic-nics at Twickenham, off lovely cold chicken, ham, and champagne to quicken 'em;
Detesting one's walking without John too goes stalking, to prevent the men talking;
Think you still in your teens, won't let you eat "greens," and hate crinolines;
Or heaping caresses, if you curl your black tresses, or wear low-neck'd dresses;
Or when up the river, almost sure to *diskiver* that beats all to shiver, the sweet Guadalquiver;
Or seeing death-fetches if the tooth-ache one catches, making picturesque sketches of the houses of wretches;
Or with loud double knocks brings from Eber's a box to see "Box and Cox," or pilfer one's locks to mark their new stocks;
Or whilst you are singing a love song so stinging, they vow they'll be swinging, or in Serpentine springing, unless to them clinging, you'll go wedding-ringing, and for life mend their linen.
Now the gentlemen, sure I've no wish to disparage.
But this is the way they go on *before* marriage.

HOW THE GENTLEMEN DO AFTER MARRIAGE.

OH! then nothing pleases 'em, but everything teases 'em,
Then they're grumbling and snarling—you're a "fool," not a "darling;"*
Though they're as rich as the *Ingies*, they're the stingiest of stingies;
And what is *so* funny, they've *never* got money;
Only ask 'em for any and they haven't a penny;
But what passes all bounds, on themselves they'll spend pounds—
Give guineas for lunch off real turtle and punch;
Each week a noise brings about, when they pitch all the things about;
Now bowing in mockery, now smashing the crockery;
Scolding and swearing, their bald heads tearing;
Storming and raging past all assuaging.
Heaven preserve us! it makes one so nervous,
To hear the door slam to, to be called simple ma'am, too;
(I wonder if Adam called Mrs. Eve, Madam;)
As a matter of course they'll have a divorce;
Or "my Lord Duke" intends to send you home to your friends,
And allow ten pounds a quarter for yourself and your daughter;
Though you strive all your might you can do nothing right;
While the maids—the old song—can do nothing wrong.
"Every shirt wants a button!" Every day they've cold mutton;
They're always a flurrying one; or else they're a hurrying one, or else they're a worrying one;
Threatening to smother your dear sainted mother, or kick your big brother;
After all your fine doings, your strugglings and stewings—why "the house is in ruins!"
Then the wine goes like winking, and they cannot help thinking you've taken to drinking;
They're perpetually rows keeping, 'cause out of the housekeeping they're in bonnets their spouse keeping;
So when they've been meated, if with pies they're not treated, they vow that they're cheated!
Then against Ascot Races, and all such sweet places, they set their old faces;
And they'll never leave town, nor to Broadstairs go down, though with bile you're quite brown;
For their wife they unwilling are, after cooing and billing her, to stand a cap from the milliner—e'en a paltry twelve shillinger;
And it gives them the vapors to witness the capers of those bowers and scrapers, the young linen drapers;
Then to add to your woes, they say nobody knows how the money all goes, but they pay through the nose for the dear children's clothes;
Though you strive and endeavor, they're so mightily clever, that please them you'll never, till you leave them for ever—yes! the hundredth time sever—"*for ever*—AND EVER!!"
Now the gentlemen sure I've no wish to disparage,
But this is the way they go on *after* marriage.

PENELOPE THE FAITHFUL WIFE.

PENELOPE was born about 1214 B. C., and is one of the most interesting of the semi-historical heroines of antiquity. She was the daughter of Icarius and Polycaste and a cousin of Helen, daughter of Tyndarus, King of Sparta. She married Ulysses, son of Laertes, King of Ithaca. The aged king resigned his crown to his son and retired to a life of rural solitude.

Ulysses and Penelope lived for a time happily in their island kingdom, reigning in peace over their subjects, and rearing their son, Telemachus.

In the mean time Helen had married Menelaus, who, upon the death of Tyndarus, succeeded to the throne of Sparta. Paris, the son of Priam, King of Troy, now paid his memorable visit to Sparta, requiting the hospitality of his host by abducting his wife. Ulysses was summoned by Menelaus and his brother Agamemnon, to join the forces collecting for the chastisement of Paris and the destruction of Troy. Though loath to leave his beloved Penelope, he accompanied the Greeks to Ilium, and remained during the siege of Troy, which lasted for ten years. Upon the fall of the city, he was involved in disasters, and for ten years more wandered from country to country, exposed to constant peril and unable to regain his home. It is the prudence, dignity and fidelity of Penelope, during these twenty years of separation, that have made her the heroine of poets, the envy of husbands, the dream and the toast of bachelors.

During the latter years of the absence of Ulysses, his palace at Ithaca was thronged with princes and peers, importunate and quarrelsome suitors for the hand of the queen, who, they maintained, had long since been made a widow by battle or shipwreck. Her friends and family urged her to abandon the idea of her husband's return, and to choose from among the rival aspirants a father for Telemachus and a sovereign for Ithaca. She exerted all her ingenuity, and put in practice every artifice which she could invent, to defer the period of her final decision. In the seventeenth year of her solitude, she imagined the device which is so indissolubly connected with her name, engaging to make a choice when she shou'd have completed a web which she was then weaving as a funeral ornament for Laertes, Ulysses' father, now rapidly sinking to the grave. The suitors gladly accepted a proposal which seemed to promise a speedy termination. But Penelope, assiduously unraveling at night what she had woven during the day, protracted for three years more, the fatal moment. At the beginning of the fourth, a female attendant disclosed the pious treachery. These incidents are related by Homer in a speech placed in the mouth of Antinous, the most turbulent of the suitors. Telemachus had reproached them with riotous conduct, alleging that their prodigality had well-nigh drained the royal coffers. Antinous thus replied:

"O insolence of youth! whose tongue affords
Such railing eloquence and war of words;
Studious thy country's worthies to defame,
Thy erring voice proclaims thy mother's shame.
Elusive of the bridal day, she gives
Fond hope to all, and all with hopes deceives.
Did not the sun, through heaven's wide azure roll'd,
For three long years the royal fraud behold?
While she laborious in delusion spread
The spacious loom and mixed the various thread.
When as to life, the wondrous figures rise,
Thus spoke the inventive queen with artful sighs:—

'Though cold in death Ulysses breathes no more,
'Cease yet awhile to urge the bridal hour;
'Cease till to great Laertes I bequeath
'A task of grief, his ornaments of death.
'Lest when the Fates his royal ashes claim,
'The Grecian matrons taint my spotless fame;
'When he whom, living, mighty realms obeyed,
'Shall want in death, a shroud to grace his shade.'
Thus she: at once the generous train complies,
Nor fraud mistrusts in virtue's fair disguise.
The work she plied, but studious of delay,
By night revers'd the labors of the day.
While thrice the sun his annual journey made,
The conscious lamp the midnight fraud survey'd.
Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail,
The fourth, her maid unfolds th' amazing tale
We saw, as unperceiv'd we took our stand,
The backward labors of her faithless hand.
Then urg'd, she perfects her illustrious toils,
A wondrous monument of female wiles!"

In Ovid's "Epistles of the Heroines," is a letter from Penelope to Ulysses, in which, ignorant of the causes of his delay, she chides him for his prolonged absence, and with persuasive eloquence entreats him to return:

"Ulysses, thy Penelope sends this to thee, thus delaying. But write me nothing in answer: do thou come thyself. Troy, so hateful to the Grecian fair, doubtless lies prostrate; hardly was Priam, and the whole of Troy, of such great importance. Oh! how I wish that at the time when he was making for Lacedæmon with his fleet, the adulterer had been overwhelmed in the raging waves! Then I had not lain cold in a deserted bed, nor, forlorn, should I have complained that the days pass slowly on: the hanging web would not have wearied my widowed hands, as I seek to beguile the lingering night.

When have I not been dreading dangers more grievous than the reality? Love is a thing replete with anxious fears. Against thee did I fancy that the furious Trojans were rushing on: at the name of Hector, I was always pale. But the righteous god had a regard for my chaste passion; Troy has been reduced to ashes and my husband survives. The Argive chieftains have returned; the altars are smoking; the spoils of the barbarians are offered to the gods of our country. The damsels newly married are presenting the gifts of gratitude for the safe return of their husbands; the latter are celebrating the destinies of Troy overcome by their own.

But what avails me Ilion hurled down by thy arms, and that level ground which once was walls, if I remain just as I remained while Troy was flourishing, and if thou, my husband, art afar from me, to be lamented by me eternally? Now 'tis a field of corn where once Troy stood; and the ground destined to be plied with the sickle, is rich, fattened by Phrygian blood. Victorious, thou art absent, and it is not granted me to know what is the cause of thy delaying, or in what corner of the world, in thy cruelty, thou art concealed. Whoever steers his stranger bark to these shores, departs after having been asked by me many a question about thee; and to him is intrusted the paper inscribed with my fingers for him to deliver to thee, if he should only see thee anywhere.

More to my advantage were the walls of Troy standing even now. I should then know where thou art fighting, and warfare alone should I dread, and with those of many others would my complaints be joined. What to fear I know not; still, bewildered, I dread everything; and a wide field lies open for my apprehensions. Whatever dangers the sea presents, whatever the land, these I suspect to be the causes of a delay so prolonged.

While in my folly I am imagining these things, such is the inconstancy of you men,

that thou mayest be captivated by some foreign beauty. Perhaps, too, thou mayest be telling how homely thy wife is who minds only the spindle and the distaff. May I prove mistaken, and may this charge vanish into unsubstantial air; and mayest thou not, if free to return, still desire to be absent! My father, Icarius, urges me to leave a widowed bed, and is always chiding thy protracted delay. Let him chide on; thine I am, thy Penelope must I be called; the wife of Ulysses will I ever be. Suitors from Dulychium, and Samos, and the lofty Zacynthus, a wanton crew, are besetting me; and in thy palace do they rule, with no one to hinder them; thy wealth are they dissipating. I have no strength to drive the enemy from thy abode; come speedily then, the refuge and sanctuary of thy family.

Thou hast, and long mayest thou have, a son, who in his tender years ought to have been trained to the virtues of his father. Think of Laertes; that thou mayest close his eyes he still drags on the closing hours of his existence. I, no doubt, who was but a girl when thou didst depart, shall seem to have become an old woman, though thou shouldst return at once."

At the end of the twentieth year Ulysses returned and Penelope fell upon his neck and wept. This Homer tells us was in the evening; and he adds that the night which followed, was an unusually protracted one, inasmuch

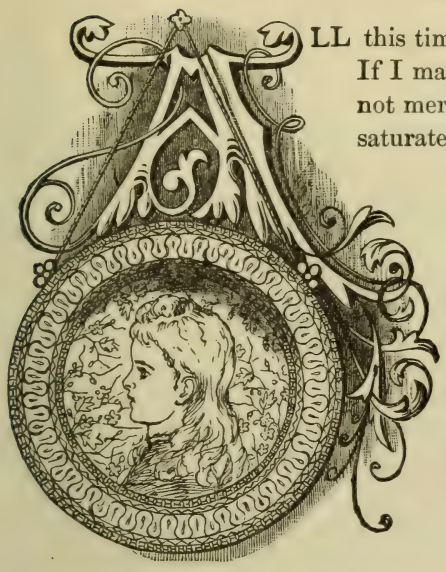
> "As Pallas backward held the rising day,
> The wheels of night retarding."

Penelope was more fortunate in death than in life: she found a historian in Homer; an edition in Ovid; and in Fenelon a biographer for her son Telemachus.

THE TRUE WIFE.

OFTENTIMES I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide as if drawn by some invisible bowline, with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails unfilled, her streamers were drooping, she had neither side wheel nor stern wheel; still she moved on stately, in serene triumph, as with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great bulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toilsome steam tug, with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely on, and I knew if the little steam tug untwined her arm and left the ship it would wallow and roll about and drift hither and thither, and go off with the refluent tide, no man knows whither. And so I have known more than one genius, high-decked, full freighted, idle-sailed, gay-pennoned, but that for the bare toiling arms, and brave warm-beating heart of the faithful little wife that nestles close to him, so that no wind or wave could part them, would have gone down with the stream and have been heard of no more. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

A HAPPY THIEF.



ALL this time I had gone on loving Dora harder than ever. If I may so express it, I was steeped in Dora. I was not merely over head and ears in love with her, I was saturated through and through. I took night walks to Norwood where she lived, and perambulated round and round the house and garden for hours together, looking through crevices in the palings, using violent exertions to get my chin above the rusty nails on the top, blowing kisses at the lights in the windows, and romantically calling on the night to shield my Dora,—I don't exactly know from what,—I suppose from fire, perhaps from mice, to which she had a great objection.

Dora had a discreet friend, comparatively stricken in years almost of the ripe age of twenty, I should say, whose name was Miss Mills. Dora called her Julia. She was the bosom friend of Dora. Happy Miss Mills!

One day Miss Mills said: "Dora is coming to stay with me. She is coming the day after to-morrow. If you would like to call, I am sure papa would be happy to see you."

I passed three days in a luxury of wretchedness. At last, arrayed for the purpose, at a vast expense, I went to Miss Mills's fraught with a declaration. Mr. Mills was not at home. I didn't expect he would be. Nobody wanted *him*. Miss Mills was at home. Miss Mills would do.

I was shown into a room, up-stairs, where Miss Mills and Dora were. Dora's little dog Jip was there. Miss Mills was copying music, and Dora was painting flowers. What were my feelings when I recognized flowers I had given her!

Miss Mills was very glad to see me, and very sorry her papa was not at home, though I thought we all bore that with fortitude. Miss Mills was conversational for a few minutes, and then laying down her pen, got up and left the room.

I began to think I would put it off till to-morrow.

"I hope your poor horse was not tired when he got home at night from that picnic," said Dora, lifting up her beautiful eyes. "It was a long way for him."

I began to think I would do it to-day.

"It was a long way for *him*, for *he* had nothing to uphold him on the journey."

"Wasn't he fed, poor thing?" asked Dora.

I began to think I would put it off till to-morrow.

"Ye—yes, he was well taken care of. I mean he had not the unutterable happiness that I had in being so near to you."

I saw now that I was in for it, and it must be done on the spot.

"I don't know why you should care for being near me," said Dora, "or why you should call it a happiness. But, of course, you don't mean what you say. Jip, you naughty boy, come here!"

I don't know how I did it, but I did it in a moment.

I intercepted Jip. I had Dora in my arms. I was full of eloquence. I never stopped for a word. I told her how I loved her. I told her I should die without her. I told her that I idolized and worshipped her. Jip barked madly all the time. My eloquence increased, and I said, if she would like me to die for her, she had but to say the word, and I was ready. I had loved her to distraction every minute, day and night, since I first set eyes upon her. I loved her at that minute to distraction. I should always love her, every minute, to distraction. Lovers had loved before, and lovers would love again; but no lover had ever loved, might, could, would, or should ever love, as I loved Dora. The more I raved, the more Jip barked. Each of us in his own way got more mad every moment.

Well, Well! Dora and I were sitting on the sofa, by and by, quiet enough, and Jip was lying in her lap winking peacefully at me. It was off my mind. I was in a state of perfect rapture. Dora and I were engaged.

Being poor, I felt it necessary the next time I went to my darling to expatiate on that unfortunate drawback. I soon carried desolation into the bosom of our joys —not that I meant to do it, but that I was so full of the subject—by asking Dora, without the smallest preparation, if she could love a beggar.

"How can you ask me anything so foolish? Love a beggar!"

"Dora, my own dearest, I am a beggar!"

"How can you be such a silly thing," replied Dora, slapping my hand, "as to sit there, telling such stories? I'll make Jip bite you, if you are so ridiculous."

But I looked so serious that Dora began to cry. She did nothing but exclaim, Oh, dear! Oh, dear! And Oh, she was so frightened! And where was Julia Mills? And Oh, take her to Julia Mills, and go away, please! until I was almost beside myself.

I thought I had killed her. I sprinkled water on her face; I went down on my knees; I plucked at my hair; I implored her forgiveness; I besought her to look up: I ravaged Miss Mills's work-box for a smelling-bottle, and, in my agony of mind, applied an ivory needle-case, instead, and dropped all the needles over Dora.

At last I got Dora to look at me, with a horrified expression which I gradually soothed until it was only loving, and her soft, pretty cheek was lying against mine.

"Is your heart mine still, dear Dora?"

"Oh yes! Oh yes! it's all yours. Oh, don't be dreadful."

"My dearest love, the crust well earned—"

"Oh, yes; but I don't want to hear any more about crusts. And after we are married, Jip must have a mutton chop every day at twelve, or he'll die."

I was charmed with her childish, winning way, and I fondly explained to her that Jip should have his mutton chop with his accustomed regularity.

When we had been engaged some half-year or so, Dora delighted me by asking me to give her that cookery book I had once spoken of, and to show her how to keep accounts, as I had once promised I would. I brought the volume with me on my next visit (I got it prettily bound first, to make it look less dry and more inviting), and showed her an old housekeeping book of my aunt's, and gave her a set of tablets, and a pretty little pencil-case, and a box of leads, to practice housekeeping with.

But the cookery-book made Dora's head ache, and the figures made her cry. They wouldn't add up she said so she rubbed

them out, and drew little nosegays, and likenesses of me and Jip, all over the tablets.

Time went on, and at last, here in this hand of mine, I held the wedding license. There were the two names in the sweet old visionary connection,—David Copperfield and Dora Spenlow; and there in the corner there was that parental institution, the Stamp office, looking down upon our union; and there, in the printed form of words, was the Archbishop of Canterbury, invoking a blessing on us, and doing it as cheap as could possibly be expected.

I doubt whether two young birds could have known less about keeping house than I and my pretty Dora did. We had a servant, of course. *She* kept house for us.

We had an awful time of it with Mary Anne.

Her name was Paragon. Her nature was represented to us, when we engaged her, as being feebly expressed in her name. She had a written character as large as a proclamation, and according to this document could do everything of a domestic nature that ever I heard of, and a great many things that I never did hear of. She was a woman in the prime of life; of a severe countenance, and subject (particularly in the arms) to a sort of perpetual measles. She had a cousin in the Life Guards, with such long legs that he looked like the afternoon shadow of somebody else. She was warranted sober and honest; and I am therefore willing to believe that she was in a fit when we found her under the boiler, and that the deficient teaspoons were attributable to the dustman. She was the cause of our first little quarrel.

"My dearest life," I said one day to Dora, "do you think that Mary Anne has any idea of time?"

"Why, Doady?"

"My love, because its five, and we were to have dined at four."

My little wife came and sat upon my knee, to coax me to be quiet, and drew a line with her pencil down the middle of my nose; but I couldn't dine off that, though it was very agreeable.

"Don't you think, my dear, it would be better for you to remonstrate with Mary Anne?"

"Oh, no, please! I couldn't, Doady!"

"Why not, my love?"

"Oh, because I am such a little goose, and she knows I am!"

I thought this sentiment so incompatible with the establishment of any system of check on Mary Anne, that I frowned a little.

"My precious wife, we must be serious sometimes. Come! sit down on this chair, close beside me! Give me the pencil! There! Now let us talk sensibly. You know, dear,"—what a little hand it was to hold, and what a tiny wedding ring it was to see,—"you know, my love it is not exactly comfortable to have to go without one's dinner. Now is it?"

"N-n-no!" replied Dora, faintly.

"My love, how you tremble!"

"Because, I know you're going to scold me."

"My sweet, I am only going to reason."

"Oh, but reasoning is worse than scolding! I didn't marry to be reasoned with. If you meant to reason with such a poor little thing as I am, you ought to have told me, so you cruel boy!"

"Dora, my darling!"

"No, I am not your darling. Because you *must* be sorry that you married me, or else you wouldn't reason with me!"

I felt so injured by the inconsequential nature of this charge, that it gave me courage to be grave.

"Now, my own Dora, you are childish, and are talking nonsense. You must remember, I am sure, that I was obliged to go out yesterday when dinner was half over; and that, the day before, I was made quite unwell by being obliged to eat underdone veal in a hurry; to-day I don't dine at all, and I am afraid to say how long we waited for breakfast, and *then* the water didn't boil. I don't mean to reproach you, my dear, but this is not comfortable."

"Oh, you cruel, cruel boy, to say I am a disagreeable wife!"

"Now, my dear Dora, you must know that I never said that!"

"You said I wasn't comfortable!"

"I said the housekeeping was not comfortable!"

"It's exactly the same thing! and I wonder, I do, at your making such ungrateful speeches. When you know that the other day, when you said you would like a little bit of fish, I went out myself, miles and miles, and ordered it to surprise you."

"And it was very kind of you, my own darling; and I felt it so much that I wouldn't on any account have mentioned that you bought a salmon, which was too much for two; or that it cost one pound six, which was more than we can afford."

"You enjoyed it very much," sobbed Dora. "And you said I was a Mouse."

"And I'll say so again, my love, a thousand times!"

I said it a thousand times and more, and went on saying it until Mary Anne's cousin deserted into our coal-hole, and was brought out, to our great amazement, by a picket of his companions in arms, who took him away handcuffed in a procession that covered our front garden with disgrace.

Everybody, we had anything to do with, seemed to cheat us. Our appearance in a shop was a signal for the damaged goods to be brought out immediately. If we bought a lobster, it was full of water. All our meat turned out tough, and there was hardly any crust to our loaves.

As to the washerwoman pawning the clothes, and coming in a state of penitent intoxication to apologize, I suppose that might have happened several times to anybody. Also the chimney on fire, the parish engine, and perjury on the part of the beadle. But I apprehend we were personally unfortunate in our page, whose principal function was to quarrel with the cook. We wanted to get rid of him, but he was very much attached to us, and wouldn't go, until one day he stole Dora's watch, then he went.

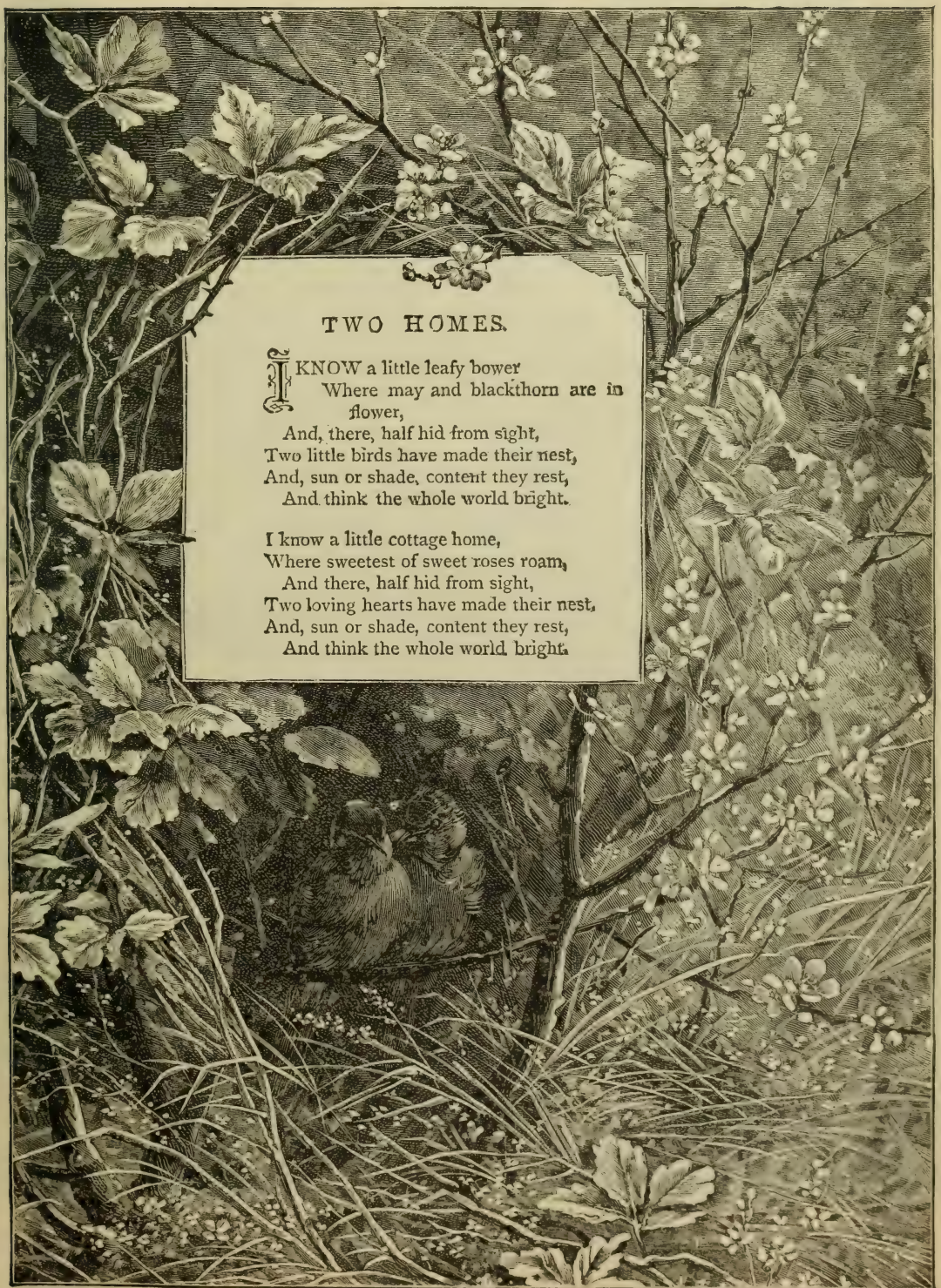
"I am very sorry for all this, Doady," said Dora. "Will you call me a name I want you to call me?"

"What is it, my dear?"

"It's a stupid name,—Child-wife. When you are going to be angry with me, say to yourself, 'It's only my Child-wife.' When I am very disappointing, say, 'I knew a long time ago, that she would make but a Child-wife.' When you miss what you would like me to be, and what I should like to be, and what I think I never can be, say, 'Still my foolish Child-wife loves me.' For indeed I do."

I invoke the innocent figure that I dearly loved to come out of the mists and shadows of the past, and to turn its gentle head towards me once again, and to bear witness that it was made happy by what I answered.

CHARLES DICKENS.



TWO HOMES.

I KNOW a little leafy bower
Where may and blackthorn are in flower,
And, there, half hid from sight,
Two little birds have made their nest,
And, sun or shade, content they rest,
And think the whole world bright.

I know a little cottage home,
Where sweetest of sweet roses roam,
And there, half hid from sight,
Two loving hearts have made their nest,
And, sun or shade, content they rest,
And think the whole world bright.

NEWS FROM HOME.

News From Home.

WHEN the heart is very dreary,
Growing sadly over-weary
Of the bonds that keep it lonely
Like a bird in wicker dome,
Comes a messenger most cheery,
Though it be a letter only,
For a mother wrote that "dearie,"
And it bringeth news from home.

"News from home!" oh, welcome letter!
Strong in power to break the fetter
That encircles her who labors
Far away from all held dear.
Yet it proves the proverb truly
Tells that joy and grief are neighbors
For from eyes that grow unruly
Slowly wells a glist'ning tear.

Present sorrows wings are taking,
Pleasant memories are waking,
And Life's sun bedecks with splendor
Her whom duty called to roam;
Yet the sympathy that's hidden
In those lines so sweet and tender
Makes the tears rise up unbidden
O'er the welcome "news from home."

THE HOME MULTIPLIES HAPPINESS.

THE road into happiness is always the road out of self. When one has no one for whom he cares more than for himself, the cup of his happiness is very small. The babe, only able to use a rattle, can have but little joy compared with its delight when it can pour itself out for some loved one. Other friendships than those of the family last with the sunshine. But into every life some rain must fall. Then, worn with the rude shocks against the rough world, one returns to his quiet family to be soothed and re-established in the eternal verities of fidelity and integrity. The comforts may be few, but so long as these are not placed above their true rank, and the deeper and abiding realities of the heart are emphasized, there is sure to come a flood of comfort that makes one ready for another strife with the world.

JOYS OF HOME.

SWEET are the joys of home,
And pure as sweet; for they
Like dews of morn and evening come,
To make and close the day

The world hath its delights,
And its delusions, too;
But home to calmer bliss invites,
More tranquil and more true.

The mountain flood is strong,
But fearful in its pride;
While gently rolls the stream along
The peaceful valley's side.

Life's charities, like light,
Spread smilingly afar;
But stars approached, become more bright,
And home is life's own star.

The pilgrim's step in vain
Seeks Eden's sacred ground!
But in home's holy joys again
An Eden may be found.

A glance of heaven to see,
To none on earth is given;
And yet a happy family
Is but an earlier heaven.

JOHN BOWRING.

THE HOME.

HOME begins now, as it began in Paradise, with the smallest number that can change solitude to society, and it embraces all the duties and relations that can be found in mighty states and long ages and countless millions. In the family are supremacy and subordination, dependence and support, discipline and indulgence, suffering and sympathy, independence and co-operation, weakness and strength, truthfulness and trust, self-denial and self-respect, unswerving honor and undying love. All these mutual relations take the simplest form in the family, and from the faithful observance of the mutual duties which they enjoin spring all the great virtues and glorious victories which build states and defend nations and enlighten the world. The purest and noblest elements of character are learned first and best in that most ancient and sacred school where love is the supreme law and experience is the wisest teacher and the highest happiness is found in making others happy.

Whoever has a heart must have a home. The affections are like the tendrils of the vine. They must have something to cling to, or they wither away and die. The weak need the courage and the protection of the strong, and the strong need the grace and gentleness of the weak. And when the two are bound to each other by ties of mutual affection, the deficiency of the one develops and adorns the excellence of the other, and the two are complete in one. The graceful scroll and the delicate leafage of the capital are a fitting crown for the massive column, and both unite in the perfect union of beauty and strength.

There was no love and no sympathy in Paradise, and the perfect life of the first man had not begun, until heart answered to heart and hand joined with hand in mutual grasp. This sacred and divine union is symbolized by all the forms and forces of nature. Everything goes by pairs and combinations. We have two eyes, but one sight; two ears, but no division of sound. The nerves of touch in the two hands carry one report to the brain. It takes two feet to perform the one act of walking, two classes of conductors to keep up the connection between mind and its material frame.

All modes and experiences of life are twofold, and one part is in correspondence with the other. Work and play, weariness and rest, sleeping and waking, pain and pleasure, laughing and weeping, hope and fear, joy and sorrow, are the two sides of one life, and to be complete in manhood we must have a capacity for both. The succession of day and night, heat and cold, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, is maintained by the perfect balancing of two forces, either of which acting separately would make the universe a desolation. Nothing is made to stand alone. If there be want in one place, there must be abundance in another. The existence of the demand proves the possibility of a supply. For God has made all things to be in correspondence, all forces and beings to act in harmony. The craving of the human heart for companionship proves that solitude is a violation of nature and that man was not meant to be alone.

The first divine and perfect society, that which God himself instituted and blessed in Paradise, is marriage, and it still exists as God's ordinance with the blessing of Paradise unrecalled. The fairest and fullest semblance of the best state of innocence and happiness still remaining on earth is to be found in a home where husband and wife keep the vow and covenant between them made, and ever abide in perfect love and peace together, so living in this life that in the world to come they may have life everlasting. You may travel to the ends of the earth in search of the lost Eden, and you will never find it, so long as you seek alone. It will come unsought to those who keep the humblest home in perfect love and peace together. The most of heaven is found by those who keep their own home as the first pair were appointed to keep their garden of delight—in love, obedience and trust.

The sacred permanency of the covenant of marriage is essential to its purity and a part of the divine ordinance which appointed the family to be the school of virtue, the sanctuary of faith and the home of affection for the world. The time of degeneracy and darkness and destruction has already come to a nation where home has lost its sacredness and man has learned lightly to put asunder those whom God hath solemnly joined together. True marriage is a spiritual union in which mind, thought, feeling, soul, conscience, affection, blend together to build up one pure, strong, harmonious and happy life. The higher nature selects the companion and seals the covenant, and thus continually refines and tranquilizes the impulses of passion.

Man is made more manly and woman more womanly by the divine covenant which makes them one in love and duty, in joy and sorrow, to the end of life's journey. Every blessing is increased by mutual participation, and the sting is plucked from the keenest sorrow by the touch of mutual affection. The coldness and isolation of the world give place to tenderness and sympathy. Feeling and interest, preference and pleasure, self-denial and duty, flow in the same channel and give strength and beauty to common life. So God sets the solitary in families that they may enrich and adorn earthly homes with the peace and tranquillity of heaven. The family is the training-school for that blessed society where love is the sole law and all are children in the home of one Father.

Marriage was needed to complete the life and being of the sinless and the happy. Much more is it needed to protect and purify the life of the fallen and afflicted. The whole mental, moral and physical constitution of man is a revelation of God's will and way of guiding, instructing, ennobling and perfecting his earthly children. Whoever would expand and exalt his own nature must do it in God's appointed way, in accordance with the constitution and laws of his own being. He must enter into that most ancient and sacred society which was ordained before sin was in the world, and which is still God's chosen instrument for bringing his earthly children back to the lost happiness of Eden. Anything which throws discredit upon that divine ordinance stands in the way of the highest improvement of the human race. The divine displeasure must rest upon all those social usages, modes of living, tastes, habits and opinions which unfit and indispose men and women to enter into the holy society of the family, and leave them to pursue the journey of life companionless and alone.

DANIEL MARCH, D. D.

HOME, THE CRADLE OF THE VIRTUES.

THE home is the cradle of the great virtues. The church was organized in the family. The power to command his household and his children after him was the spring of Abraham's call to be the Father of the faithful and founder of the church. There is one bond that encircles earth and heaven. It is woven from the most tender longings and hunger of the human heart. It binds the humblest home on earth to the Home of our Father on high. It domesticates the angels in cabins. The love of mother is often the last cable that holds a youth to his moorings. Beaten upon by the storm of his passions, every other stay gives way. Every other anchor drags. But the love of mother that was dropped deep into his soul's substance before he got out of the nursery, holds. While that holds, he is almost certain to outride the wildest gales. So the Home which is the sanctuary where this spirit presides, is a perpetual protection. It is an ark floating with us down the tide of the years. It carries the virtues that make the citizen, and the inspiration that develops the saint. It is not merely a shelter from the storm, it is also a workshop, where the grandest characters are built. It is a pre-eminent opportunity for the achievement of good. To miss this chief purpose of the home is, to lower its grade.

A SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

FROM "THIRD PART OF HENRY VI.," ACT II. SC. 5.

KING HENRY. O God! methinks, it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many makes the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:—
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Passed over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?

SHAKESPEARE.

A GODLY HOME.

ARE you not surprised to find how independent of money peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed in the humblest home? A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodations of a mansion; but if God be there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as might stock a palace.

DR. J. HAMILTON.

HOME.

CLING to thy home! if there the meanest shed
Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thy head,
And some poor plot, with vegetables stored,
Be all that Heaven allots thee for thy board,—
Unsavory bread, and herbs that scattered grow
Wild on the river brink or mountain brow,
Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide
More heart's repose than all the world beside.

From the Greek of LEONIDAS, by ROBERT BLAND.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

WHAT is it fades and flickers in the fire,
Mutters and sighs, and yields reluctant breath,
As if in the red embers some desire,
Some word prophetic burned, defying death?

Lords of the forest, stalwart oak and pine,
Lie down for us in flames of martyrdom:
A human, household warmth, their death fires shine;
Yet fragrant with high memories they come.

Bringing the mountain-winds that in their boughs
Sang of the torrent, and the plashy edge
Of storm-swept lakes; and echoes that arouse
The eagles from a splintered eyrie ledge;

And breath of violets sweet about their roots;
And earthy odors of the moss and fern;
And hum of rivulets; smell of ripening fruits;
And green leaves that to gold and crimson turn.

What clear Septembers fade out in a spark!
What rare Octobers drop with every coal!
Within these costly ashes, dumb and dark,
Are hid spring's budding hope, and summer's soul.

Pictures far lovelier smoulder in the fire,
Visions of friends who walked among these trees,
Whose presence, like the free air, could inspire
A winged life and boundless sympathies.

Eyes with a glow like that in the brown beech,
When sunset through its autumn beauty shines;
Or the blue gentian's look of silent speech,
To heaven appealing as earth's light declines;

Voices and steps forever fled away
From the familiar glens, the haunted hills,—
Most pitiful and strange it is to stay
Without you in a world your lost love fills.

Do you forget us,—under Eden trees,
Or in full sunshine on the hills of God,—
Who miss you from the shadow and the breeze,
And tints and perfumes of the woodland sod?

Dear, for your sake the fireside where we sit
Watching these sad, bright pictures come and go;
That waning years are with your memory lit
Is the one lonely comfort that we know.

Is it all memory? Lo, these forest-boughs
Burst on the hearth into fresh leaf and bloom;
Waft a vague, far-off sweetness through the house,
And give close-walls the hillside's breathing-room.

A second life, more spiritual than the first,
They find,—a life won only out of death.
O sainted souls, within you still is nursed
For us a flame not fed by mortal breath.

Unseen, ye bring to us, who love and wait,
Wafts from the heavenly hills, immortal air;
No flood can quench your hearts' warmth, or abate;
Ye are our gladness, here and everywhere.

LUCY LARCOM.

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

I HAE seen great anes and sat in great ha's,
'Mang lords and fine ladies a' covered wi' braws,
At feasts made for princes wi' princes I've been,
When the grand shine o' splendor has dazzled my een:
But a sight sae delightfu' I trow I ne'er spied
As the bonny blithe blink o' my ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O, cheery's the blink 'o my ain fireside;
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O, there's naught to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

Ance mair, Gude be thankit, round my ain heartsome ingle,
Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle;
Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,
I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.
Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer;
Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,

There's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O, there's naught to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

When I draw in my stool on my cozy hearth-stane,
My heart loups sae light I scarce ken't for my ain;
Care's down on the wind, it is clean out o' sight,
Past troubles they seem but as dreams o' the night.
I hear but kend voices, kend faces I see,
And mark saft affection glent frae ilk ee;
Nae fleechings o' flattery, nae boastings o' pride,
'T is heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O, there's naught to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

A SONG FOR HEARTH AND HOME.

DARK is the night, and fitful and drearily
Rushes the wind like the waves of the sea;
Little care I, as here I sit cheerily,
Wife at my side and my baby on knee.
King, king, crown me the king:
Home is the kingdom, and Love is the king!

Flashes the firelight upon the dear faces,
Dearer and dearer and onward we go,
Forces the shadow behind us, and places
Brightness around us with warmth in the glow.
King, king, crown me the king:
Home is the kingdom, and Love is the king!

Flashes the lovelight, increasing the glory,
Beaming from bright eyes with warmth of the soul,
Telling of trust and content the sweet story,
Lifting the shadows that over us roll.
King, king, crown me the king:
Home is the kingdom, and Love is the king!

Richer than miser, with perishing treasure,
Served with a service no conquest could bring;
Happy with fortune that words cannot measure,
Light-hearted I on the hearthstone can sing.
King, king, crown me the king:
Home is the kingdom, and Love is the king!

WILLIAM R. DURYEA.

A WINTER-EVENING HYMN TO MY FIRE.

O THOU of home the guardian Lar,
And, when our earth hath wandered far
Into the cold, and deep snow covers
The walks of our New England lovers,
Their sweet secluded evening-star!
'Twas with thy rays the English Muse
Ripened her mild domestic hues;
'T was by thy flicker that she conned
The fireside wisdom that enrings
With light from heaven familiar things;
By thee she found the homely faith
In whose mild eyes thy comfort stay'th,
When Death, extinguishing his torch,
Gropes for the latch-string in the porch;
The love that wanders not beyond
His earliest nest, but sits and sings
While children smooth his patient wings:
Therefore with thee I love to read
Our brave old poets: at thy touch how stirs
Life in the withered words! how swift recede
Time's shadows! and how glows again
Through its dead mass the incandescent verse,
As when upon the anvils of the brain
It glittering lay, cyclopically wrought
By the fast-throbbing hammers of the poet's thought!
Thou murmurest, too, divinely stirred,
The aspirations unattained,
The rhythms so rathe and delicate,
They bent and strained
And broke, beneath the sombre weight
Of any airiest mortal word.

What warm protection dost thou bend
Round curtained talk of friend with friend,
While the gray snow-storm, held aloof,
To softest outline rounds the roof,
Or the rude North with baffled strain
Shoulders the frost-starred window pane!
Now the kind nymph to Bacchus borne
By Morpheus' daughter, she that seems

HOME PLEASURES.

Gifted upon her natal morn
By him with fire — by her with dreams,
Nicotia, dearer to the Muse
Than all the grapes' bewildering juice,
We worship, unforbid of thee;
And, as her incense floats and curls
In airy spires and wayward whirls,
Or poises on its tremulous stalk
A flower of frailest revery,
So winds and loiters, idly free,
The current of unguided talk,
Now laughter-rippled, and now caught
In smooth dark pools of deeper thought.
Meanwhile thou mellowest every word,
A sweetly unobtrusive third;
For thou hast magic beyond wine,
To unlock natures each to each;
The unspoken thought thou canst divine;
Thou fill'st the pauses of the speech
With whispers that to dream-land reach,
And frozen fancy-springs unchain
In Arctic outskirts of the brain;
Sun of all inmost confidences,
To thy rays doth the heart unclose
Its formal calyx of pretences,
That close against rude day's offences,
And open its shy midnight rose!

. . . . . .

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I KNEW BY THE SMOKE THAT SO GRACEFULLY CURLED.

I KNEW by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that is humble might hope for it here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languished around
In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And "Here in this lone little wood," I exclaimed,
"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
Who would blush when I praised her, and weep if I blamed,
How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!

"By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
And know that I sighed upon innocent lips,
Which had never been sighed on by any but mine!"

THOMAS MOORE.

A HOME.

WHAT is a home? A guarded space
Wherein a few, unfairly blest
Shall sit together, face to face,
And bask and purr, and be at rest?

Where cushioned walls rise up between
Its inmates and the common air,
The common pain, and pad, and screen
From blows of fate or winds of care?

Where Art may blossom strong and free,
And Pleasure furl her silken wing,
And every laden moment be
A precious and peculiar thing?

And past and future, softly veiled
In hiding mists, shall float and lie
Forgotten half, and unassailed
By either Hope or Memory.

While the luxurious Present weaves
Her perfumed spells untried, untrue,
'Broiders her garments, heaps her sheaves,
All for the pleasure of a few?

Can it be this—the longed-for thing
Which wanderers on the restless foam,
Unsheltered beggars, birds on wing
Aspire to, dream of, christen "Home?"

No. Art may bloom, and peace and bliss,
Grief may refrain and Death forget;
But if there be no more than this
The soul of home is wanting yet.

Dim image from far glory caught,
Fair type of fairer things to be,

The true home rises in our thought
As beacon for all men to see.

Its lamps burn freely in the night;
Its fire-glows unchidden shed
Their cheering and abounding light
On homeless folk uncomforted.

Each sweet and secret thing within
Gives out a fragrance on the air—
A thankful breath sent forth to win
A little smile from others' care.

The few, they bask in closer heat;
The many catch the further ray.
Life higher seems, the world more sweet,
And hope and Heaven less far away.

So the old miracle anew
Is wrought on earth and proved good,
And crumbs apportioned for a few,
God-blessed, suffice a multitude.

SUSAN COOLEDGE.

FAMILY LIFE A TEST OF PIETY.

IT is in the family life that a man's piety gets tested. Let the husband be cross and surly, giving a snap here and a cuff there, and see how out of sorts everything gets! The wife grows cold and unamiable, too. Both are tuned on one key. They vibrate in unison, giving tone for tone, rising in harmony or discord together. The children grow up saucy, and savage as young bears. The father becomes callous, peevish, hard, a kind of two-legged brute with clothes on. The wife bristles in self-defence. They develop an unnatural growth and sharpness of teeth; and the house is haunted by ugliness and domestic brawls.

Is that what God meant the family to be—He who made it a place for love to build her nest in, and where kindness and sweet courtesy might come to their finest manifestations? The divine idea can be realized. There is sunshine enough in the world to warm all. Why will not men come out of their caves to enjoy it? Some men make it a point to treat every other man's wife well but their own,—have smiles for all but their kindred. Strange, pitiable picture of human weakness, when those we love best are treated worst; when courtesy is shown to all save our friends! If one must be rude to any, let it be to some one he does not love—not to wife, sister, brother or parent.

Let one of our loved ones be taken away, and memory recalls a thousand sayings to regret. Death quickens recollection painfully. The grave can not hide the white faces of those who sleep. The coffin and the green mound are cruel magnets. They draw us farther than we would go. They force us to remember. A man never sees so far into human life as when he looks over a wife's or mother's grave. His eyes get wondrous clear then, and he sees as never before what it is to love and be loved; what it is to injure the feelings of the loved.

GOLDEN RULE.

A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew:
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze
And point with taper spire to heaven.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE LOVE OF HOME.

AND let me linger in this place for an instant to remark, if ever household affections and loves are graceful things, they are graceful in the poor. The ties that bind the wealthy and the proud to home may be forged on earth, but those which link the poor man to his humble hearth are of the truer material and bear the stamp of Heaven. The man of high descent may love the halls and lands of his inheritance as a part of himself; as trophies of his birth and power: his associations with them are associations of pride, and wealth and triumph: the poor man's attachment to the tenement he holds, which strangers have held before, and may to-morrow occupy again, has a worthier root, struck deep into a purer soil. His household gods are of flesh and blood, with no alloy of silver, gold or precious stones; he has no property but in the affections of his own heart; and when they endear bare floors and walls, despite of rags and toil and scanty fare, that man has his love of home from God, and his rude hut becomes a solemn place.

Oh! if those who rule the destinies of nations would but remember this—if they would but think how hard it is for the very poor to have engendered in their hearts that love of home from which all domestic virtues spring, when they live in dense and squalid masses where social decency is lost, or rather never found,—if they would but turn aside from the wide thoroughfares and great houses, and strive to improve the wretched dwellings in by-ways, where only poverty may walk,—many low roofs would point more truly to the sky, than the loftiest steeple that now rears proudly up from the midst of guilt and crime, and horrible disease to mock them by its contrast. In hollow voices from workhouse, hospital and jail, this truth is preached from day to day, and has been proclaimed for years. It is no light matter—no outcry from the working vulgar—no mere question of the people's health and comforts that may be whistled down on Wednesday nights. In love of home, the love of country has its rise; and who are the truer patriots, or the better in time of need—those who venerate the land, owning its wood, and stream, and earth, and all that they produce—or those who love their country, boasting not a foot of ground in all its wide domain?

CHARLES DICKENS.

DEFINITION OF HOME.

HOME is the one place in all this world where hearts are sure of each other. It is the place of confidence. It is the place where we tear off that mask of guarded and suspicious coldness which the world forces us to wear in self-defence, and where we pour out the unreserved communications of full and confiding hearts. It is the spot where expressions of tenderness gush out without any sensation of awkwardness, and without any dread of ridicule.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

MY boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam,
And thou must go, but never when there
Forget the light of Home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
It dazzles to lead astray;
Like the meteor's flash 't will deepen the night,
When thou treadest the lonely way.

But the hearth of Home has a constant flame,
And pure as vestal fire;
'T will burn, 't will burn forever the same,
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest-tost,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam;

But when sails are shivered, and rudder lost,
Then look to the light of Home:—

And then like a star through the midnight cloud
Thou shalt see the beacon bright,
For never, till shining on thy shroud,
Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame?—'t will gild the name,
But the heart ne'er felt its ray;
And fashion's smiles that rich ones claim,
Are but beams of a wintry day.

And how cold and dim these beams must be,
Should life's wretched wanderer come!
But my boy, when the world is dark to thee,
Then turn to the light of Home.

SARAH HALE.

HOME.

OVER dark fields, and rivers deep and cold,
And fen-land waste and drear,
Flies the glad message on a wire of gold,
"Home and true hearts are here!"

Fain would I hide me from the icy blast,
But yet it may not be;
So, with averted eyes, I hurry past
The firelight and the glee—

Home! gasps my home-sick spirit, and I bound
Onward and onward still;
Glad when in distance dies the siren sound,
That might have warped my will.

And as at length I fling the wintry gloom
And perils far behind;
The twinkling point becomes a fire-lit room,
And rest, and peace of mind.

And happy faces, and a loyal wife,
Whose pulses ever beat
One tune amid the treacherous chords of life,
Unchanging, true and sweet.

So, from the lattice in the sapphire keep,
(Where lie the treasures true)
A line of glory threads the mazy deep,
A voice comes out to woo.

Pure is the lamp that guides our feet on high,
And sweet the gentle call,
So soft around Love's silken fetters lie,
There is no sense of thrall,

As to one goal we move, a pilgrim band,
Chastened by tears and pain,
Thorns hedging up the way on either hand,
Lest we should run in vain.

G. S. OUTRAM.

HOME AGAIN.

HOME again; mother, your boy will rest
For a time, at least, in the old home nest
How good to see you in your cornered nook
With knitting, or sewing, or paper, or book,
The same sweet mother my boyhood knew,
The faithful, the patient, the tender and true.

You have little changed; ah, well maybe
A few gray hairs in the brown I see;
A mark or two, under smiling eyes,
So lovingly bent in your glad surprise;
'Tis I who have changed; ah, mother mine,
From a teasing lad, to manhood's prime.

No longer I climb on your knee at night
For a story told in the soft firelight;
No broken slate or book all torn,
Do I bring to you with its edges worn:
But I'll come to you with my graver cares,
You'll help me bear them with tender prayers.

I'll come again as of old—and you
Will help the man to be brave and true;
For the man's the boy, only older grown,
And the world has many a stumbling stone.
Ah, mother mine, there is always rest
When I find you here in the old home nest.

ABBIE C. M'KEEVER.

WE CAN MAKE HOME HAPPY.

THOUGH we may not change the cottage
For a mansion tall and grand,
Or exchange a little grass-plat
For a boundless stretch of land—
Yet there's something brighter, dearer,
Than the wealth we'd thus command.

Though we have no means to purchase
Costly pictures, rich and rare—
Though we have no silken hangings
For the walls so cold and bare—

We can hang them o'er with garlands,
For flowers bloom everywhere.

We can always make home cheerful,
If the right course we begin;
We can make its inmates happy,
And their truest blessings win;
It will make the small room brighter
If we let the sunlight in.

We can gather round the fireside
When the evening hours are long;
We can blend our hearts and voices
In a happy social song;
We can guide some erring brother,
Lead him from the path of wrong.

We may fill our home with music,
And with sunshine brimming o'er,
If against all dark intruders
We will firmly close the door—
Yet should evil shadows enter,
We must love each other more.

There are treasures for the lowly
Which the grandest fail to find;
There is a chain of sweet affection
Binding friends of kindred mind—
We may reap the choicest blessings
From the poorest lot assigned.

A PICTURE.

THE farmer sat in his easy-chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife, with busy care,
Was clearing the dinner away;
A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face;
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Had sat in the self-same place.
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,
"Don't smoke!" said the child; "how it makes you cry!"

The house-dog lay stretched out on the floor,
Where the shade after noon used to steal;
The busy old wife, by the open door,
Was turning the spinning-wheel;
And the old brass clock on the mantle-tree
Had plodded along to almost three.

Still the farmer sat in his easy-chair,
While close to his heaving breast
The moistened brow and the cheek so fair
Of his sweet grandchild were pressed;
His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay:
Fast asleep were they both, that summer day!

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

HEART-REST.

FROM "PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE."

THE heart of man, walk it which way it will,
Sequestered or frequented, smooth or rough,
Down the deep valley amongst tinkling flocks,
Or mid the clang of trumpets and the march
Of clattering ordnance, still must have its halt,
Its hour of truce, its instant of repose,
Its inn of rest; and craving still must seek
The food of its affections—still must slake
Its constant thirst of what is fresh and pure,
And pleasant to behold.

HENRY TAYLOR.

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mixed; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

ALEXANDER POPE.

HOME RELIGION.

A HOUSE may be full of persons who are very dear to each other, very kind to each other; full of precious things,—affections hopes, living interests; but if God is not there as the Ruler and Father of the House, the original and true idea of home will not be realized; vacancy and need will still be at the heart of all. Good things will grow feebly and uncertainly, like flowers in winter, trying to peep out into the sunshine, yet shrinking from the blast. Evil things will grow with strange persistency, notwithstanding protests of the affections and efforts of the will. Mysterious gulfs will open at times where it was thought strong foundations had been laid. Little things will produce great distress. Great things, when attained, will shrink to littleness. Flickerings of uncertainty and fear will run along the days. Joys will not satisfy. Sorrow will surprise.

In the very heart of the godless home there will be sickness, arising from need unsatisfied and "hope deferred." It will be as when a man of ingenuity tries in vain to put together the separated parts of a complicated piece of mechanism. He tries in this way and that, puts the pieces into every conceivable mode of arrangement, then at last stops, and says: "There must be a piece wanting."

Home without Divine presence is at best a moral structure with the central element wanting. The other elements may be arranged and re-arranged; they will never exactly fit, nor be "compact together," until it is obtained. We have heard of haunted houses. That house will be haunted with the ghost of an unrealized idea. It will seem to its most thoughtful inmates at best but "the shadow of some good thing to come;" and the longing for the substance will be the more intense, because the shadow, as a providential prophecy, is always there.

In many a house there is going on, by means of those quick spiritual sighs by which One above can read, what we may call a dialogue of souls, composed chiefly of unspoken questions, which, if articulate, might be something like the following:—"How is it that we cannot be to each other as we wish, that we cannot do for each other what we try, even when it seems to be quite within the range of possibility? Why is there such a sorrow in our affection? such a trembling in our joys? so great a fear of change, and so profound a sense of incompleteness in connection with the very best we can do and be?"

And what is the answer to such mute yet eager questionings? And who can speak that answer? That One above who hears the dialogue must take part in it; and all must listen while he speaks, and tells of another fatherhood, under which the parents must become little children, of another brotherhood which, when attained, will make the circle complete. When the members of such a household, who have been looking so much to each other, shall agree to give one earnest look above, and say, "Our Father, which art in heaven!" "our elder Brother, and Advocate with the Father!" then will come back, sweet as music, into the heart of that house, these fulfilling words from the everlasting Father, "Ye shall be my sons and daughters;" from the eternal Son, "Behold my mother and sister and brother!" Then the one thing that was lacking will be present. The missing element will be in its place, and all the other elements will be assembled around it. It is a haunted house no more. The ghost has been chased away. The house is wholesome. Mornings are welcome.—Nights are restful. The aching sorrow has passed away now from the heart of that home. The long-sought secret is revealed. Soul whispers to soul, "Emmanuel, God with us." Home is home at last.

MOTHER'S TREASURY.

THE HOME BUILDS THE HOUSE.

THE divine idea of home-life types the building. There is something in every germ of life which determines its form. Time and opportunity bring out only this ideal. The germ of a kernel of barley can be matured, not into a stalk and head of wheat, but into a stalk and head of barley. The germs of the fish and of the bird and of man are, at certain stages of development, indistinguishable. But there is always present a superintending spiritual power, too subtle for our microscopes and chemistries, and determines what form each shall wear. The fish grows into a fish. The bird becomes a bird. The man matures into a man. Each obeys its inner bias. Thus the inner instinct, or thought of the home, fashions the house. Its apartments grow upon this stalk. From the kitchen where the animal is fed, the nursery where the training is ordered, the chamber where the recuperative forces are stored, the sitting room where the social life is nourished, to the reception room or parlor, where the life of society is met and mastered—all these grow about the deeper idea of home. It is this subtle and powerful spirit, born out of the innermost heart, that invariably locates the home where the heart is. The settler's cabin and the peasant's hut, clothed with this inspiration from the heart, become centers of comfort and contentment that time is unable to drive from the mind. Life rises out of this inspiration to its highest values. Thus the home becomes the measure of a nation's stability. A tramp may become a hired soldier, but he can hardly rise to the promptings of patriotism. His life has too little in it to be worth much defending. His life is cheap. He waits for whatever may happen. When a man has a home he becomes immediately interested in the peace of the community. He has given hostages against mobs. It is important for him that the pavement stones should keep their places, and not go flying through the air. Both heads and windows acquire a sacredness from those in which he is interested. A man without a home has little motive for standing against public perils. If a land does not furnish a man so much as a home, he can drift away when it becomes dangerous to remain anchored. Fill any land with good homes, and it must be a good place in which to live. It is one peculiarity of the Anglo-Saxon peoples that they abound in homes The walls about the hearth shut out all the world, and shut in a kingdom. This is the fort; keep it clean and free, and religion will thrive and liberty will dwell in the land forever.

TWO PICTURES.

AN old farm-house with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day:
"O, if I could but fly away
From this dull spot, the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who, mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long:
"O, could I only tread once more
The field-path to the farm-house door,
The old, green meadow could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

ANNIE D. GREEN (*Marian Douglas.*)

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

LET others seek for empty joys,
At ball, or concert, rout or play;
Whilst, far from Fashion's idle noise,
Her gilded domes and trappings gay,
I while the wintry eve away,
'Twixt book and lute the hours divide;
And marvel how I e'er could stray
From thee—my own fireside!

My own fireside! Those simple words
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise;
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
And fill with tears of joy mine eyes.
What is there my wild heart can prize,
That doth not in thy sphere abide;
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
My own—my own fireside!

A gentle form is near me now;
A small, white hand is clasped in mine;
I gaze upon her placid brow,
And ask, what joys can equal thine?
A babe, whose beauty's half divine,
In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide;
Where may Love seek a fitter shrine
Than thou—my own fireside?

What care I for the sullen roar
Of winds without, that ravage earth;
It doth but bid me prize the more
The shelter of thy hallowed hearth:—
To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth;
Then let the churlish tempest chide,
It cannot check the blameless mirth
That gladdens my own fireside!

My refuge ever from the storm
Of this world's passion, strife, and care;
Though thunder-clouds the skies deform,
Their fury cannot reach me there;
There all is cheerful, calm, and fair;
Wrath, Envy, Malice, Strife, or Pride,
Hath never made its hated lair
By thee—my own fireside!

Thy precincts are a charmed ring,
Where no harsh feeling dares intrude;
Where life's vexations lose their sting;
Where even grief is half subdued;
And Peace, the halcyon, loves to brood
Then let the world's proud fool deride;
I'll pay my debt of gratitude
To thee—my own fireside!

Shrine of my household deities;
Bright scene of home's unsullied joys;
To thee my burdened spirit flies,
When Fortune frowns, or Care annoys!
Thine is the bliss that never cloys;
The smile whose truth hath oft been tried;
What, then, are this world's tinsel toys,
To thee—my own fireside!

Oh, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
Thus ever guide my wandering feet
To thy heart-soothing sanctuary!
Whate'er my future years may be,
Let joy or grief my fate betide;
Be still an Eden bright to me,
My own—my own fireside!

ALARIC A. WATTS.

A HAPPY HOME DEFINED.

SIX things are requisite to create a happy home. Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, and lightened up with cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessings of God.

REV. DR. HAMILTON.

THE HOME DEVELOPS CHARACTER.

THE family is the oldest school known among men. Its molding and educating work begins in that university where the mother's lap is the recitation room, the mother is the professor, and the mother's eye is the text-book. Schools come as public examinations, to determine or show how much the pupil has learned elsewhere. The Church is an afterthought. The family furnishes the elements out of which later character and knowledge are constructed. Other means

of influence and instruction touch the soul in spots, but the family furnishes an enveloping atmosphere, that presses upon the absorbing faculties at every point and through every moment. It is too easy to trace family marks through successive generations. Blood runs in channels prepared by nature, but these channels may be reversed or broken over. A given amount of capacity, that is, so much blood and so much brain, may be brought by opposite environments to results as widely separated as the opposite poles of the moral universe. The man with a brogue in his speech, and a club in his hand, and a low passion in his heart, may differ from the statesman with a richness in his accents, and the reins of government in his hands, and a universal philanthropy in his heart, only by so much as the influences of the family in which his capacities were surrounded.

COME HOME.

COME home, come home And where is home for me,
Whose ship is driving o'er the trackless sea?
To the frail bark here plunging on its way,
To the wild waters, shall I turn and say,
To the plunging bark, or to the salt sea foam,
You are my home?

Fields once I walked in, faces once I knew,
Familiar things so old my heart believed them true,
These far, far back behind me lie; before
The dark clouds mutter, and the deep seas roar,
And speak to them that 'neath and o'er them roam
No words of home.

Beyond the clouds, beyond the waves that roar,
There may indeed, or may not be, a shore,
Where fields as green, and hands and hearts as true,
The old forgotten semblance may renew,
And offer exiles driven far o'er the salt sea foam
Another home.

But toil and pain must wear out many a day,
And days bear weeks, and weeks bear months away,
Ere, if at all, the weary traveler hear,
With accents whispered in his wayworn ear,
A voice he dares to listen to, say, Come
To thy true home.

Come home, come home! And where a home hath he,
Whose ship is driving o'er the driving sea?
Through clouds that mutter, and o'er waves that roar,
Say, shall we find, or shall we not a shore
That is, as is not ship or ocean foam,
Indeed our home?

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

HOME.

FROM "THE TRAVELER."

BUT where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessing even.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

OUR COUNTRY AND OUR HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride;
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores

The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of Nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely bless'd,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend.
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that *land*—that *spot of earth* be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
Oh! thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

HOME—A DUET.

HE.

DOST thou love wandering? whither wouldst thou go?
Dreamest thou, sweet daughter, of a land more fair?
Dost thou not love these aye-blue streams that flow?
These spicy forests? and this golden air?

SHE.

Oh, yes! I love the woods and streams so gay,
And more than all, O father! I love *thee;*
Yet would I fain be wandering far away,
Where such things never were, nor e'er shall be.

HE.

Speak, mine own daughter, with the sun-bright locks,
To what pale banished nation wouldst thou roam?

SHE.

O father, let us find our frozen rocks!
Let's seek that country of all countries—Home!

HE.

See'st thou these orange flowers! this palm that rears
Its head up tow'rds Heaven's blue and cloudless dome?

SHE.

I dream, I dream, mine eyes are hid in tears,
My heart is wandering round our ancient home.

HE.

Why, then, we'll go. Farewell, ye tender skies,
Who shelter'd us when we were forced to roam.

SHE.

On, on! Let's pass the swallow as he flies!
Farewell, kind land! Now, father, *now* for Home!

BARRY CORNWALL.

MY WIFE AND CHILD.

THE tattoo beats—the lights are gone,
The camp around in slumber lies;
The night with solemn pace moves on,
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, O dearest one,
Whose love my earthly life hath blest—
Of thee and him—our baby son—
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast;
God of the tender, frail, and lone,
Oh, guard the gentle sleepers' rest.

And hover, gently hover near,
To her whose watchful eye is wet—
To mother-wife—the double dear,
In whose young heart have freshly met
Two streams of love so deep and clear—
And cheer her drooping spirits yet.

Now, while she kneels before Thy throne,
Oh, teach her, Ruler of the skies,
That while by Thy behest alone
Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise,
No tear is wept to Thee unknown,
No hair is lost, no sparrow dies.

"STONEWALL" JACKSON.

HOME AFFECTION.

FFECTION does not beget weakness, nor is it effeminate for a brother to be tenderly attached to his sisters. That boy will make the noblest, the bravest man. On the battle-field, in many terrible battles during our late horrible war, I always noticed that those boys who had been reared under the tenderest home culture always made the best soldiers. They were always brave, always endured the severe hardships of camp, the march, or on the bloody field most silently, and were most dutiful at every call. More, much more, they resisted the frightful temptations that so often surrounded them, and seldom returned to their loved ones stained with the sins incident to war. Another point, they were always kind and polite to those whom they met in the enemy's country. Under their protection, woman was always safe. How often I have heard one regiment compared with another, when the cause of the difference was not comprehended by those who drew the comparison! I knew the cause, it was the home education.

We see the same every day in the busy life of the city. Call together one hundred young men in our city, and spend an evening with them, and we will tell you their home education. Watch them as they approach young ladies, and converse with them, and we will show you who have been trained under the influence of home affection and politeness, and those who have not.

That young man who was accustomed to kiss his sweet, innocent, loving sister night and morning as they met, shows its influence upon him, and he will never forget it, and when he shall take some one to his heart as his wife, she shall reap the golden fruit thereof. The young man who was in the habit of giving his arm to his sister as they walked to and from church, will never leave his wife to find her way as best she can. The young man who has been taught to see that his sister had a seat before he sought his, will never mortify a neglected wife in the presence of strangers. And that young man who always handed his sister to her chair at the table, will never have cause to blush as he sees some gentleman extend to his wife the courtesy she knows is due from him.

Mothers and daughters, wives and sisters, remember that, and remember that you have the making of the future of this great country, and rise at once to your high and holy duty. Remember that you must make that future, whether you will or not. We are all what you make us. Ah! throw away your weakening follies of fashion, and soul-famine, and rise to the level where God intended you should be, and make every one of your homes, from this day, schools of true politeness and tender affection. Take those little curly-headed boys, and teach them all you would have men to be, and my word for it, they will be just such men, and will go forth to bless the world, and crown you with a glory such as queens and empresses never dreamed of. Wield your power now, and you shall reap the fruit in your ripe age.

H. C. DANE.

WHEN I COME HOME.

AROUND me Life's hell of fierce ardors burns,
When I come home, when I come home;
Over me Heaven with her starry heart yearns,
When I come home, when I come home;
For the feast of God 's garnisht;—the palace of Night
At a thousand star-windows is throbbing with light.
London makes mirth! but I know God hears
The sobs in the dark and the dropping of tears.
For I feel that He listens, down Night's great dome,
When I come home, when I come home,
Home, home; when I come home,
Far in the night when I come home.

I walk under Night's triumphal arch,
When I come home, when I come home,
Exulting with life, like a conqueror's march,
When I come home, when I come home.
I pass by the rich-chamber'd mansions that shine,
Overflowing with splendor like goblets with wine.
I have fought, I have vanquisht the dragon of Toil,
And before me my golden Hesperides smile!
And oh! but Love's flowers make rich the gloam,
When I come home, when I come home.

O the sweet merry mouths upturn'd to be kist,
When I come home, when I come home!
How the younglings yearn from the hungry nest,
When I come home, when I come home!
My weary worn heart into sweetness is stirr'd,
And it dances and sings like a singing bird
On the branch nighest heaven—a-top of my life;
As I clasp thee, my winsome, wooing wife!
And thy pale cheek, with rich tender passion doth bloom,
When I come home, when I come home,
Home, home, when I come home,
Far in the night when I come home.

Clouds furl off the shining face of my life,
When I come home, when I come home;
And leave heaven bare on thy bosom, sweet wife,
When I come home, when I come home.
With her smiling energies—faith, warm and bright—
With love glorified and serenely alight—
With her womanly beauty and queenly calm,
She steals to my heart with her blessing of balm;
And oh, but the wine of Love sparkles with foam,
When I come home, when I come home!
Home, home, when I come home!
Far in the night when I come home.

GERALD MASSEY.

CHEERFULNESS OF HOME.

A MAN'S house should be on the hill-top of cheerfulness and serenity, so high, that no shadows rest upon it, and where the morning comes so early, and the evening tarries so late, that the day has twice as many golden hours as those of other men. He is to be pitied whose house is in some valley of grief between the hills, with the longest night and the shortest day. Home should be the centre of joy, equatorial and tropical.

H. W. BEECHER.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

FROM THE OPERA OF "CLARI, THE MAID OF MILAN.

MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain:
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly that came at my call;—
Give me them,—and the peace of mind dearer than all!
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

C. C. SOMERVILLE.

In the spring of 1863 two great armies were encamped on either side of the Rappahannock river, one dressed in blue and the other in gray. As twilight fell the bands on the Union side began to play, "The Star Spangled Banner," and "Rally Round the Flag." The challenge was taken up by those on the other side, and they responded with the "Bonnie Blue Flag," and "Away Down South in Dixie." It was borne upon the soul of a single soldier in one of those bands of music to begin a sweeter, more tender air, and slowly as he played it all the instruments upon the Union side joined in, until finally a great and mighty chorus swelled up and down the army—"Home, Sweet Home." When they had finished there was no challenge yonder, for every band upon that further shore had taken up the lovely air, and one chorus of the two great hosts went up to God.

It was this incident which inspired the following poem:

The sun had dropped into the distant west,
The cannons ceased to roar, which tells of rest,
Rest from the shedding of a nation's blood,
Rest to lay their comrades 'neath the sod.

'Twas early spring, and calm and still the night,
The moon had risen, casting softest light;
On either side of stream the armies lay,
Waiting for morn, to then renew the fray.

So near together a sound was heard by all,
Each could hear the other's sentry-call,
The bivouac fires burned brightly on each hill,
And save the tramp of pickets all was still.

The Rappahannock silently flows on
Between the hills so fair to look upon,
Whose dancing waters, tinged with silver light,
Vie in their beauty with the starry night.

But list! from Northern hill there steal along
The softest strains of music and of song.
The "Starry Banner," our nation's glorious air,
Which tells to all of gallant flag "still there."

Then "Hail Columbia" a thousand voices sing
With all their soul, which makes the hill-tops ring.
From fire to fire, from tent to tent then flew
The welcome words, "Lads, sing the 'Boys in Blue.'"

And well they sang. Each heart was filled with joy,
From first in rank to little drummer-boy;
Then loud huzzas, and wildest cheers were given,
Which seemed to cleave the air and reach to heaven.

The lusty cheering reached the Southern ear,—
Men who courted danger, knew no fear,
Whilst talking of their scanty evening meal,
And each did grasp his trusty blade of steel.

Those very strains of music which of yore
Did raise the blood are felt by them no more.
How changed! What now they scorn and taunt and jeer,
Was once to them as sacred, just as dear;

And when the faintest echo seemed to die,
The last huzza been wafted to the sky,
The boys in blue had lain them down to rest,
With gun and bayonet closely hugged to breast,—

There came from Southern hill with gentle swell
The air of "Dixie," which was loved so well
By every one who wore the coat of gray,
And still revered and cherished to this day.

In "Dixie's land" they swore to live and die,
That was their watchword, that their battle cry.
Then rose on high the wild Confederate yell,
Resounding over every hill and dell;—

Cheer after cheer went up that starry night
From men as brave as ever saw the light.
Now all is still. Each side has played its part.
How simple songs will fire a soldier's heart!

But hark! From Rappahannock's stream there floats
Another air; but, ah! how sweet the notes—
Not those which lash men's passions into foam,
But, richest gems of song, 'twas "Home, Sweet Home,"

Played by the band, which reached the very soul,
And down the veteran's cheeks the tear-drop stole.
Men who would march to very cannon's mouth
Wept like children, from both North and South.

Beneath those well-worn coats of gray and blue
Were generous, tender hearts, both brave and true.
The sentry stopped and rested on his gun,
While back to home his thoughts did swiftly run,

Thinking of loving wife and children there,
With no one left to guide them, none to care.
Stripling lads not strong enough to bear
The weight of sabre, or the knapsack wear.

Tried to stop with foolish, boyish pride
The startling tear; as well try stop the tide
Of ceaseless, rolling ocean, just as well,
As stop those tears which fast and faster fell.

Then lo! by mutual sympathy there rose
A shout tremendous, forgetting they were foes,
A simultaneous shout, which came from every voice,
And seemed to make the very heavens rejoice.

Sweet music's power! one chord doth make us wild,
But change the strain we weep as little child;
Touch yet another, men charge the battery gun,
And by those martial strains—a victory's won;
It matters not from whence, how far you roam,
No heart so cold that does not love "sweet home."

THE HOME OF HOSPITALITY.

A PERFECT host is as rare a being as a great poet, and for much the same reason, namely, that to be a perfect host requires as rare a combination of qualities as those which are needed to produce a great poet. He should be like that lord in waiting of whom Charles II. said, that he was "never in the way, and never out of the way." He should never degenerate into a showman, for there is nothing of which most people are so soon weary as of being shown things, especially if they are called upon to admire them. He, the perfect host, should always recollect that he is in his own house, and that his guests are not in theirs, consequently those local arrangements which are familiar to him should be rendered familiar to them. His aim should be to make his house a home for his guests, with all the advantage of novelty. If he entertains many guests, he should know enough about them to be sure that he has invited those who will live amicably together, and will enjoy each other's society. He should show no favoritism, if possible, and if he is a man who must indulge in favoritism, it should be to those of his guests who are more obscure than the others. He should be judiciously despotic as regards all proposals for pleasure, for there will be many that are diverse, and much time will be wasted if he does not take upon himself the labor and responsibility of decision. He should have much regard to the comings and goings of his guests, so as to provide for their adit and exit every convenience. Now I am going to insist on what I think to be a very great point. He should aim at causing that his guests should hereafter become friends, if they are not so at present, so that they might, in future days, trace back the beginning of their friendship to their having met together at his house. He, the perfect host, must have the art to lead conversation without absorbing it himself, so that he may develop the best qualities of his guests. His expense in entertainment should not be devoted to what is luxurious, but to what is ennobling and comfortable. The first of all things is that he should be an affectionate, indeed, a loving host, so that every one of his guests should feel that he is really welcome. He should press them to stay, but should be careful that this pressing does not interfere with their convenience, so that they stay merely to oblige him, and not to please themselves. In considering who should be his guests, he should always have a thought as to those to whom he would render most service by having them as his guests, his poorer brethren, his more sickly brethren. Those who he feels would gain most advantage by being his guests, should have the first place in his invitations, and for his considerateness he will be amply rewarded by the benefits he will have conferred.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

HOME WORSHIP.

WE are far from thinking that the good old custom of having family prayers is being dropped from Christian households. It is a custom held in honor wherever there is real Christian life, and it is the one thing which, more than any other, knits together the loose threads of a home and unites its various members before God. The short religious service in which parents, children and friends daily join in praise and prayer, is at once an acknowledgment of dependence on the heavenly Father and a renewal of conse-

cration to his work in the world. The Bible is read, the hymn is sung, the petition is offered, and unless all has been done as a mere formality and without hearty assent, those who have gathered at the family altar leave it helped, soothed, strengthened, and armored, as they were not before they met there. The sick and the absent are remembered. The tempted and the tried are commended to God, and, as the Israelites in the desert were attended by the pillar and the cloud, so in life's wilderness the family who inquire of the Lord are constantly overshadowed by his presence and love.

There are many reasons which are allowed to interfere with and thrust aside the privilege of family prayer in homes where father and mother mean to have it daily.

Whatever comes in the way of a plain duty ought, however, to be set aside. If there be any among our readers who recognize the need there is in their house to have a daily open worship of God, let them begin it at once. They must find the time, choose the place, and appoint the way. The actual time spent in worship may be a few minutes only. A brief service which cannot tire the youngest child, if held unvaryingly as the sun, in the morning when the day begins, and in the evening when its active labors close, is far more useful and edifying than a long one which fatigues attention.

It is possible to have a daily worship which shall be earnest, vivifying, tender and reverential, and yet a weariness to nobody. Only let the one who conducts it *mean* toward the Father the sweet obedience of the grateful child, and maintain the attitude of one who goes about earthly affairs with a soul looking beyond and above them to the rest that remaineth in heaven. It is not every one who is able to pray in the hearing of others with ease. The timid tongue falters, and the thoughts struggle in vain for utterance. But who is there who cannot read a Psalm, or a chapter, or a cluster of verses, and, kneeling, repeat in accents of tenderest trust the Lord's prayer? When we think of it, that includes everything.—*Christian at Work.*

THE HOME CONCERT.

WELL, Tom, my boy, I must say good-bye,
I've had a wonderful visit here;
Enjoyed it, too, as well as I could
Away from all that my heart holds dear.
Maybe I have been a trifle rough—
A little awkward, your wife would say—
And very likely I've missed the hint
Of your city polish day by day.

But somehow, Tom, though the same old roof
Sheltered us both when we were boys,
And the same dear mother-love watched us both,
Sharing our childish griefs and joys,
Yet you are almost a stranger now;
Your ways and mine are as far apart
As though we had never thrown an arm
About each other with loving heart.

Your city home is a palace, Tom;
Your wife and children are fair to see;
You couldn't breathe in the little cot,
The little home, that belongs to *me*.
And I am lost in your grand large house,
And dazed with the wealth on every side,
And I hardly know my brother, Tom,
In the midst of so much stately pride.

Yes, the concert was grand last night,
The singing splendid; but, do you know,
My heart kept longing, the evening through,
For another concert, so sweet and low,
That maybe it wouldn't please the ear
Of one so cultured and grand as you;
But to its music—laugh if you will—
My heart and thoughts must ever be true.

I shut my eyes in the hall last night
(For the clash of the music wearied me),
And close to my heart this vision came—
The same sweet picture I always see:

In the vine-clad porch of a cottage home,
  Half in shadow and half in sun,
A mother chanting her lullaby,
  Rocking to rest her little one.

And soft and sweet as the music fell
  From the mother's lips, I heard the coo
Of my baby girl, as with drowsy tongue
  She echoed the song with "Goo-agoo."
Together they sang, the mother and babe,
  My wife and child, by the cottage door;
Ah! *that* is the concert, brother Tom,
  My ears are aching to hear once more.

So now good-bye. And I wish you well,
  And many a year of wealth and gain.
You were born to be rich and gay;
  I am content to be poor and plain;
And I go back to my country home
  With a love that absence has strengthened too,
Back to the concert all my own—
  Mother's singing and baby's coo.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

THERE is nothing in the world which is so venerable as the character of parents; nothing so intimate and endearing as the relation of husband and wife; nothing so tender as that of children; nothing so lovely as those of brothers and sisters. The little circle is made one by a singular union of the affections. The only fountain in the wilderness of life, where man drinks of water totally unmixed with bitter ingredients, is that which gushes for him in the calm and shady recess of domestic life. Pleasure may heat the heart with artificial excitement, ambition may delude it with golden dreams, war may eradicate its fine fibres and diminish its sensitiveness, but it is only domestic love that can render it truly happy.

Even as the sunbeam is composed of millions of minute rays, the home life must be constituted of little tendernesses, kind looks, sweet laughter, gentle words, loving counsels; it must not be like the torch-blaze of natural excitement which is easily quenched, but like the serene, chastened light which burns as safely in the dry east wind as in the stillest atmosphere. Let each bear the other's burden the while—let each cultivate the mutual confidence which is a gift capable of increase and improvement—and soon it will be found that kindliness will spring up on every side, displacing constitutional unsuitability, want of mutual knowledge, even as we have seen sweet violets and primroses dispelling the gloom of the gray sea-rocks.

HOME.

WHAT a hallowed name! How full of enchantment and how dear to the heart. Home is the magic circle within which the weary spirit finds refuge; it is the sacred asylum to which the care-worn heart retreats to find rest from the toils and inquietudes of life. Ask the lone wanderer as he plods his tedious way, bent with the weight of age, and white with the frost of years, ask him what is home? He will tell you "it is a green spot in memory; an oasis in the desert; a centre about which the fondest recollections of his grief-oppressed heart cling with all the tenacity of youth's first love. It was once a glorious, a happy reality, but now it rests only as an image of the mind."

Home! that name touches every fibre of the soul, and strikes every chord of the human heart with its angelic fingers. Nothing but death can break its spell. What tender associations are linked with home! What pleasing images and deep emotions it awakens! It calls up the fondest memories of life and opens in our nature the purest, deepest, richest gush of concentrated thought and feeling.

HOME INFLUENCES.

THERE is music in the word home. To the old it brings a bewitching strain from the harp of memory; to the young it is a reminder of all that is near and dear to them. Among the many songs we are wont to listen to, there is not one more cherished than the touching melody of "Home, Sweet Home."

Will you go back with me a few years, dear reader, in the history of the past, and traverse in imagination the gay streets and gilded saloons of Paris, that once bright center of the world's follies and pleasures? Passing through its splendid thoroughfares is one (an Englishman) who has left his home and native land to view the splendors and enjoy the pleasures of a foreign country. He has beheld with delight its paintings, its sculpture, and the grand yet graceful proportions of its buildings, and has yielded to the spell of the sweetest muse. Yet, in the midst of his keenest happiness, when he was rejoicing most over the privileges he possessed, temptations assailed him. Sin was presented to him in one of its most bewitching garbs. He drank wildly and deeply of the intoxicating cup, and his draught brought madness. Reason was overwhelmed, and he rushed out, all his scruples overcome, careless of what he did or how deeply he became immersed in the hitherto unknown sea of guilt.

The cool night air lifted the damp locks from his heated brow, and swept with soothing touch over his flushed cheeks. Walking on, calmer, but no less determined, strains of music from a distance met his ear. Following in the direction the sound indicated, he at length distinguished the words and air. The song was well remembered. It was "Home, Sweet Home." Clear and sweet the voice of some English singer rose and fell on the air, in soft cadences of that beloved melody.

Motionless, the wanderer listened till the last note floated away and he could hear nothing but the ceaseless murmur of a great city. Then he turned slowly, with no feeling that his manhood was shamed by the tear which fell as a bright evidence of the power of song.

The demon that dwells in the wine had fled; and reason once more asserted her right to control. As the soft strains of "Sweet Home" had floated to his ear, memory brought up before him his own "sweet home." He saw his gentle mother, and heard her speak, while honest pride beamed from her eye, of her son, in whose nobleness and honor she could always trust; and his heart smote him as he thought how little he deserved such confidence. He remembered her last words of love and counsel, and the tearful farewell of all those dear ones who gladdened that far-away home with their presence. Well he knew their pride in his integrity, and the tide of remorse swept over his spirit as he felt what their sorrow would be could they have seen him an hour before. Subdued and repentant, he retraced his steps, and with this vow never to taste of the terrible draught that could so excite him to madness was mingled a deep sense of thankfulness for his escape from further degradation. The influence of home had protected him, though the sea rolled between.

None can tell how often the commission of crime is prevented by such memories. If, then, the spell of home is so powerful, how important it is to make it pleasant and lovable! Many a time a cheerful home and smiling face does more to make good men and women, than all the learning and eloquence that can be used. It has been said that the sweetest words in our language are "Mother, Home and Heaven;" and one might almost say the word home included them all; for who can think of home without remembering

the gentle mother who sanctified it by her presence? And is not home the dearest name for heaven? We think of that better land as a home where brightness will never end in night. Oh, then, may our homes on earth be the centers of all our joys; may they be as green spots in the desert, to which we can retire when weary of the cares and perplexities of life, and drink the clear waters of a love which we know to be sincere and always unfailing.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HOME INSTRUCTION.

ABOVE all things, teach children what their life is. It is not breathing, moving, playing, sleeping, simply. Life is a battle. All thoughtful people see it so. A battle between good and evil, from childhood. Good influences, drawing us up toward the divine; bad influences, drawing us down to the brute. Midway we stand, between the divine and the brute. How to cultivate the good side of the nature is the greatest lesson of life to teach. Teach children that they lead these two lives: the life without, and the life within; and that the inside must be pure in the sight of God, as well as the outside in the sight of men.

There are five means of learning. These are:

Observation, reading, conversation, memory, reflection.

Educators sometimes, in their anxiety to secure a wide range of studies, don't sufficiently impress upon their scholars the value of memory. Now, our memory is one of the most wonderful gifts God has bestowed upon us; and one of the most mysterious. Take a tumbler and pour water into it; by-and-by you can pour no more; it is full. It is not so with the mind. You cannot fill it full of knowledge in a whole life-time. Pour in all you please, and it still thirsts for more.

Remember this:

Knowledge is not what you learn, but what you remember.

It is not what you eat, but what you digest, that makes you grow.

It is not the money you handle, but that you keep, that makes you rich.

It is not what you study, but what you remember and reflect upon, that makes you learned.

One more suggestion:

Above all things else, strive to fit the children in your charge, to be useful men and women; men and women you may be proud of in after-life. While they are young, teach them that far above physical courage - which will lead them to face the cannon's mouth — above wealth — which would give them farms and houses, and bank stocks and gold—is moral courage. That courage by which they will stand fearlessly, frankly, firmly, for the right. Every man or woman who dares to stand for the right when evil has its legions, is the true moral victor in this life, and in the land beyond the stars.

HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX.

THE MOTHER WANTS HER BOY.

THERE'S a homestead waiting for you, my boy,
In a quaint old-fashioned town;
The gray moss clings to the garden wall,
And the dwelling is low and brown;
But a vacant chair by the fireside stands,
And never a grace is said;
But a mother prays that her absent son
Soon may be homeward led,
For the mother wants her boy.

She trains the vines and tends the flowers,
For she says, "My boy will come;
And I want the quiet, humble place
To be just the dear old home
That it seemed when he, a gentle lad,
Used to pluck the orchard's gold,
And gather of roses and lilies tall,
Far more than his hands could hold,
And still I want my boy."

How well she knows the very place,
When you played at bat and ball:
And the violet cap you wore to school,
Still hangs on its hook in the hall;
And when the twilight hour draws near
She steals adown the lane
To cosset the lambs you used to pet,
And dream you were home again;
For the mother wants her boy.

She is growing old, and her eyes are dim
With watching day by day,
For the children nurtured at her breast
Have slipt from her arms away;
Alone and lonely, she names the hours
As the dear ones come and go:
Their coming she calls "The time of flowers!"
Their going, "The hours of snow!"
And ever she wants her boy.

Walk on, toil on; give strength and mind
To the task in your chosen place;
But never forget the dear old home,
And the mother's loving face!
You may count your blessings score on score,
You may heap your golden grain,
But remember when her grave is made,
Your coming will be in vain,
And *now* she wants her boy.

THE ISLAND OF HOME.

I DWELL on a beautiful island,
Afloat on the storm-shaken sea,
And the wild waves dashing around it
Can never bring terror to me.

And the island is free from invaders
As it lists to the sea's restless moan,
For it has only room enough in it
For one other heart and my own.

I found it one day when the twilight
Was shrouding the sea with its gloom,
And I gave it the name that I loved best—
"The Beautiful Island of Home."

Through its flowers I stroll at the noonday,
And a hand I hold close to my heart;
Through its shadows I steal in the love-light,
And bid all my sorrows depart.

And oft on its dim western shore
We wander and gaze o'er the sea,
To the Beautiful Home that's eternal,
Prepared for my darling and me.

And when the pale Boatman shall beckon,
And with him we ride through the foam,
We'll reach at the end of our journey
A lovelier Island of Home.

REV. IRA J. BAILEY

HOME FRIENDS.

HOME and home friends! How dear they are to us all! Well might we love to linger on the picture of home friends! When all others prove false, home friends, removed from every bias but love, are the steadfast and sure stays of our peace of soul,—are best and dearest when the hour is darkest and the danger of evil the greatest. But if one have none to care for him at home,—if there be neglect, or love of absence, or coldness, in our home and on our hearth, then, even if we prosper without, it is dark indeed, within! It is not seldom that we can trace alienation and dissipation to this source. If no wife or sister care for him who returns from his toil, well may he despair of life's best blessings. Home is nothing but a name without home friends.

THE HAPPY HOME.

O HAPPY home! O, bright and cheerful hearth!
Look round with me, my lover, friend, and wife,
On these fair faces we have lit with life,
And in the perfect blessing of their birth,
Help me to live our thanks for so much heaven on earth.

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

COURTESY AT HOME.

COURTESY is the perfume of christian grace. Its lustre should be an expression of the best emotions of the soul. The word is derived from the French, and is closely allied therefore, in origin, with "courtier," which has an equivocal meaning. A courtier is supposed to possess elegant manners, cultivated, however, and used mainly for selfish ends. Politeness, which is the synonym of courtesy, is of nobler birth. It comes from a Greek term signifying citizenship. As the divine kingdom is distinct in its laws, spirit, and purpose, from the kingdoms of this earth, so too are its members held together by a supernatural life. They compose one body, ruled by one Supreme Head. Christian politeness is therefore the product of regeneration. Its roots are in the heart. They are watered from above. All, then, who are subjects of Divine grace, should be gracious, kind, considerate, courteous, and polite in their deportment, and show forth the savor of the precious anointing they have received.

How much a sincere and hearty politeness may do for others is readily tested and measured by all who have learned to appreciate it for themselves. While it is comparatively easy to be courteous toward strangers, or toward people of distinction, whom one meets in society or on public occasions, still it should be remembered that it is at home, in the family, and among kindred, that an every-day politeness of manners is really most to be prized. There it confers substantial benefits and brings the sweetest returns. The little attentions which members of the same household may show towards one another day by day belong, in fact, to what is styled "good breeding" There cannot be any ingrained gentility which does not exhibit itself first at home. There, of all places in the world, it will be able to demonstrate how much genuine politeness there is in the heart. A well-ordered family cannot afford to dispense with the observance of the good rules of mutual intercourse which are enforced in good society. A churlish, sour, morose deportment at home is simply cruel, for it cuts into the tenderest sensibilities and hurts love just where love is strongest and most loyal. Parents and children, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, never lose anything by mutual politeness; on the contrary, by maintaining not only its forms, but by the inward cultivation of its spirit, they become contributors to that domestic felicity which is, in itself, a foretaste of heaven.—*Christian Weekly.*

THE HOUSEHOLD WOMAN.

GRACEFUL may seem the fairy form,
With youth, and health, and beauty warm,
Gliding along the airy dance,
Imparting joy at every glance.

And lovely, too, when o'er the strings
Her hand of music woman flings,
While dewy eyes are upward thrown,
As if from heaven to claim the tone.

And fair is she when mental flowers
Engage her soul's devoted powers,
And wreaths, unfading wreaths of mind,
Around her temples are entwined.

But never, in her varied sphere,
Is woman to the heart more dear
Than when her homely task she plies,
With cheerful duty in her eyes;
And, every lowly path well trod,
Looks meekly upward to her God.

CAROLINE GILMAN.

FARMER JOHN.

HOME from his journey Farmer John
Arrived this morning safe and sound.
His black coat off, and his old clothes on,
"Now I'm myself," says Farmer John;
And he thinks, "I'll look around."
Up leaps the dog: "Get down, you pup;
Are you so glad you would eat me up?"
The old cow lows at the gate to greet him;
The horses prick up their ears to meet him;
"Well, well, old Bay!
Ha, ha, old Gray!
Do you get good feed when I am away?"

"You haven't a rib!" says Farmer John;
"The cattle are looking round and sleek;
The colt is going to be a roan,
And a beauty, too; how he has grown!
We'll wean the calf next week,"
Says Farmer John. "When I've been off,
To call you again about the trough,
And watch you, and pet you, while you drink,
Is a greater comfort than you can think!"
And he pats old Bay,
And he slaps old Gray:—
"Ah, this is the comfort of going away!"

"For, after all," said Farmer John,
"The best of the journey is getting home!
I've seen great sights,—but would I give
This spot, and the peaceful life I live,
For all their Paris and Rome?
These hills for the city's stifled air,
And big hotels, all bustle and glare;
Land all houses, and road all stones,
That deafen your ears and batter your bones?
Would you, old Bay?
Would you, old Gray?
That's what one gets by going away!"

"There money is king," says Farmer John;
"And fashion is queen; and it's mighty queer
To see how, sometimes, while the man
Is raking and scraping all he can,
The wife spends, every year,
Enough, you would think, for a score of wives,
To keep them in luxury all their lives.
The town is a perfect Babylon
To a quiet chap," says Farmer John.
"You see, old Bay,
You see, old Gray,—
I'm wiser than when I went away."

"I've found out this," says Farmer John,—
"That happiness is not bought and sold,
And clutched in a life of waste and hurry,
In nights of pleasure and days of worry;
And wealth isn't all in gold,
Mortgage and stocks and ten per cent.—
But in simple ways, and sweet content,
Few wants, pure hopes, and noble ends,
Some lands to till, and a few good friends,
Like you, old Bay,
And you, old Gray!
That's what I've learned by going away."

And a happy man is Farmer John,—
Oh, a rich and happy man is he!
He sees the peas and pumpkins growing,
The corn in tassel, the buckwheat blowing,
And fruit on vine and tree;
The large, kind oxen look their thanks
As he rubs their foreheads and strokes their flanks;
The doves light round him, and strut and coo;
Says Farmer John, "I'll take you too,—
And you, old Bay,
And you, old Gray!
Next time I travel so far away!"

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

RETURNING HOME.

WE sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is weakness. They return from a journey, greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg surrounded by its broken fragments.

There is hardly a more unnatural sight than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish a boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in Nature's scenery than be robbed of the hidden treasure of his heart? Cherish, then, your heart's best affection. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial and fraternal love.

MRS. D. M. MULOCH CRAIK.

SINGING IN THE HOME.

ULTIVATE singing in your family. Begin when the child is not yet three years old. The songs and hymns your childhood sang, bring them all back to your memory, and teach them to your little ones; mix them all together to meet the varying moods as in after life they come over us so mysteriously at times. Many a time, in the very whirl of business, in the sunshine and gayety of the avenue, amid the splendor of the drive in the park, some little thing wakes up the memories of early youth—the old mill, the cool spring, the shady tree by the little school-house—and the next instant we almost see again the ruddy cheeks, the smiling faces, and the merry eyes of schoolmates, some of whom are gray-headed now, while most have passed from amid earth's weary noises. And, anon, "the song my mother sang" springs unbidden to the lips, and soothes and sweetens all these memories. At other times, amid the crushing mishaps of business, a merry ditty of the olden time breaks in upon the ugly train of thought, and throws the mind in another channel; light breaks from behind the cloud in the sky, and new courage is given us. The honest man goes gladly to his work; and when, the day's labor done, his tools are laid aside and he is on his way home, where wife and child and the tidy table and cheery fireside await him, how can he but have music in his heart to break forth so often into the merry whistle or the jocund song? Moody silence, not the merry song, weighs down the dishonest tradesman, the perfidious clerk, the unfaithful servant, the perjured partner.

Although we may have passed our three-score years, the songs of our youth are often resurrected, and we love to hum them over again, and often do so, in the lone hours of the night, when there are none to hear save ourself and the drowsy 'gray spiders on the wall;' and while doing so, we feel less inclined toward 'treason, stratagem and spoils,' than at any other hour within the twenty-four. We fondly look back to the days when we were as musical as a hand organ—and perhaps as 'cracked' as many of them, too—those days when we so lightly touched the keys to the measure of the songs we sang. We often regret time, circumstance and advancing years have so effectually quieted our vocal muse; still we revert to the ballads of yore, and mentally exclaim,

"'Sing me the songs that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago; long, long ago.'"

RELIGION IN THE HOME.

BEGIN, my friends, with your children. Speak cheerfully, but reverently and solemnly, to them of the righteousness of God. Tell them He is their father, and tell them He is their judge. Show them His face of compassion; show them His throne of retribution. Teach them that He loves the good; teach them that He hates lying, and lust, and all iniquity, and that for His goodness' sake, He will sweep those who do not hate them finally into tribulation. Take care, yourselves, to touch not the unclean thing, so that your counsel to your sons and daughters be not a mockery. Shake off the first dishonest penny from your fingers, as the apostle shook off the ven-

omous viper into the fire. Stand in awe at your conscience; stand in awe of the King of kings. Expect and welcome, from the ministry of Christ, searching message. Pray for prophets who will rebuke you, as their ancient predecessors did Israel, for robbing man by any fraud, for robbing God by keeping back the offerings at His altar which he requires at your hands. And when we, your ministers, are weak, when our lips stammer, or our courage falters, or our poor lives seem to empty our words of power, turn to old Isaiah, and listen to the burden of his advent vision:

"Hear, O, heaven, and give ear, O earth, for the Lord hath spoken. I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me. Wash you; make you clean. Cease to do evil; learn to do well. Seek judgment; relieve the oppressed; right the fatherless; plead for the widow. Zion shall be redeemed with judgment, and her converts with righteousness. Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with them, for the reward of his hand shall be given him. The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

BISHOP F. D. HUNTINGDON.

THE CHRISTIAN AT HOME.

CHRISTIANITY begins *in the home.* If not there, it is nowhere. We may attend meetings, and sing hymns, and join devoutly in prayer; we may give money to the poor, and send missionaries and Bibles to the heathen; we may organize societies of every description for doing good; we may get up church fairs, and tea-parties and tableaux and picnics; we may, in short, devote all our time and all our means to doing good, and yet not be the true and earnest Christians we ought to be, after all.

If they cannot say of us in the family at home: "He—or she—is a Christian, we know it, we feel it," if home is not a better and happier place for our living in it, if there is not an influence going out from us, day by day, silently drawing those about us in the right direction, then it is time for us to stop where we are, and begin to examine into our title to the name of Christian.

Christianity. *Christ-likeness.* Is that ours? Are we possessed of that? Are we patient, kind, long-suffering, forbearing, seeking with all our hearts to do good, dreading with all our hearts to do evil?

For if we are Christ's we shall be like Him; and the first fruits, and the best fruits, of our daily living, will be in the better and happier lives of those who are about us day by day.

CONVERSATION IN THE HOME.

AMONG home amusements the best is the good old habit of conversation, the talking over the events of the day, in bright and quick play of wit and fancy, the story which brings the laugh, and the speaking the good and kind and true things, which all have in their hearts. It is not so much by dwelling upon what members of the family have in common, as bringing each to the other something interesting and amusing, that home life is to be made cheerful and joyous. Each one must do his part to make conversation genial and happy. We are too ready to converse with newspapers and books, to seek some companion at the store, hotel, or club-room, and to forget that home is anything more than a place to sleep and eat in. The revival of conversation, the entertainment of one another, as a roomful of people will entertain themselves, is one secret of a happy home. Wherever it is wanting, disease has struck into the root of the tree; there is a want which is felt with increasing force as time goes on. Conversation,

in many cases, is just what prevents many people from relapsing into utter selfishness at their firesides. This conversation should not simply occupy husband and wife, and other older members of the family, but extend itself to the children. Parents should be careful to talk with them, to enter into their life, to share their trifles, to assist in their studies, to meet them in the thoughts and feelings of their childhood. It is a great step in education, when around the evening lamp are gathered the different members of a family, sharing their occupation with one another —the older assisting the younger, each one contributing to the entertainment of the other, and all feeling that the evening has passed only too rapidly away. This is the truest and best amusement. It is the healthy education of great and noble characters. There is the freedom, the breadth, the joyousness of natural life. The time spent thus by parents, in the higher entertainment of their children, bears a harvest of eternal blessings, and these long evenings furnish just the time.—*Churchman.*

ART IN THE HOME.

IT has been said that there is sure to be contentment in a home, in the windows of which can be seen birds or flowers, and it may also be added that there will be the same conditions wherever there are pictures on the walls. It is, of course, not every one who is a judge of art, but even a contemplation of art will educate, and it is safe to say that a man cannot have a painting in his room and see it day after day without sooner or later beginning to be able to tell its merits or defects, and thus being better fitted to judge of others in the future. The engravings and chromos seen in the homes of the poor may, if measured by the critical rules of art, be wretched daubs, but they at least show a longing and an aspiration after beauty, while their presence helps to produce a repose of mind, and brings nothing with it but good. The loving manner in which children linger over pictures tells how deeply this feeling is implanted in the heart, and long before they can read, their dawning powers are gradually being strengthened by these silent educators.

Nor is the influence which flowers have, any less than that of paintings. At all seasons of the year they are gladly welcomed. They are emblematic of both, the joys and sorrows of life, and religion has associated them with the highest spiritual verities. Faded although they sometimes may be, they have the power to wake the chords of memory and make us children again. At the sick bed and the marriage feast, on the altar and the cathedral walls, they have a meaning, and the humblest home looks brighter where they bloom. A few years ago, at horticultural societies in England, prizes were offered to villagers for the best efforts in cottage gardening, and the result was that a great change came over the home-life of the people. Instead of gardens filled with rank grass and weeds, there could be seen flaming hollyhocks, blood-red roses and purple geraniums, and a spirit of friendly rivalry and emulation was created, leading to improvements in households, and aiding habits of cleanliness and industry. Let any one walk through our markets on these bright spring mornings and watch how tenderly some poor seamstress will linger over a tiny flower and bear it away proudly to cheer the loneliness of her scantily furnished room, and he will admit that if such a little thing can bring pleasure or satisfaction, every effort made to improve the taste of the masses and lead them to make home pleasant is to be commended as weakening the influence of evil and diffusing a power which will prove a potent factor for good.—*Baltimore American.*

HOME OF CHILDHOOD.

ASK the little child what is home? You will find that to him it is the world—he knows no other. The father's love, the mother's smile, the sister's embrace, the brother's welcome, throw about his home a heavenly halo, and make it as attractive to him as the home of the angels. Home is the spot where the child pours out all its complaints, and it is the grave of all its sorrows. Childhood has its sorrows and its grievances, but home is the place where these are soothed and banished by the sweet lullaby of a fond mother's voice.

There childhood nestles like a bird which has built its abode among roses; there the cares and the coldness of earth are, as long as possible, averted. Flowers there bloom, or fruits invite on every side, and there paradise would indeed be restored, could mortal power ward off the consequences of sin. This new garden of the Lord would then abound in beauty unsullied, and trees of the Lord's planting, bearing fruit to his glory, would be found in plenty there—it would be reality, and not mere poetry, to speak of

"My own dear quiet home,
The Eden of my heart."

Home of my childhood! What words fall upon the ear with so much of music in their cadence as those which recall the scenes of innocent and happy childhood, now numbered with the memories of the past! How fond recollection delights to dwell upon the events which marked our early pathway, when the unbroken home-circle presented a scene of loveliness vainly sought but in the bosom of a happy family! Intervening years have not dimmed the vivid coloring with which memory has adorned those joyous hours of youthful innocence. We are again borne on the wings of imagination to the place made sacred by the remembrance of a father's care, a mother's love, and the cherished associations of brothers and sisters.

Home! how often we hear persons speak of the home of their childhood. Their minds seem to delight in dwelling upon the recollections of joyous days spent beneath the parental roof, when their young and happy hearts were as light and free as the birds who made the woods resound with the melody of their cheerful voices. What a blessing it is, when weary with care and burdened with sorrow, to have a home to which we can go and there, in the midst of friends we love, forget our troubles and dwell in peace and quietness.

KIND WORDS AT HOME.

SPEAK kindly in the morning; it lightens the cares of the day, and makes the household and all other affairs move along more smoothly.

Speak kindly at night, for it may be that before the dawn some loved one may finish his or her space of life, and it will be too late to ask forgiveness.

Speak kindly at all times; it encourages the downcast, cheers the sorrowing, and very likely awakens the erring to earnest resolves to do better, with strength to keep them.

Kind words are balm to the soul. They oil up the entire machinery of life, and keep it in good running order.

THE GRAND IDEA OF HOME.

THE grand idea of home is a quiet, secluded spot, where loving hearts dwell, set apart and dedicated to *improvement*—to intellectual and moral improvement. It is not a formal school of staid solemnity and rigid discipline, where virtue is made a task and progress a sharp necessity, but a free and easy exercise of all our spiritual limbs, in which obedience is a pleasure, discipline a

joy, improvement a self-wrought delight. All the duties and labors of home, when rightly understood, are so many means of improvement. Even the trials of home are so many rounds in the ladder of spiritual progress, if we but make them so. It is not merely by speaking to children about spiritual things that you win them over. If that be all you do, it will accomplish nothing, less than nothing. It is the sentiments which they hear at home, it is the maxims which rule your daily conduct—the likings and dislikings which you express—the whole regulations of the household, in dress, and food, and furniture—the recreations you indulge—the company you keep—the style of your reading—the whole complexion of daily life—this creates the element in which your children are either growing in grace, and preparing for an eternity of glory—or they are learning to live without God, and to die without hope.

HOME AND ITS QUEEN.

THERE is probably not an unperverted man or woman living, who does not feel that the sweetest consolations and best rewards of life are found in the loves and delights of home. There are very few who do not feel themselves indebted to the influences that clustered around their cradles for whatever good there may be in their characters and condition. Home, based upon Christian marriage, is so evident an institution of God, that a man must become profane before he can deny it. Wherever it is pure and true to the Christian idea, there lives an institution conservative of all the nobler instincts of society.

Of this realm woman is the queen. It takes the cue and hue from her. If she is in the best sense womanly—if she is true and tender, loving and heroic, patient and self-devoted—she consciously and unconsciously organizes and puts in operation a set of influences that do more to mould the destiny of the nation than any man, uncrowned by power of eloquence, can possibly effect. The men of the nation are what mothers make them, as a rule; and the voice that those men speak in the expression of power, is the voice of the women who bore and bred them. There can be no substitute for this. There is no other possible way in which the women of the nation can organize their influence and power that will tell so beneficially upon society and the state.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

HOME—A PLACE OF REST.

YES, home *is a place of rest*—we feel it so when we seek and enter it after the busy cares and trials of the day are over. We may find joy elsewhere, but it is not the joy—the satisfaction of home. Of the former, the heart may soon tire; of the latter, never. In the former there is much of cold formality; much heartlessness under the garb of friendship, but in the latter it is all heart—all friendship of the purest, truest character.

The road along which the business man travels in pursuit of competence or wealth, is not a macadamized one, nor does it ordinarily lead through pleasant scenes and by well-springs of delight. On the contrary, it is a rough and rugged path, beset with "Wait-a-bit" thorns and full of pitfalls, which can only be avoided by the watchful care of circumspection. After every day's journey over this worse than rough turnpike, the wayfarer needs something more than rest; he requires solace, and he deserves it. He is weary of the dull prose of life, and athirst for the poetry.

Happy is the business man who can find that solace and that poetry at home. Warm greetings from loving hearts, fond glances from bright eyes, the welcome shouts of children, the many thousand little arrangements for our comfort and enjoyment that silently tell of thoughtful and expectant love, the gentle ministrations that disencumber us into an old and easy seat before we are aware of it; these and like tokens of affection and sympathy constitute the poetry which reconciles us to the prose of life. Think of this, ye wives and daughters of business men! Think of the toils, the anxieties, the mortification, and wear that fathers undergo to secure for you comfortable homes, and compensate them for their trials by making them happy by their own firesides.

COME HOME.

LINGER not long. Home is not home without thee:
Its dearest tokens do but make me mourn.
O, let its memory, like a chain about thee,
Gently compel and hasten thy return!

Linger not long. Though crowds should woo thy staying,
Bethink thee, can the mirth of thy friends, though dear,
Compensate for the grief thy long delaying
Costs the fond heart that sighs to have thee here?

Linger not long. How shall I watch thy coming,
As evening shadows stretch o'er moor and dell
When the wild bee hath ceased her busy humming,
And silence hangs on all things like a spell!

How shall I watch for thee, when fears grow stronger,
As night grows dark and darker on the hill!
How shall I weep, when I can watch no longer!
Ah! art thou absent, art thou absent still?

Yet I shall grieve not, though the eye that seeth me
Gazeth through tears that make its splendor dull;
For oh! I sometimes fear when thou art with me,
My cup of happiness is all too full.

Haste, haste thee home unto thy mountain dwelling,
Haste, as a bird unto its peaceful nest!
Haste, as a skiff, through tempests wide and swelling,
Flies to its haven of securest rest!

A CHEERFUL HOME.

A SINGLE bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers, which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance and beauty, do kind words and gentle acts and sweet dispositions, make glad the home where peace and blessing dwell. No matter how humble the abode, if it be thus garnished with grace and sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn lovingly toward it from all the tumult of the world, will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun.

And the influences of home perpetuate themselves. The gentle grace of the mother lives in the daughter long after her head is pillowed in the dust of death; and the fatherly kindness finds its echo in the nobility and courtesy of sons, who come to wear his mantle and to fill his place; while on the other hand, from an unhappy, misgoverned and disordered home, go forth persons who shall make other homes miserable, and perpetuate the sourness and sadness, the contentions and strifes and railings which have made their own early lives so wretched and distorted

Toward the cheerful home, the children gather "as clouds and as doves to their windows," while from the home which is the abode of discontent and strife and trouble, they fly forth as vultures to rend their prey.

The class of men who disturb and distress the world, are not those borne and nurtured amid the hallowed influences of Christian homes; but rather those whose early life has been a scene of trouble and vexation,—who have started wrong in the pilgrimage, and whose course is one of disaster to themselves, and trouble to those around them.—*Friends' Intelligencer.*

THE FARMER'S HOME.

WEBSTER defines home as a "dwelling-place," but it admits of a broader meaning. There are brilliant and elegant homes. Some are wise, thrifty and careful, and others are warm and genial, by whose glowing hearths any one, at any time, may find enough and to spare. There are bright homes and gloomy homes. There are homes that hurry and bustle through years of incessant labor, until one and another of the inmates fall, like the falling leaves, and the homes turn to dust. We do not say the dairymaid's home compares with this last view. Science has done much to remove the drudgery in our homes, introducing ease and comfort. An ideal home must first have a government, but love must be the dictator. All the members should unite to make home happy. We should have light in our homes, heaven's own pure, transparent light. It matters not whether home is clothed in blue and purple, if it is only brimful of love, smiles, and gladness.

Our boards should be spread with everything good and enjoyable. We should have birds, flowers, pets, everything suggestive of sociability. Flowers are as indispensable to the perfections of a home as to the perfections of a plant. Do not give them all the sunniest windows and pleasantest corners, crowding out the children. If you cannot have a large conservatory, have a small one. Give your children pets, so that by the care and attention bestowed upon them they may learn the habits of animals.

Of the ornamentation about a house, although a broad lake lends a charm to the scenery it cannot compare with the babbling brook. As the little streamlet goes tumbling over the rocks and along the shallow, pebbly bed, it may be a marvelous teacher to the children, giving them lessons of enterprise and perseverance.

In our homes we must have industry and sympathy. In choosing amusements for the children, the latter element must be brought in. To fully understand the little ones, you must sympathize with them. When a child asks questions don't meet it with, "Oh, don't bother me." Tell it all it wants to know. Never let your angry passions rise, no matter how much you may be tried. For full and intelligent happiness in the home circle, a library of the best works is necessary. Do not introduce the milk and water fiction of the present day, but books of character. Our homes should have their Sabbaths and their family altars. Around these observances cling many of the softest and most sacred memories of our lives.

WILLIAM H. YEOMANS.

MUSIC IN THE HOME.

MUSIC is an accomplishment usually valuable as a home enjoyment, as rallying round the piano the various members of a family, and harmonizing their hearts, as well as their voices, particularly in devotional strains. We know no more agreeable and interesting spectacle than that of brothers and sisters playing and singing together those elevated compositions in music and

poetry which gratify the taste and purify the heart, while their parents sit delighted by. We have seen and heard an elder sister thus leading the family choir, who was the soul of harmony to the whole household, and whose life was a perfect example. Parents should not fail to consider the great value of home music. Buy a good instrument and teach your family to sing and play, then they can produce sufficient amusement at home themselves so the sons will not think of looking elsewhere for it, and thus often be led into dens of vice and immorality. The reason that so many become dissipated and run to every place of amusement, no matter what its character, making every effort possible to get away from home at night, is the lack of entertainment at home.

HOME AMUSEMENTS.

A CLOSE observer of American life said to us the other day that a great change had come in the last ten years to the home life of the country. And in answer to our interrogation, he proceeded to point out the character of this change. One point which he made was that a great many games of skill and chance were being played in New England homes, to-day, which were not known, or if known, were forbidden by parents ten years ago. Our own observation coincides with his on this point. We know that chess within the last ten years has captured for itself a high place in popular regard. It speaks well for a people when such an intellectual game can become popular. For it takes brains to play chess even moderately well, and none but clever and thoughtful people would ever like it. We noticed also that cards are no longer abjured as they once were in households. Whist and euchre are domiciled, to-day, in homes where, a decade ago, their names could not have been spoken safely save in a whisper. Checkers are not perhaps more universal, but they are more fashionable. They have fought their way into high life; and whereas they once found their friends in the village tavern and in the farmer's kitchen, they are now admitted into the parlors of the wealthy and refined. The games played with historical cards are also numerous and many of them pleasantly exciting. And you find them in almost every household. Now all this is very pleasant and hopeful. It reveals to the thinker the fact that home life is more vivacious and happy than it used to be; that the long dull evenings are being enlivened with sprightly and stimulating amusements, and that the home circle is charged with attractions which it once sadly lacked. These games are helping to make the homes of the country happier, helping to make the children more contented with their homes, and in doing this they are helping to make the country more intelligent and more virtuous. By wise parents these games are looked upon as God-sends. They help solve the problem of home amusements and recreation; and this, as all parents know, is one of the gravest problems they have to solve. Parents, make your homes as happy as you possibly can for your children and their mates. Fill them with fun and frolic and the cheerfulness of spirited social life. Play these games with your children yourselves, and thus share their joys with them; and feed your happiness on the spectacle of theirs. A great many homes are like the frame of a harp that stands without strings. In form and outline they suggest music; but no melody rises from the empty spaces; and thus it happens that home is unattractive, dreary and dull. Let us hope that this introduction of pleasant games—which will try both the wit and patience of the children, and of the older ones for that matter,—may become the fashion of the times, until every home in the land shall be per-

fectly furnished with these accessories of profit and pleasure. For the children's sake, let the reformation go on until every child shall have, in his father's house, be it humble or costly, such appliances and helps for his entertainment that he shall find his joy under his father's roof and in his father's presence.

W. H. H. MURRAY.

KIND MANNERS AT HOME.

THERE are many families, the members of which are, without doubt, dear to each other. If sickness or sudden trouble falls on one, all are afflicted, and make haste to sympathize, help and comfort. But in their daily life and ordinary intercourse there is not only no expression of affection, none of the pleasant and fond behavior that has, perhaps, little dignity, but which more than makes up for that in its sweetness; but there is an absolute hardness of language and actions which is shocking to every sensitive and tender feeling. Between father and mother, and brother and sister, pass rough and hasty words; yes, and angry words, far more frequently than words of endearment. To see and hear them, one would think that they hated, instead of loved each other. It does not seem to have entered into their heads that it is their duty, as it should be their best pleasure, to do and say all that they possibly can for each other's good and happiness. "Each one for himself, and bad luck take the hindermost." The father orders and growls, the mother frets, complains, and scolds, the children snap, snarl, and whine, and so goes the day. Alas! for it, if this is a type of heaven! —as "the family" is said to be—at least, it is said to be the nearest thing to heaven of anything on earth. But the spirit of selfishness, of violence, render it more like the other place—yes, and this too often, even when all the members of the household are members of the Church. Where you see—when you know it—one family where love and gentleness reign, you see ten where they only make visits, and this among Christian families as well as others.

Now, it is a sad and melancholy thing to "sit solitary" in life, but give me a cave in the bowels of earth, give me a lodge in any waste, howling wilderness, where foot nor face of human being ever came rather than an abode with parents, friends, or kindred, in which I must hear or utter language which causes pain, or where I must see conduct which is not born of love. No wealth, no advantage of any kind, would induce me to live with people whose intercourse was of such a nature. The dearer they were to me, the less would I remain among them, if they did not do all they could to make each other happy. With mere strangers one might endure, even under such circumstances, to remain for a time; for what they say or do has but limited effect upon one's feelings; but how members of the same family, children of the same parents, can remain together, year after year, when every day they hear quarreling, if they do not join in it, and when hard words fly on all sides of them, thick as hail, and the very visitors in their house are rendered uncomfortable by them, is indeed a mystery.

"Count life by virtues; these will last
When life's lame, foiled, race is o'er;
And these, when earthly joys are past,
Shall cheer us on a brighter shore."

HOME OF OUR CHILDHOOD.

HOME of our childhood! How affection clings
And hovers round thee with her seraph wings!
Dearer thy hills, though clad in autumn brown,
Than fairest summits which the cedars crown;
Sweeter the fragrance of thy summer breeze,
Than all Arabia breathes along the seas!
The stranger's gale wafts home the exile's sigh,
For the heart's temple is its own blue sky.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

"Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure:
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."—GRAY.

MY lov'd, my honor'd, much-respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end:
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise;
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,—
This night his weekly moil is at an end,—
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through
To meet their "dad," wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant, prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neibor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom—love sparkling in her e'e—
Comes hame; perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's welfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view;
The mother, wi' her needle and her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's and their mistress's command,
The younkers a' are warned to obey;
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play;
"And oh, be sure to fear the Lord alway,
And mind your duty, duly, morn and night;
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might;
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright."

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neibor lad came o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
With heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased the mother hears, its nae wild, worthless rake.

With kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;
A strappin' youth, he takes the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But, blate an' laithfu', scarce can weel behave;

The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found:
O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare,—
"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare—
One cordial in this melancholy vale,—
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling, smooth!
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food;
The sowpe their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell;
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid:
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise,
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;
Or noble "Elgin" beets the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame:
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or, how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:
How His first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days,
There, ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;
And in his Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God;"
And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent,
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart,
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part:
(The patriot's God, peculiarly Thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
Oh never, never Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

ROBERT BURNS.

THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE.

MARTIAL, the things that do attain
The happy life be these, I find,—
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind,

The equal friend; no grudge, no strife;
No charge of rule, nor governance;
Without disease, the healthful life;
The household of continuance;
The mean diet, no delicate fare;
True wisdom joined with simpleness;
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress;

The faithful wife, without debate;
Such sleep as may beguile the night;
Contented with thine own estate,
Nor wish for death, nor fear his might.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

WE are defeated in our attempts to make home cheerful and happy because we pay too much and we work too hard. We task and weary ourselves so much in the endeavor to collect the materials for enjoyment that they can give us little pleasure when they are collected. It does not take much to make children contented and happy in their own home, provided parents take the lead in simple habits, gentle manners and cheerful dispositions. It takes but very little to make grown people love their homes, provided they look for its chief ornament and greatest charm in themselves, and not in things that can be bought or borrowed. The rare and costly ornaments of our houses give us most pain and least pleasure. It flatters our pride to be able to say that we have something that very few or nobody else can have. But our peace and comfort and joy must come from the most simple and common blessings of life.

And the first lesson to learn in the happy art of making home happy, is to be content with simple and common things. The farther you go from the every-day paths of life in search of happiness, the less likely you are to find it. A thankful heart makes the best dinner, a pleasant voice is the best music, a kind look is a more beautiful picture than was ever painted by all masters, old or new. These are things that all can command. They can be had for the humblest home without money and without price.

If you make the happiness of the family depend upon things rare and costly and far-fetched, you will only multiply wants without improving your capacity to supply them. If your necessities increase faster than your resources, no matter how much money you may have, you will always be poor. It is impossible to satisfy the heart with getting and giving. If it ever finds rest, it must be satisfied from itself. To be happy with much or little, we must learn to be content with such things as we have. The enjoyment of life does not depend upon the amount of possessions or the measure of worldly success, but upon the disposition to receive everything with thankfulness and give everything with love.

The house, the furniture, the mode of living, the dress, the entertainment, the equipage, which cost most give the least satisfaction, simply because they have no necessary connection with the enjoyment of life. They involve a thousand cares and anxieties, and they withdraw attention from the simple and common things which can make any home happy. The ornaments which makes the lowliest dwelling beautiful and the poorest family rich are kind looks, pleasant voices, gentle manners, cheerful hearts, simple affections.

The best clock has the fewest wheels and makes the least noise. And the more simple the order of our domestic life, the better and happier it will be. Let there be no idle hands and no wasted hours, and then there will be time for everything and nobody will be fluttered with haste or exhausted with weariness. The peace and happiness of the family must not depend upon having too many things done or too many hands to do it. Neatness and order are excellent virtues in the family, but

they may be carried to such an excess as to be a daily torment to everybody in the house.

Some excellent people spend the best of their days in keeping a few articles of furniture arranged with painful propriety, and in sweeping and scourging a few particles of dust from every resting-place in the house. When children grow up in such a family, and go out into the world, they are apt to fly to the other extreme, and become very indifferent about the dust and disorder which have been denounced and fought against with anxious and angry zeal in their own homes.

Lord Palmerston said, "Dust is matter out of place." But much depends on what we mean by things out of place. There is a great deal of what fastidious people call dust and disorder in the world as God made it. He does not plant the trees of the forest in straight rows and set positions, as we place our furniture about our rooms. He does not cause the wild flowers to grow in perfect squares and pretty borders to be praised for their regularity, rather than enjoyed for their beauty. He does not marshal the heavenly host in platoons and columns like our regiments. He does not paint the clouds and the autumn woods and the sunset skies in precise shades and figures like our carpets and curtains.

And we must give to the order and discipline of the family that variety and elasticity which suit the spring of the youthful mind, and which can receive the shock of changes and accidents without strain or jar. It will greatly relieve the waste and wear of heart and life in housekeeping if the fewest and simplest things are set down for the necessities of the day, and the path for the young members of the family to walk in is made winding and flexible to work off the exuberant vitality of youthful feet.

God's bounty is so large and free that he casts the great blessings of life in at every door. He gives what is most essential to our enjoyment. The most contented and happy family in the world must draw their deepest, purest, most constant satisfaction from sources that are equally at command of all—pleasant looks, kind words, loving hearts, mutual thoughtfulness for each other's happiness in the home circle. It is a higher art, a nobler faculty, to make home attractive and beautiful with good words, gracious manners and simple kindness than to make it showy with dress and dazzling with ornaments and costly with entertainments.

If you wait to get more money, or a bigger house, or better established in the world, before you begin to make home happy, you will be like travelers in the desert looking for showers where it never rains, or like the sailor on his foundering vessel loading himself with gold and leaping into the sea to die rich. If you do not learn to be content with simple and common things, then the rare and costly will only increase your trouble. The great house and the great income and the great expense will bring great care and great weariness and great sorrow.

Seek your happiness now, from the grateful improvement of present blessings and a cheerful submission to present trials, and then whatever change the future may bring it will find you the possessor of a happy home. Make your dress, your house, your furniture, your style of living, such as will not subject you to struggle and anxiety to keep up appearances, and then do not mind what the world says. If others do not think the better of you for taking such a course, it is the worse for them and no harm to you.

We have all heard of One who walked the earth with the majesty of a king and

the meekness of a child. He had no support save what the meagre and sacred charities of the poor supplied. And yet he never complained of neglect or want. He had no home save such as kindness offers to the needy. And yet his presence in any house made it the gate of heaven to all that dwelt therein. He had no security against worldly trouble and trial and temptation save such as is within reach of us all. And yet he was patient and cheerful, and the afflicted received him as a messenger of light and peace.

And shall we murmur under trials through which the King of glory passed with serene and sacred joy? Shall we think any lot too lowly, any home too humble, for us, if it be such an one as the Son of God has visited and made his own? Shall we fret and weary our hearts and waste our lives with longing and striving for things rare and costly and far-fetched to make home happy, when we know that the simplest things are the best and the peace of God dwells in the lowliest hearts?

Nay, rather study to beautify your homes with the ornament of meekness, the grace of simplicity, the matchless charm of pure affection. When you enter into the sanctuary of the household, shut the door against all the ambitions, the rivalries, the troubles and anxieties of the outside world. Do not mind what others say about the plainness and the simplicity of your mode of life so long as you have the words of kindness upon your lips and the law of love in your heart. Expend not the wages of toil for that which is not bread. Weary not yourself for the possessions which satisfy not. The happiness of home comes not from afar; it need not be brought to your door in carriages of ease, or attended with liveried state. It flows, like fountains in the desert, from a grateful heart. It breaks, like the beams of the morning, from the cheerful mind. It sounds, like the music of heaven, in voices that are tuned to the expression of love.

Irritations and annoyances must needs come in the best home. But such small clouds melt away and vanish like snowflakes in the summer air before the calmness of faith and the serenity of a mind at peace with God. Be patient and cheerful under all the losses and disappointments of life. Success will come soon enough if it comes in God's time. It may be better for you to lose what another gains. Your loss may make you richer than his gain makes him. The disappointment of a present hope may be the dawn of a new day and the first step in a better life.

A blockade of carriages and men occurred in one of the narrow streets of Alexandria. Our driver, doubtless thinking that the travelers from the New World must needs always be in a hurry, began to storm and rage because he could not go on. An old Moslem, sitting on his divan by the wayside selling sandals and mumbling the Koran between his bargains, lifted his eyes from the page and saw the signs of haste and wrath. Reverently stroking his beard, he said, "God's blessing is upon the patient." And the words are good and true in whatever creed found, by whatever lips spoken. God's blessing is upon all who faithfully work and patiently wait. To wait without working is idleness. To work without waiting is haste and passion. To work and wait is to walk with God and be at peace. We all have failings and imperfections which others must be patient with and pardon, or they could not live with us. When we exercise the same indulgence toward them, we shall live happily in the same home. Social life in the family must be a series of concessions, all made in love, and the heart is happiest that makes the most.

To complete and confirm all rules in the art of making home happy, there must be a daily and thankful recognition of the heavenly Father's protecting hand. To be safe in the sanctuary of home, we must feel that it is the secret place of the Most High, and that we abide every night under the shadow of the Almighty. Let nothing be done in the house save that which would be becoming were Christ himself visibly present in the family circle. Give all the susceptibilities of the heart free and ample play. Let all the faculties of the mind have full and favorite diversion. Let music and mirth combine to rest the weary and revive the sorrowing. Let the voices of old and young be heard alike in sacred song and generous laughter. Let amusement mingle with study and silent reading alternate with loud and living discourse

And let all work and diversion, speech and silence, be chastened and purified with the feeling and the thought of the heavenly Father's presence. Be not slow to believe that he loves to see his children happy. Lie down to repose at night with the prayer that he will give you sleep as he gives to his beloved. Rise up in the morning with thankfulness for the new gift of time fresh from your Father's hand. Eat not the bread of cares and sorrows, but receive gratefully what your Father gives, and rejoice as if fed on angels' food. So shall everything that imperils the peace and happiness of the family be met by the safeguard of trust, duty and love. So shall the lowliest earthly home be made the entrance-chamber to God's great house in heaven.

DANIEL MARCH, D. D.

HOME INFLUENCE.

OUR nature demands home. It is the first essential element of our social being. This cannot be complete without the home relations; there would be no proper equilibrium of life and character without the home influence. The heart, when bereaved and disappointed, naturally turns for refuge to home-life and sympathy. No spot is so attractive to the weary one; it is the heart's moral oasis. There is a mother's watchful love and a father's sustaining influence; there is a husband's protection and a wife's tender sympathy; there is the circle of loving brothers and sisters—happy in each other's love. Oh, what is life without these! A desolation, a painful, gloomy pilgrimage through "desert heaths and barren sands."

Home influences may be estimated from the immense force of its impressions. It is the prerogative of home to make the first impression upon our nature, and to give that nature its first direction onward and upward. It uncovers the moral fountain, chooses its channel, and gives the stream its first impulse. It makes the "first stamp and sets the first seal" upon the plastic nature of the child. It gives the first tone to our desires and furnishes ingredients that will either sweeten or embitter the whole cup of life. These impressions are indelible and durable as life. Compared with them, other impressions are like those made upon sand or wax.

These are like "the deep borings into the flinty rock." To erase them we must remove every strata of our being. Even the infidel lives under the holy influence of a pious mother's impressions. John Randolph could never shake off the restraining influence of a little prayer his mother taught him when a child. It preserved him from the clutches of avowed infidelity.

The home influence is either a blessing or a curse, either for good or for evil. It cannot be neutral. In either case it is mighty, commencing with our birth, going with us through life, clinging to us in death, and reaching into the eternal world. It is that unitive power which arises out of the manifold relations and associations of domestic life. The specific influences of husband and wife, of parent and child, of brother and sister, of teacher and pupil, united and harmoniously blended, constitute the home influence.

From this we may infer the character of home influence It is great, silent, irresistible and permanent. Like the calm, deep stream, it moves on in silent, but overwhelming power. It strikes its roots deep into the human heart, and spreads its branches wide over our whole being. Like the lily that braves the tempest, and "the Alpine flower that leans its cheek on the bosom of eternal snows," it is exerted amid the wildest storms of life and breathes a softening spell in our bosom even when a heartless world is freezing up the fountains of sympathy and love. It is governing, restraining, attracting and traditional. It holds the empire of the heart and rules the life. It restrains the wayward passions of the child and checks him in his mad career of ruin.

Our habits, too, are formed under the moulding power of home. The "tender twig" is there bent, the spirit shaped, principles implanted, and the whole character is formed until it becomes a habit. Goodness or evil are there "resolved into necessity." Who does not feel this influence of home upon all his habits of life? The gray-haired father who wails in his second infancy, feels the traces of his childhood home in his spirit, desires and habits. Ask the strong man in the prime of life whether the most firm and reliable principles of his character were not the inheritance of the parental home.

The most illustrious statesmen, the most distinguished warriors, the most eloquent ministers, and the greatest benefactors of human kind, owe their greatness to the fostering influence of home. Napoleon knew and felt this when he said, "What France wants is good mothers, and you may be sure then that France will have good sons." The homes of the American revolution made the men of the revolution. Their influence reaches yet far into the inmost frame and constitution of our glorious republic. It controls the fountains of her power, forms the character of her citizens and statesmen, and shapes our destiny as a people.

Home, in all well constituted minds, is always associated with moral and social excellence. The higher men rise in the scale of being, the more important and interesting is home. The Arab or forest man may care little for his home, but the Christian man of cultured heart and developed mind will love his home, and generally love it in proportion to his moral worth. He knows it is the planting-ground of every seed of morality—the garden of virtue, and the nursery of religion. He knows that souls immortal are here trained for the skies; that private worth and public character are made in its sacred retreat. To love home with a deep and abiding interest, with a view to its elevating influence, is to love truth and right, heaven and God.

HOME THE SWEETEST TYPE OF HEAVEN.

THE sweetest type of heaven is home—nay, heaven itself is the home for whose acquisition we are to strive the most strongly. Home, in one form and another, is the great object of life. It stands at the end of every day's labor, and beckons us to its bosom; and life would be cheerless and meaningless did we not discern across the river that divides it from the life beyond, glimpses of the pleasant mansions prepared for us.

Heaven! that land of quiet rest—toward which those, who, worn down and tired with the toils of earth, direct their frail barks over the troubled waters of life, and after a long and dangerous passage, find it—safe in the haven of eternal bliss. Heaven is the *home* that awaits us beyond the grave. There the friendships formed on earth, and which cruel death has severed, are never more to be broken; and parted friends shall meet again, never more to be separated.

It is an inspiring hope that, when we separate here on earth at the summons of death's angel, and when a few more years have rolled over the heads of those remaining, if "faithful unto death," we shall meet again in heaven, our eternal *home*, there to dwell in the presence of our heavenly Father, and go no more out forever.

At the best estate, my friends, we are only pilgrims and strangers. Heaven is to be our eternal home. Death will never knock at the door of that mansion, and in all that land there will not be a single grave. Aged parents rejoice very much when on Christmas Day or Thanksgiving Day they have their children at home; but there is almost always a son or a daughter absent—absent from the country, perhaps absent from the world. But oh, how our Heavenly Father will rejoice in the long thanksgiving day of heaven, when He has all His children with Him in glory! How glad brothers and sisters will be to meet after so long a separation! Perhaps a score of years ago they parted at the door of the tomb. Now they meet again at the door of immortality. Once they looked through a glass darkly. Now, face to face, corruption, incorruption—mortality, immortality. Where are now all their sorrows and temptations and trials? Overwhelmed in the Red Sea of death, while they, dry-shod, marched into glory. Gates of jasper, capstone of amethyst, thrones of dominion do not so much affect my soul as the thought of home. Once there, let earthly sorrows howl like storms and roll like seas. Home! Let thrones rot and empires wither. Home! Let the world die in earthquake struggles and be buried amid procession of planets and dirge of spheres. Home! Let everlasting ages roll in irresistible sweep. Home! No sorrow, no crying, no tears, no death; but home! Sweet home! Beautiful home! Glorious home! Everlasting home! Home with each other! Home with angels! Home with God! Home, Home! Through the rich grace of Christ Jesus, may we all reach it.

HEAVEN A HOME.

EAVEN is a Home. It is an abode where the weary come in from a lifetime of toil to rest, where the sorrowing cease from their sighs and the weeping put away their tears, where the noise of conflict never comes and the voices of the loved fall like music on the ear. Heaven is a home where sympathy shines in every look and heart answers to heart in the sweet responses of love, where the feeling of security and repose is disturbed by no jar of discord, no threat of danger, where dear and sacred associations gather around a life that runs through thousands of years.

Heaven is a home where those of congenial tastes and pure affections meet, where the yearning heart finds others to trust and to love, and the unuttered wish is understood and answered, and confiding friends live in each other lives of common feeling and calm delight. Heaven is a home where happy children love the same Father, and receive from his hand the same blessing, and share alike in the same infinite inheritance. Heaven is a home where sickness never comes, and painful partings are not known, and all the great family live on from age to age in immortal youth.

The heavenly house has many mansions, and there is room enough for all. The heavenly city has many gates, and they stand open day and night for all to enter. And the tree of life has many fruits, for every variety of taste to choose. And it brings forth in every month of the year, that there may be no want; and its leaves are for the healing of the nations, that every kindred and tribe may live.

And this home, so great, so beautiful, so blessed, is very near. It is only hidden by a veil, not by a wall, or a dark sea, or a cold river, or a pathless desert, or the distance from world to world. It is only separated from God's children on earth by a thin veil, a curtain so light that it can be blown away by the wind, it can be rent by the hand of a child, it can vanish like vapor into thin air. I was studying the face of the moon the other night when a passing cloud cut off my view. I turned to adjust my glass, and then lifted my eye to see how long I must wait before I could resume my observation, and the cloud was gone. It had not moved out of the way, but it had melted into clear air. So shall we be looking at the cloud which hides the heavenly home and wondering when it will pass away, and suddenly, without our noticing any change, the city will be before us in its glorious beauty, and we shall know nothing more of the shadow of death.

For you who believe in Jesus, the door of the many-mansioned house may swing open at any moment and as easily as you wave your hand. There are no bolts nor fastenings on that door, and none whose longing hearts draw them to such a home are left to stand without. Heaven is a place prepared by Him who made all worlds. The great Builder has gone on before to make ready for the coming of all who wish to follow him. There will be a great feast and many guests when all the dispersed children of God are gathered in. There will be great joy, and millions of voices will unite in mighty song, when the Master of the house appears and finds all his children home.

DANIEL MARCH, D. D.

FATHER AND MOTHER.

ODE OF FATHERHOOD.

OH, father! sitting at thy hearth,
With sunny heads around and lisping talk,
For whom the world without and all the earth
Is nought to this; and to the strong deep love
Which, mixed with pity, all thy soul doth move.
Strong worker, watching o'er the tottering walk
And feeble limbs and growing thought and brain,
Rejoicing in each new-found gain
As the first sire, alone in Paradise;
And patient and content to work all day,
If with the eve returning from thy toil
Thou canst put off the sad world's stain and soil,
And bending downward to thy children's eyes,
Rise cleansed and pure as they.
I know not if life holds a more divine
Or fairer lot than thine.
Strong, patient worker, king of those who can
To its high goal of Things to be,
Its goal of Fate and Mystery,
Lead forth the race of Man!

Thy way is ofttimes hard,
And toilsome oft thy feet;

Thine are the days of anxious care,
When the spent brain reels, or the strong arm tires;
Yet all the ease and charm of days that were,
And pleasure paling all their fading fires,
Allure no more, but the tired hunter now,
Or now the worker with the furrowed brow
On frozen wastes or sun-struck thou dost show;
By mart, or loom, or mine, or bending down
Chained to thy desk within the stifling town,
Thou toilest daily that thy brood may live.
Cares are thine, cares, and the unselfish mind
Which spends itself for others and can find
How blest it is without return to give.
Whate'er thy race or speech, thou art the same;
Before thy eyes Duty, a constant flame,
Shines always steadfast with unchanging light,
Through dark days and through bright.

Sometimes, by too great misery bowed down,
Or poison-draughts brought lower than the beast,
Thou comest to hate the hollow eyes around,
Dreading thy cares increased,
And dost despise thy own.
And canst thy dead heart steel against their cries,
And mark unmoved the hunger in their eyes;
Or sometimes, filled with love, art powerless to aid.
Oh, misery, to make our souls afraid!

Or if a happier lot
Await thee, yet by precious wells of tears
Thy life's road goes, vain hopes and anxious fears.
Thine 'tis, perchance, to mark the grassy mound
Which keeps, within the churchyard's narrow ground,
Thy darling who is not.
Hopes sunk in tears, tears that ascend to hope;
Such is thy horoscope,
Oh father, standing by the little grave,
And impotent to save!

Thy heart is moved with pity
For thy young growing lives, who come
To leave the safe and sacred walls of home,
For whose young souls, Life, like a cruel city,
Spreads out her nets of sin.
Thou knowest well of old
The strong allurements which they scarce may shun,
The subtle wiles, the innocent lives undone,
The tide of passion, scorning all control,
And thou art filled with an immense despair,
Wherefrom thy heart beats slow, thy eyes grow dim,
As when of yore thou heardst them lisp a hymn
With early childish lips: thou canst not bear
To think of that young whiteness soiled and foul,
Or that thick darkness blotting the young soul.

Yet from thy grief and pain
Comes ofttimes greater gain
Than all thy loss.
Thou knowest what it is to grieve,
And from the burden of thy cross
Thou comest to believe.
Thou who hast lost and yet doth love,
Thou, too, a Father hast in some dim sphere above,
Who dost regard thy joys, thy miseries,
Thy petty doubts of Him, thy feeble learning,
Thy faults, thy pains, thy childish doubt and yearning,
Even as thou dost these.

ODE OF MOTHERHOOD.

BUT here is one who over all the earth
Is worshipped and is blest,
Who doth rejoice from holier springs of mirth,
And sorrows from a deeper fount of tears,
On whose sweet bosom is our earliest rest,
Whose tender voice that cheers
Is our first memory, which still doth last
Thro' all our later past—
The love of love or child, the world-worn strife,
The turmoil and the triumphs of a life—
The sweet maid-mother, pure and mild,

The deep love undefiled.
Thou art the universal praise
Of every human heart, the secret shrine
Where seer and savage keep a dream divine
Through growing and declining days ;
And but for thee
And thy unselfish love, thy sacrifice,
Which brings heaven daily nearer to our eyes,
Men whom the rude world stains, men chilled by doubt,
Would find no ray of Deity
To fire a Faith gone out.

Our life from a twofold root
Springs upwards to the sky,
One, surface only, shared with tree and brute,
And one, as deep and strong as heaven is high.
Spirit and sense,
Each bears its part and dwells in innocence,
Yet only grown together can they bear
The one consummate fruit,
The flower is good, the flower is fair,
But holds no lasting sweetness in its petals thin,

No seed of life within.
But the ripe fruit within its orbed gold
Doth hidden secrets hold;
Within its honied wells set safe and deep,
The Future lies asleep.
Of shamefastness our being is born,
Of shamefastness and scorn.

Oh, wonder, that so high dost soar!
Oh, vision, blest for evermore!
With every throe of birth
Two glorious Presences make glad the earth:
The stainless mother and the Eternal Child.
Of the heart comes love, of the heart and not the brain;
To heights where Thought comes not can Love attain:
We cannot tell at all, we may not know,
How to such stature high our lower natures grow;
What strong instinctive thrill
The mother's being doth fill,
And raises it from miry common ways,
Up to such heights of love.
We cannot tell what blessed forces move,
And so transform the careless girlish heart
To bear so high a part.
We cannot tell; we can but praise.

Fair motherhood, by every childish tongue
Thy eulogy is sung.
In every passing age
The theme of seer and sage:
The painters saw thee in a life-long dream;
The painters who have left a world more fair
Than ever days of nymph and goddess were—
Blest company, who now for centuries
Have fixed the virgin mother for our eyes—
The painters saw thee sitting brown or fair,
And the Tuscan vines or colder Northern air;
They saw the love shine from thy peasant gaze;
They saw thy reverent look, thy young amaze
And left thee Queen of Heaven, wearing a crown
Of glory; and abased at thy sweet breast,
Spurning his robes of kingship down,
The God-child laid at rest.

They found thee, and they fixed thee for our eyes;
But every day that goes
Before the gazer new Madonnas rise.
What matter if the cheek show not the rose,
Nor eyes divine are there nor queenly grace?
The mother's glory lights the homely face.
In every land beneath the circling sun
Thy praise is never done.
Whatever men may doubt, they put their trust in thee;
Rude souls and coarse, to whom virginity
Seems a dead thing and cold.
So always was it from the days of old;
So shall it be while yet our race doth last;
Though truth be sought no more and faith be past,
Still, till all hope of heaven be dead,
Thy praises shall be said.

Aye, thou art ours, or wert, ere yet
The loss we ne'er forget,
The loss which comes to all who reach life's middle way.
We see thee by the childish bed
Sit patient all night long,
To cool the parching lips or throbbing head;
We hear thee still with simple song
Or sweet hymn lull the wakeful eyes to sleep;
Through every turning of life's chequered page,
Joying with those who joy, weeping with those who weep.
Oh, sainted love! oh, precious sacrifice!
Oh, heaven-lighted eyes!
Best dream of early youth, best memory of age!

THE MOTHER.

A SOFTENING thought of other years,
A feeling link'd to hours
When Life was all too bright for tears,—
And Hope sang, wreath'd with flowers!
A memory of affections fled—
Of voices—heard no more!—
Stirred in my spirit when I read
That name of fondness o'er!

Oh Mother!—in that early word
What loves and joys combine;
What hopes—too oft, alas!—deferr'd;
What vigils—griefs—are thine!—
Yet, never, till the hour we roam,
By worldly thralls opprest,
Learn we to prize that truest home—
A watchful mother's breast!

The thousand prayers at midnight pour'd
Beside our couch of woes;

The wasting weariness endured
To soften our repose!—
Whilst never murmur mark'd thy tongue—
Nor toils relax'd thy care:—
How, Mother, is thy heart so strong
To pity and forbear?

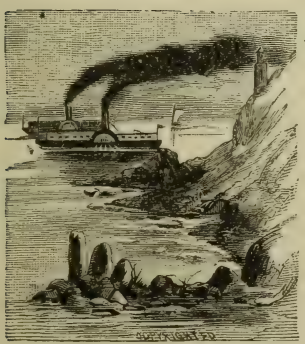
What filial fondness e'er repaid,
Or could repay, the past?—
Alas! for gratitude decay'd
Regrets—that rarely last!—
'T is only when the dust is thrown
Thy lifeless bosom o'er,
We muse upon thy kindness shown—
And wish we'd loved thee more!

'T is only when thy lips are cold,
We mourn with late regret,
'Mid myriad memories of old,
The days for ever set!
And not an act—nor look—nor thought—
Against thy meek control,
But with a sad remembrance fraught
Wakes anguish in the soul!

On every land—in every clime—
True to her sacred cause,
Fill'd by that effluence sublime
From which her strength she draws,
Still is the Mother's heart the same—
The Mother's lot as tried:—
Then, oh! may Nations guard that name
With filial power and pride!

CHARLES SWAIN.

MY MOTHER'S HANDS.



UCH beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small,
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be,
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands,
More beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart were weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on
That children might be glad.
I almost weep, as looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested not
When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're growing feeble now;
For time and pain have left their work
On hand, and heart, and brow.
Alas! alas! the wearing time,
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
These hands will folded be.

But O, beyond this shadowy damp,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear:
Where crystal streams, thro' endless years
Flow over golden sands
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

THE MOTHER.

LO! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy,—
"Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy:
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
In form and soul; but ah! more blest than he!

Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past,
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

"And say, when summoned from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow-tree,
Wilt thou, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?
Oh, wilt thou come, at evening hour, to shed
The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temple on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe?"

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply,
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
Or cons his murmuring tasks beneath her care,
Or lisps, with holy look, his evening prayer,
Or gazing mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;
How fondly looks admiring hope the while,
At every artless tear, and every smile!
How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

HER MOTHER'S EAR.

THEY sat at the spinning together,
And they spun the fine white thread;
One face was old and the other young,
A golden and silver head.

And at times the young voice broke in song
That was wonderfully sweet,
And the mother's heart beat deep and calm,
For her joy was most complete.

And at times the mother counseled
In a voice so soft and low,
How the untried feet of her daughter
Through this strange, rough life should go.

There was many a holy lesson
Inwoven with silent prayer,
Taught to her gentle, listening child,
As they two sat spinning there.

"And of all that I speak, my darling,
From my older head and heart,
God giveth me one last thing to say,
And with it thou shalt not part:

"Thou wilt listen to many voices—
And, ah woe, that this must be!—
The voice of praise and the voice of love
And the voice of flattery;

"But listen to me, my little one:
There's one thing that thou shalt fear,
Let never a word to my love be said
Which her mother may not hear.

"No matter how true, my darling one,
The words may seem to thee,
They are not fit for my child to hear
If they cannot be told to me.

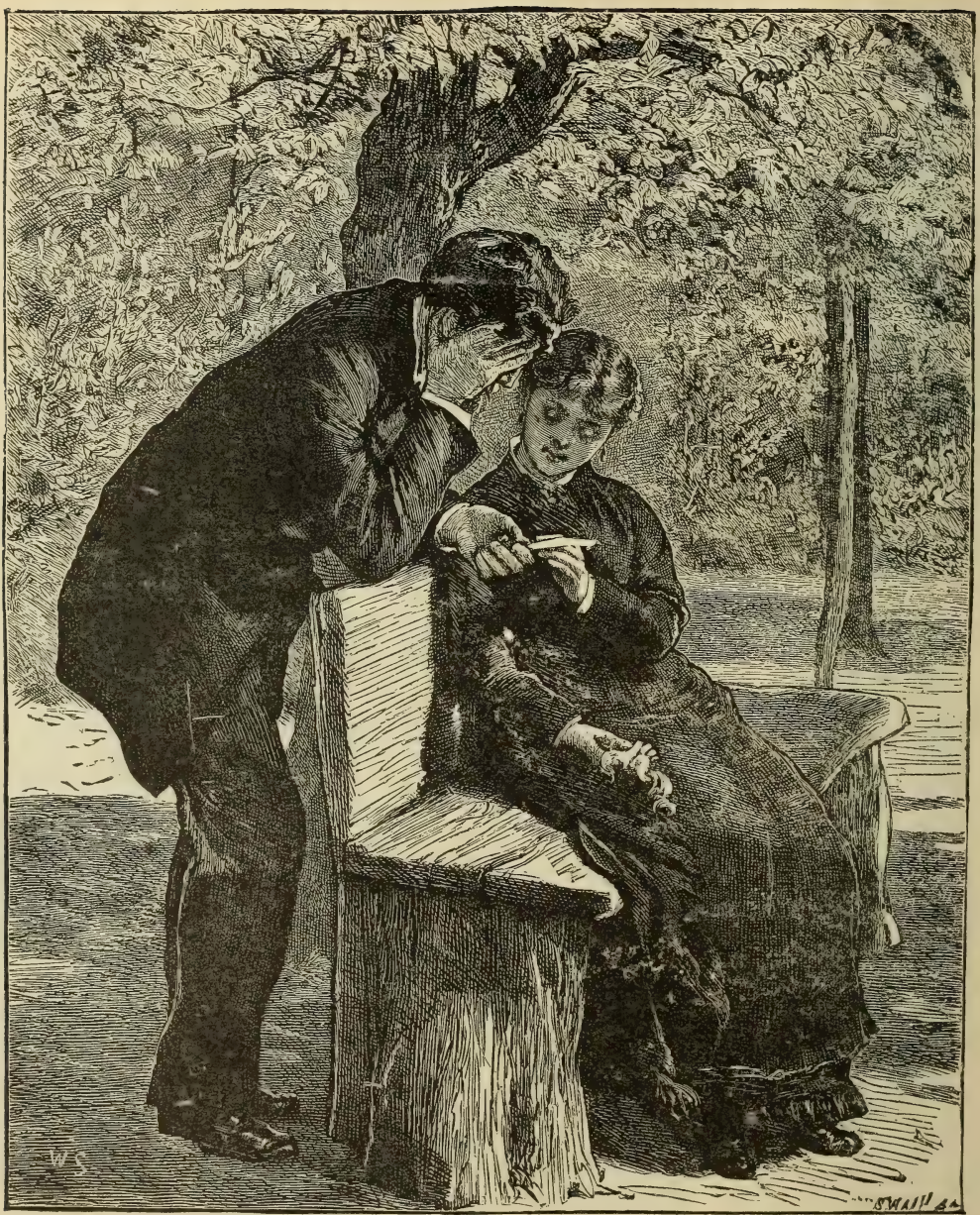
"If thou'lt ever keep thy young heart pure,
And thy mother's heart from fear,
Bring all that is told to thee by day
At night to thy mother's ear."

And thus they sat spinning together,
And an angel bent to see
The mother and child whose happy life
Went on so lovingly.

And a record was made by his golden pen,
And this on his page he said,
That the mother who counseled her child so well
Need never to feel afraid;

For God would keep the heart of the child
Who with tender love and fear,
Should kneel at her mother's side at night,
With lips to her mother's ear!

EMMA M. JOHNSTON.



OUR LILY OF LOVE.

OUR babe? Alas! she is no longer ours;
God sent His silent gardener one day
To cull a posy of earth's rarest flowers;
Moving at leisure 'mong love's brightest bowers,
He paused to pluck our lily from her spray.
The tender petals closed around the fair,
Sweet heart, all innocence and purity;
We saw our blossom droop, and pleaded, "Spare!"
A soft voice, floating earthward through the air,
Breathed, "Be resigned; it is the Lord's decree."

Mutely we knelt beside our flow'ret's bed,
Hand-linked in tearful trouble, half-inclined
To murmur at the mandate that hath sped
With lightning swiftness through our hearts, and spread
Death's dearth o'er all. Anon we grew resigned:

Resigned, because we knew she was not lost;
Resigned, because we knew our bud of love
(When the dark boundary of death was crossed,
And God had wiped away the clinging frost)
Would bloom for aye in heaven's bowers above.

Here is a ringlet of our darling's hair,
Soft as the softest silk, and golden bright
As sunshine shimmering through summer air;
And here a likeness of our flow'ret fair
Who blossoms now in realms that know no night.

The days seem dull, however bright the sun,
And we are mournful now who erst were gay;
But we will hope until our lives are done,
That we in heaven may see our little one
Blossoming on a pure celestial spray.

MY GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER.

THEY brought home the portrait last night to me;
On the parlor walls it is hung.
I gave to the artist a picture small,
Which was taken when she was young.
It's true to life—and here's a look in the eyes
I never saw in another,
And the same sweet smile that she always wore—
'Twas my good, old-fashioned mother.

The hair in the picture's wavy and dark,
'Twas taken before she was gray,
And the same short curls, at the side, hang down,
For she always wore it that way.
Her hand on the Bible easily rests,
As when, with sisters and brother,
I knelt at her knee, reciting my verse,
To my good, old-fashioned mother.

Her dress it is plain and quite out of style,
Not a puff or ruffle is there;
And no jewels or gold glitter and shine—
She never had any to wear.
Ambition for wealth, or love of display,
We could not even discover,
For poor in spirit and humble in heart,
Was my good, old-fashioned mother.

Her life was crowded with work and with care—
How did she accomplish it all!
I do not remember she ever complained,
And yet she was slender and small.
Motives of life that were selfish or wrong,
With Christian grace did she smother,
And lived for her God, the loved ones at home—
My true, good, old-fashioned mother.

The years of her life were only three-score,
When the messenger whispered, low,
"The Master has come and calleth for thee."
She answered, "I'm ready to go."
I gaze alone on her portrait to-night,
And more than ever I love her,
And I thank the Lord that gave to me
Such a good, old-fashioned mother.

MRS. S. T. PERRY.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A LITTLE elbow leans upon your knee—
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers holding you so tight;
You do not prize the blessing overmuch—
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are all so dull and thankless, and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That while I wore the badge of motherhood
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night when you sit down to rest,
You miss the elbow from your tired knee;
This restless curly head from off your breast;
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own, the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;

If the white feet into the grave had tripped—
I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At their little children clinging to their gowns;
Or that the foot-prints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown!
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor—
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my house once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I!
But, ah, the dainty pillow next mine own
Is never rumpled by a shining head,
My singing birdling from its nest has flown—
The little boy I used to kiss—is dead!

MRS. MAY RILEY SMITH.

TRIBUTE TO A MOTHER.

CHILDREN, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand. Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after-life you may have friends, fond, dear, kind friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet deep security I felt when, of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard; yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me, as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.

LORD MACAULAY.

THE MOTHER'S DAY-DREAM.

A MOTHER sat at her sewing,
But her brow was full of thought;
The little one playing beside her
Her own sweet mischief wrought.
A book on a chair lay near her;
'Twas open, I strove to see,
At the old Greek artist's story,
"I paint for eternity."

So I fancied all her dreaming;
I watched her serious eye
As the 'broidery dropped from her fingers,
And she heaved a heartfelt sigh.
She drew the little one nearer,
And looked on the sunny face,
Swept the bright curls from the open brow,
And kissed it with loving grace.

And she thought, "I, too, am an artist;
My life-work here I see,
This sweet, dear face, my hand must trace,
I must paint for eternity.
Hence, each dark passion shadow!
Pain's deeply-graven lines!
Hers must be the reflected beauty
That from the pure heart shines.

"But how shall I blend the colors,
How mingle the light and shade,
Or arrange the weird surroundings
The future has arrayed?
Oh, Life! thou hast weary nightfalls,
And days all drear that be,
But, from thy darkness, marvelous grace
Wilt thou evoke for me?

"Alas, that I am but a learner!
So where shall I make me wise,

Or obtain the rare old colors,
The Master's precious dyes?
I must haste to the fount of beauty,
Must pleasingly kneel at His feet,
And crave, 'mid his wiser scholars,
The humblest pupil's seat.

"Then, hand and heart together,
Some grace shall add each day;
Thus, thus, shall her face grow lustrous
With beauty that can not decay.
My darling! God guide my pencil,
And grant me the vision to see
In the light of His love, without blemish or stain.
In the coming eternity."

Then the mother awoke from her day-dream,
Her face grew bright again,
And I knew her faith was strengthened
By more than angel's ken.
Her fingers flew the faster
As she sang a soft, low song;
It seemed like a prayer, for the child so fair,
As it thrilled the air along.

A. C. M.

RESPONSIBILITY OF PARENTS.

THE home is the fountain of civilization. Americans are a home-making people. Our laws are made in the home. There are trained the voters who shape the course of our country. The things said there give bias to character far more than do sermons and lectures, newspapers and books. No other audiences are so susceptible and receptive as those gathered about the table and the fireside. No other teachers have the acknowledged divine right to instruct that is granted without challenge to parents. The fountain of our national life is under their hand. They can make it send forth waters bitter or sweet, for the death or the healing of the people.

Intemperance strikes first and most fatally at the home. The evils most dangerous to social order depend upon dram-drinking for their existence. This too is the scene of its most cruel and beastly devilisms. Here it smites, and stabs, and kills. The home must be guarded against its outrages, or the country will be ruined.

The best work against intemperance must be done in this center and seat of power. Parents have it in their power to train their children to abhor that which is evil and cleave to that which is good; and they owe them this duty. They bring their children into existence. They hold them under their hand till the young life has taken a bias that will last through eternity. Usually the tiny, tilting craft has its prow turned toward heaven or hell before the parent's hand lets go the helm. This ought to startle careless people out of their indifference. It ought to drive them to lives of piety; for how can they teach that which they have not learned? How can they impart what they do not possess?

Parents must teach by example. Precept has no authority unless backed by example. For the children's sake all liquors ought to be banished from the home. The story is most pitiful, and quite too common to need repetition: "I learned to drink at my father's table. My mother's hand first passed me the cup that is working my damnation."

In every home there ought to be the right reading on this subject. We are what we read—or we read what we are—as you will. One thing is certain: If we really care much about this horrible traffic, we will see to it that our children have books and papers that will keep them in sympathy with the efforts made for its prohibition. By personal example, by book, by reading, and by prayer, we may make an atmosphere that shall set and keep our households right on this great question. Only thus can we hope to save ourselves, and those whom God has given to be with us, from the tide that sweeps to destruction so many of the noblest and best.

T. F. W.

MY MOTHER DEAR.

THERE was a place in childhood that I remember well,
And there a voice of sweetest tone bright fairy tales did tell,
And gentle words and fond embrace were giv'n with joy to me,
When I was in that happy place:—upon my Mother's knee.

When fairy tales were ended, "Good night" she softly said,
And kiss'd and laid me down to sleep, within my tiny bed;
And holy words she taught me there—methinks I yet can see
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt beside my Mother's knee.

In the sickness of my childhood; the perils of my prime;
The sorrows of my riper years; the cares of ev'ry time;
When doubt and danger weigh'd me down—then pleading all for me,
It was a fervent pray'r to Heaven that bent my Mother's knee.

SAMUEL LOVER.

OUR MOTHER.

OUR mother's lost her youthfulness,
Her locks are turning gray,
And wrinkles take the place of smiles—
She's fading every day.
We gaze at her in sorrow now,
For though we've ne'er been told
We can but feel the weary truth—
Our mother's growing old.

Our mother's lost her youthfulness,
Her eyes grow dim with tears,
Yet still within her heart there shines
Some light of other years;
For oft she'll speak in merry tones,
Smile as in youth she smiled,
As o'er her heart some memory steals
Of when she was a child.

Our mother's lost her youthfulness,
The light step has grown slow,
The graceful form has learned to stoop,
The bright cheek lost its glow.
Her weary hands have grown so thin,
Her dear hand trembles now;
"Passing away," in sad, deep lines,
Is traced upon her brow.

Our mother's lost her youthfulness,
Her smiles are just as kind,
Her tones to us are soft as erst,—
Where should we dearer find?
But as we note the trembling tongue,
And mark the stooping form,
A sad voice whispers to our hearts,—
"Ye cannot keep her long."

Our mother's lost her youthfulness,
We see it every day,
And feel more drearily the truth,
She soon must pass away.
Ah! even now the "boatman pale"
We fear is hovering nigh;
Waiting with white sails all unfurled,
He will not heed our cry.

But gently bear the wearied form
Into the phantom bark,
She will not fear—CHRIST went before,
The way will not be dark;
And safe beyond the troubled stream,
Her tired heart's strife o'er,
Our angel mother, glorified,
Will grow old nevermore

—*Rural New Yorker*

The Mother at Home.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON says, "Fill the bushel with good wheat, and there will be no room for chaff and rubbish." This is a good thought for every mother while tending her children, and watching the growth of their power in body and mind.

"As soon as they be born," the Bible says, "children go astray, speaking lies." So soon, therefore, will a Christian mother begin to "train her child in the way he should go," that *good habits* may be formed, ready to carry out *good principles* as the child grows old enough to understand the reason for his conduct.

Good moral habits are essential to the healthfulness of the home; and these may be best taught by the watchful mother's training. One important part of her work is to remove *hindrances* out of her children's way to health and happiness. No dirt, or dirty habits, for example, should be permitted. Washing their hands and faces many times in the day will often remove a sense of discomfort which makes them fretful, as also will giving them food at regular periods. Ragged dress, too, and broken fastenings, add a feeling of degradation, that a careful mother will prevent as far as possible by keeping their clothes whole, neat, and clean. Making their own garments, we may here remark, gives useful employment to girls, and is an important aid in training them up to thrifty habits. Many families go in rags because they never learned to sew; while the same wages in the hands of those who know how to employ that useful "one-eyed servant," the needle, keep the household looking always respectable.

Children also should have time to *play*. Happiness is a great promoter of health. The Bible mentions "boys and girls playing in the streets," as one sign of national prosperity. They do not need expensive toys. A little French prince turned from his new year's present of toys from an empress grandmother to watch some peasants making dirt pies, and, it is said, begged the queen, his mother, to allow him to join in the sport which seemed so charming to his childish eye, as offering some scope to his ingenuity. A few old bits of wood, or scraps of broken crockery, stones, and oyster-shells, afford inexhaustible amusement, cost nothing, and do not spoil; while if the mother will now and then put in a word to show an interest in her little ones' games, her own spirit will be refreshed and cheered by their light-heartedness.

Children are wonderful imitators, so that it is comparatively easy to lead them early into good ways. They are never so happy as when trying to do what they see older people do. Their plays chiefly consist in copying elders. The little cottager "makes believe" to go to market, to plant a garden, to make hay, to wash, to build, to cook, and to teach in school. The boys are never merrier than when playing at horses, or in some other way aspiring to be like their elders. Many of these games bring the bodily organs into excellent exercise, and strengthen and build up the system wonderfully. These amusements, too, often really prepare the children for the actual business of life, so that they the sooner become helpful to their parents. They should be watched and encouraged therefore in their play to habits of thoughtfulness and self-reliance.

Let it be remembered also, that, while by all means it is well to send children to school, the largest portion of their education, whether for good or evil, is carried on at home, often unconsciously, in their

amusements, and under the daily influence of what they see and hear about them. It is there that "subtle brains and lissom fingers" find scope, and learn to promote the well-being of the community. We cannot tell what duties our children may be called to perform in after-life; many of our greatest men were born poor cottagers. But we *can*, in a great measure, preserve their brains and limbs from injury; we can cultivate their faculties, and teach them to exercise all their senses,—to use their hands diligently and skillfully, to observe with their eyes, to listen to good instruction; in short, we can, by God's help, teach them, as the prophet says, "to choose the good and refuse the evil." We can encourage them to be apt to learn, so that they may with readiness set about any duty which God may place before them.

Are the children naughty? Must they be punished? "The Lord loveth the son whom He chasteneth;" "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten," are texts which will mitigate the anger of both father and mother, and teach them to adopt such means of correction as shall improve instead of harden their children's minds. Is a little daughter lame and sickly? Does a son get into a hard place? "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him;" "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you," saith the Lord.

Does work fail and removal among strangers seem inevitable? The children's conclusion that "Father will see about it," "Mother will be with us," are phrases full of deeper meaning to their parents' ears as they raise their hearts to God, and remember, "Thou compassest my path;" "Thou knowest my way;" "Though I walk through the midst of trouble Thou wilt revive me."

"Within Thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find Thine hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still by God."

And when strength fails, and a dear child is languishing into another life beyond the grave, who can tend the dying bed like a mother? In whom is there so much trust as in a father's love? Talk about duty to children, there is no pleasure sweeter than that of training them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, repaid as it is by their fervent friendship in after-life, and the hope of presenting them washed in a Saviour's blood and faultless before the great white throne at the last day.—*Mother's Treasury.*

TO MY MOTHER.

AND canst thou, mother, for a moment think
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honors on thy weary head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink?
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink,
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day,
To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought!—where'er our steps may roam,
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home;
While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

MOTHER.

WHEN we are sick, where can we turn for succor,
When we are wretched, where can we complain?
And when the world looks cold and surly on us,
Where can we go to meet a warmer eye
With such sure confidence as to a mother?

JOANNA BAILLIE.

PARENTAL AUTHORITY.

THE very height of human wickedness is described in the Holy Book as "lawlessness." Subjection to the holy, just, and good law of the Most High God is the essential condition of well-being here, and the essential element of glory hereafter. In keeping with this, human beings come into this world in a state of dependence and subjection, and for about one-half of the average term of human life that is their proper and natural state.

I cannot doubt that the great idea of the long pupilage of man is just that the principle and habit of *obedience*, of submission to authority, may be wrought into his inmost nature—that, taught to obey an earthly parent, even from infancy, he may pass from subjection to the heavenly one. *Reverent obedience of the child to parents is the preparation for reverent obedience of the man to God.* The one is the stepping-stone to the other. It is asked in the Epistle of John, "If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" In the same spirit and with at least equal emphasis it may be asked, "If a child honor not the father whom he hath seen, how shall he honor his Father whom he hath not seen?" There is rebellion against God in our inmost nature. Well, train up a child in willfulness and insubordination, and what must you expect as the result of nature's tendencies and such a training commingled.

Law is everywhere here. There is law in the Bible. There is law in our souls. There are laws written with a pen of iron upon our bodily frames. There are laws upon earth and sky—and to send forth from your home a lawless creature, is to send forth a blind man to walk among pitfalls and precipices, to offer up an immortal nature to the god of misrule.

In a religious point of view it seems to me just of the last importance that the parent should exercise over his children a sovereign authority. There must be no permitted resistance to his will. Obedience must be the primary law of the family. Does this have a sound of harshness? But it is the Bible way! The confidence in regard to Abraham was that he would *command* his children after him. Children are bidden by the apostle to obey their parents. It is the essential requisite of a ruler in God's house that he should be able to rule in his own house, having his children *in subjection.* And authority is not tyranny. As the authority of God is not tyranny, neither is the authority of a parent, rightly used. If it is rightly used, it will be used under the feeling of tender love and affectionate interest. The children themselves will more and more come to feel that; and feeling it, to render a willing and cheerful obedience to it. We parents should rule in love—in Christian love—BUT WE SHOULD RULE.

Parental authority, like all authority, needs a wise hand to wield it. There is needed especially great wisdom in the exercise of it, when the boy is passing into the man. At that stage of human life when you have the feeling of inde-

pendence beginning to come—when you have so often the passions of manhood to deal with without manhood's checks and sense—no one can tell what the blessing is of having, say, a father to whom a son has been in the habit of looking with submissive reverence, and who has the wisdom to use his influence aright.

But altogether, we may depend on it that there is nothing more ruinous than disobedience allowed in our little ones. I may even venture to say, that it is great cruelty and great sin in us to permit it, out of, it may be, an indolent easiness of mind, or an unwise softness of disposition. The parent is to rule a home, the world of childhood, as the Great Parent rules in the world, the home of manhood.

MOTHERS' TREASURY.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

HAST thou sounded the depths of yonder sea
And counted the sands that under it be?
Hast thou measured the height of heaven above?
Then mayst thou mete out a mother's love.

Hast thou talk'd with the bless'd of leading on
To the throne of God some wandering son?
Hast thou witness'd the angels' bright employ?
Then mayst thou speak of a mother's joy.

Evening and Morn hast thou watch'd the bee
Go forth on her errand of industry?
The bee for himself hath gather'd and toil'd,
But the mother's cares are all for her child.

Hast thou gone with the traveller Thought afar—
From pole to pole, and from star to star?
Thou hast—but on ocean, earth, and sea,
The heart of a mother has gone with thee.

There is not a grand, inspiring thought,
There is not a truth by wisdom taught,
There is not a feeling pure and high,
That may not be read in a mother's eye.

And ever, since Earth began, that look
Has been to the wise an open book,
To win them back from the lore they prize
To the holier love that edifies.

There are teachings in earth, and sea, and air;
The heavens the glory of God declare;
But louder than voice beneath or above,
He is heard to speak through a mother's love.

EMILY TAYLOR.

THE FATHER'S DUTY.

THE father who plunges into business so deeply that he has no leisure for domestic duties and pleasures, and whose only intercourse with his children consists in a brief word of authority, or a surly lamentation over their intolerable expensiveness, is equally to be pitied and to be blamed.

What right has he to devote to other pursuits the time which God has allotted to his children? Nor is it an excuse to say that he cannot support his family in their present style of living without this effort. I ask by what right can his family demand to live in a manner which requires him to neglect his most solemn and important duties? Nor is it an excuse to say that he wishes to leave them a competence. Is he under obligation to leave them that competence which *he* desires? Is it an advantage to be relieved from the necessity of labor? Besides, is money the only desirable bequest which a father can leave to his children?

Surely, well cultivated intellects, hearts sensible to domestic affection, the love of parents, and brethern, and sisters, a taste for home pleasures, habits of order, regularity and industry, hatred of vice and vicious men, and a lively sensibility to the excellence of virtue are as valuable a legacy as an inheritance of property—simple property purchased by the loss of every habit which would render that property a blessing.

DR. FRANCIS WAYLAND.

A WORD WITH PARENTS ABOUT THEIR CHILDREN.

WHAT pride is felt by parents in the honest success of their boys. How they like to hear of his good and manly behavior in school, in the counting-house, or on deck, where lives are to be saved or liberty preserved! That parent has lived to some purpose who has his children rooted and grounded in sound principles. Equipping well the son or daughter for the voyage of life, is a duty the neglect of which is sure to entail sorrow and shame. When a minister's boy goes wrong, the whole world is informed of the fact with apparent glee, by those who have no taste for things religious. It is clearly expected, then, that the minister's family, like himself, should be living epistles, known and read of all men. Then again, when the son or daughter of a religious family mingles freely with worldlings, in the ball-room and at the theater, the finger of reproach is justly pointed at Christ's followers, and the majority are held responsible for the acts or neglects of a few. Religion and science unite in positive language, that the defects of the parents are discoverable in the children.

The only cure for this disorder—whatever it may be—is the grace of God, the love and friendship of Jesus. The parent, then—father or mother—who is conscious of dangerous personal proclivities, occupies vantage ground above every other teacher, however qualified, in dealing with his child. He knows the besetting sin, and with heaven's aid, can overcome it. Those parents who leave the education of their children almost altogether to the sacred or secular teacher, have intrusted the most important business of life to hands not fully competent to discharge it. The good housewife bestows much care upon the curtains, the carpets, the pictures, and the statuary within the home; while the sons and daughters, with bad books, impure associates, and misleading plays, are gradually drifting, if not already there, on to dangerous ground. It is proper to remind these drowsy parents that stains on pictures and dirt on curtains are minor evils, unjustifiable as they are, compared with the unmanly act of the boy or the frivolous amusements of the daughter. We are safe in assuming that the parents of Joseph, Samuel, and Timothy, were of superior stock. Grace makes magnificent pictures when it lodges in good, natural soil, in which there are, as we are taught, various degrees. Parents who expect noble children must themselves lead noble lives. In time, and the sooner the better, we will attach more value to the law of heredity. We will then try to do much for posterity by bequeathing blood and habits that will help and not hinder the race.

Nice families! What a comfort and ornament they are to society! There are pleasant homes with the poets and others with orators, but the greatest joy is evening at home with cultured people who know much of Divine things, whose lives are attuned to words that cheer and deeds that ennoble. You are sure to find in such homes grandmotherly and motherly influence modeled after that which made Timothy an example for all the ages. We are not doing enough in the right direction for our children. If we would have more fragrance and fruit we must prune and pray, beginning within and working outward.

MOTHER'S EMPIRE.

THE queen that sits upon the throne of home, crowned and sceptred as none other ever can be, is—mother. Her enthronement is complete, her reign unrivalled, and the moral issues of her empire are eternal. "Her children arise up, and call her blessed."

Rebellious, at times, as the subjects of her government may be, she rules them with marvelous patience, winning tenderness and undying love. She so presents and exemplifies divine truth, that it re-produces itself in the happiest development of childhood—character and life.

Her memory is sacred while she lives, and becomes a perpetual inspiration, even when the bright flowers bloom above her sleeping dust. She is an incarnation of goodness to the child, and hence her immense power. Scotland, with her well-known reverence for motherhood, insists that "An ounce of mother is worth more than a pound of clergy."

Napoleon cherished a high conception of a mother's power, and believed that the mothers of the land could shape the destinies of his beloved France. Hence he said in his sententious, laconic style: "The great need of France is mothers."

The ancient orator bestowed a flattering compliment upon the homes of Roman mothers when he said, "The empire is at the fireside." Who can think of the influence that a mother wields in the home, and not be impressed with its far-reaching results! What revolutions would take place in our families and communities if that strange, magnetic power were fully consecrated to the welfare of the child and the glory of God.

Mohammed expressed a great truth when he said that "Paradise is at the feet of mothers."

There is one vision that never fades from the soul, and that is the vision of mother and of home. No man in all his weary wanderings ever goes out beyond the overshadowing arch of home.

Let him stand on the surf-beaten coast of the Atlantic, or roam over western wilds, and every dash of the wave and murmur of the breeze will whisper *home*, sweet home.

Set him down amid the glaciers of the North, and even there thoughts of home, too warm to be chilled by the eternal frosts, will float in upon him.

Let him rove through the green, waving groves, and over the sunny slopes of the South, and in the smile of the soft skies, and in the kiss of the balmy breeze, home will live again.

John Randolph was once heard to say that only one thing saved him from atheism, and that was the tender remembrance of the hour when a devout mother, kneeling by his side, took his little hand in hers, and taught him to say "Our Father, who art in Heaven."

God hasten the time when our families, everywhere, shall catch the cry of childhood as it swells up over all the land, like the voice of God's own sweet evangel, calling the *home*—the home to enter the children's temple, and crowd its altars with the best offerings of sympathy and service.

Fathers, mothers, let the home go with your children to Jesus,—let it go with them at every step, to cheer them in every struggle, until from the very crest of the cold wave that bears them from you forever, they shout back their joy over a home on earth, that helped them rise to a home in Heaven.

REV. H. H. BIRKINS.

A COURTEOUS MOTHER.

DURING the whole of one of last summer's hottest days, I had the good fortune to be seated in a railway car near a mother and four children, whose relations with each other were so beautiful that the pleasure of watching them was quite enough to make one forget the discomforts of the journey. It was plain that they were poor; their clothes were coarse and old, and had been made by inexperienced hands. The mother's bonnet alone would have been enough to have condemned the whole party on any of the world's thoroughfares; but her face was one which gave you a sense of rest to look upon—it was so earnest, tender, true, and strong. The children—two boys and two girls—were all under the age of twelve, and the youngest could not speak plainly.

They had had a rare treat. They had been visiting the mountains, and they were talking over all the wonders they had seen with a glow of enthusiastic delight which was to be envied. In the course of the day, there were many occasions when it was necessary for her to deny requests, and to ask services, especially from the oldest boy; but no young girl, anxious to please a lover, could have done either with a more tender courtesy. She had her reward; for no lover could have been more tender and manly than was this boy of twelve.

Their lunch was simple and scanty; but it had the graces of a royal banquet. At the last the mother produced three apples and an orange, of which the children had not known. All eyes fastened on the orange. It was evidently a great rarity. I watched to see if this test would bring out selfishness. There was a little silence—just the shade of a cloud. The mother said: "How shall I divide this? There is one for each of you; and I shall be the best off of all, for I expect big tastes from each." "Oh, give Annie the orange; Annie loves oranges," spoke out the oldest boy, with the sudden air of a conqueror, at the same time taking the smallest and worst apple himself. "Oh, yes, let Annie have the orange," echoed the second boy, nine years old. "Yes, Annie may have the orange, because that is nicer than the apples, and she is a lady, and her brothers are gentlemen," said the mother, quietly.

Then there was a merry contest as to who should feed the mother with the largest and most frequent mouthfuls. Annie pretended to want apple, and exchanged thin, golden strips of orange for bites out of the cheeks of Baldwins. As I sat watching her intently, she sprang over to me saying: "Don't you want a taste, too?" The mother smiled understandingly, when I said: "No, I thank you, you dear, generous little girl; I don't care about oranges."

At noon we had a tedious interval of waiting at a dreary station. We sat for two hours on a narrow platform, which the sun had scorched till it smelt of heat. The oldest boy held the youngest child,

and talked to her, while the tired mother closed her eyes and rested. The two other children were toiling up and down the banks of the railroad track picking ox-eye daisies, buttercups and sorrel. They worked like beavers, and soon the bunches were almost too big for their little hands. Then they came running to give them to their mother. "Oh, dear," thought I, "how that poor, tired woman will hate to open her eyes! She never can take those great bunches of common, fading flowers, in addition to all her bundles and bags." I was mistaken. "Oh, thank you my darlings! How kind you are! Poor, hot, tired little flowers—how thirsty they look! If they will only keep alive till we get home, we will make them very happy in some water, won't we? And you shall put one bunch by papa's plate and one by mine."

She took great trouble to get a string and tie up the flowers; and then the train came, and we were whirling along again. Soon it grew dark, and little Annie's head nodded. Then I heard the mother say to the oldest boy: "Dear, are you too tired to let little Annie put her head on your shoulder and take a nap? We shall get her home in much better case to see papa, if we can manage to give her a little sleep." How many boys of twelve hear such words as these from tired, overburdened mothers? Soon came the city, the final station, with its bustle and noise. I lingered to watch my happy family, hoping to see the father. "Why, papa isn't here!" exclaimed one disappointed voice after another. "Never mind," said the mother, with a still deeper disappointment in her tone; "perhaps he had to go to see some poor body who is sick."

In the hurry of picking up all the parcels, the poor daisies and buttercups were left forgotten in a corner of the rack. I wondered if the mother had not intended this. May I be forgiven for the injustice! A few minutes after I passed the little group, standing still, just outside the station, and heard the mother say: "Oh, my darlings, I have forgotten your pretty flowers. I am so sorry! I wonder if I could find them, if I went back. Will you all stand still and not stir from this spot, if I go?" "Oh, mamma, don't go, don't go. We will get you some more. Don't go," cried all the children. "Here are your flowers, madam," said I. "I saw that you had forgotten them, and I took them as mementoes of you and your sweet children." She blushed and looked disconcerted. She was evidently unused to people, and shy with all but her children. However, she thanked me sweetly, and said: "I was very sorry about them. The children took so much trouble to get them; and I think they will revive in water. They cannot be quite dead." "They will *never* die!" said I, with an emphasis which went from my heart to hers. Then all her shyness fled. She knew me; and we shook hands, and smiled into each other's eyes with the smile of kindred as we parted.

As I followed on, I heard the two children, who were walking behind, saying to each other: "Wouldn't that have been too bad? Mamma liked them so much, and we never could have got so many all at once again." "Yes, we could, too, next summer," said the boy, sturdily. They are sure of their "next summers," I think, all six of those souls—children, and mother, and father. They may never again gather so many daisies and buttercups "all at once." Perhaps some of the little hands have already picked their last flowers. Nevertheless, their summers are certain. Heaven bless them all, wherever they are!

HELEN HUNT.

THE MOTHER'S SORROW.

AS the waters roll in on the shore with incessant throbs, night and day, and always, —not alone when storms prevail, but in calms as well,—so it is with a mother's heart bereaved of her children. There is no grief like unto it,—Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not! With what long patience and suffering, does the mother wait until the child of her hope is placed in her arms and under the sight of her eyes! She remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world.

Who can read, or, if he saw, could utter the thoughts of a mother during all the days and nights in which she broods the helpless thing? Every true mother takes home the full meaning of angel's word; that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God. The mother does not even whisper what she thinks, and the whole air is full of gentle pictures, every one on the background of the blue heavens.

The child grows,—grows in favor of God and man; and every admiring look cast upon it, even by a stranger, sends light and gladness to the mother's heart. Wonderful child! The sun is brighter for it! The whole earth is blessed by its presence! Sorrows, pains, weariness, self-denials, for its sake, are eagerly sought and delighted in.

But the days come when the little feet are weary; when the night brings no rest; when the cheek is scarlet, the eye changed, and the smile no longer knows how to shine. All day, all night, it is the mother's watch. Her very sleep is but a veiled waking. Joy; the child is coming back to health! Woe; it is drifting out again, away from consciousness and pain. It is far, far out toward—toward darkness. It disappears!

The mother's heart was like a heaven while it lived; now it has ascended to God's heaven, and the mother's heart is as the gloom of midnight. Wild words of self-reproach at length break out, as when a frozen torrent is set loose by spring days. She that has lavished her life-force upon the child turns upon herself with fierce charges of carelessness, of thoughtlessness. She sees a hundred ways in which the child would have lived but for her! All love is turned into self-crimination. Tears come at length to quench the fire of purgatory. But grief takes new shapes every hour, till the nerve has lost its sensibility, and then she coldly hates her unnatural and inhuman heart that will not feel.

A child dying, dies but once; but the mother dies a hundred times. When the sharpness is over, and the dullness of an overspent brain is past, and she must take up the shuttle again, and weave the web of daily life, pity her not that she must work, must join again the discordant voices, and be forced to duties irksome and hateful. These all are kindly medicines. A new thought is slowly preparing. It is that immovable constancy and strength which sorrow gives when it has wrought the Divine intent.

PATIENCE, MOTHER.

PATIENCE, mother; don't be weary
Of the restless little head
Now reclining on your bosom,
Sleeping now on cradle-bed.
Should the little head grow weary,
Sinking to a dreamless sleep,
Resting on a coffin pillow,
Then, oh mother, how you'd weep,—
Weep to think you'd been impatient,
And perhaps a bit unkind,
To the darling little baby
That had left you thus behind.

Patience, mother; don't be weary
Of the clinging finger-tips
Creeping round like tiny tendrils,
Nor the rosy, parted lips.
Should the lips be pale and silent,
Little hands be folded still,
Glad would mother be to have them
Clinging at their own sweet will;
For how very much you'd missed them,
None but mother's heart can say.
Rosy lips, how glad you'd kiss them—
Clinging fingers, feel them play.

Patience, mother; don't be weary
Of the baby prattle sweet,
Of the steady patter, patter,
Of the ever busy feet.
Should the tiny feet grow weary,
And the merry prattle cease;
Should they both be stilled forever,
In a never-ending peace.
Vainly then would mother listen
For a sound e'en half so sweet
As the cooing of an infant
And the noise of baby feet.

Patience, mother; don't be weary
Of bright eyes so wide-awake,—
Bright eyes full of love and laughter;
Sunshine in your home they make.
Should the sparkling eyes grow weary,
Close, no more to ope on you,
To wake no more with glad surprise,
Then what, mother, would you do?
Oh, gladly then you'd see their light,
Nor would wish they'd "go to sleep;"
In vain the thought, unheeded wish,
They can never wake nor weep.

Patience, mother; don't be weary
Of the loving little heart,
Clinging ever to its mother,
Fearing with her care to part.
Should the little heart grow weary,
Seek a Saviour's heavenly fold,
There, forever, with the angels
Shielded from the storm and cold,
Mother, you would weep with sorrow,
Thinking you had caused it pain.
Patient be, then, while they're with you,
Then you'll ne'er "regret in vain."

LIZZIE UNDERWOOD.

A MOTHER'S CARES.

I DO not think that I could bear
My daily weight of woman's care
If it were not for this,
That Jesus seemeth always near:
Unseen, but whispering in my ear,
Some tender word of love and cheer,
To fill my soul with bliss!

There are so many trivial cares
That no one knows and no one shares,
Too small for me to tell;
Things e'en my husband can not see;
Nor his dear love uplift from me
Each hour's unnamed perplexity,
That mothers know so well.

The failure of some household scheme,
The ending of some pleasant dream,
Deep hidden in my breast;
The weariness of children's noise,
The yearning for that subtle poise
That turneth duties into joys.
And giveth inner rest.

These secret things, however small,
Are known to Jesus, each and all,
And this thought brings me peace.
I do not need to say one word;
He knows what thought my heart hath stirred,
And by divine caress my Lord
Makes all its throbbing cease.

And then upon His loving breast
My weary head is laid at rest,
In speechless ecstasy!
Until it seemeth all in vain
That care, fatigue, or mortal pain
Should hope to drive me forth again
From such felicity!

MOTHERS AND SONS.

MOST boys go through a period, when they have great need of patient love at home. They are awkward and clumsy, sometimes strangely willful and perverse, and they are desperately conscious of themselves, and very sensitive to the least word of censure or effort at restraint. Authority frets them. They are leaving childhood, but they have not yet reached the sober good sense of manhood. They are an easy prey to the tempter and the sophist. Perhaps they adopt skeptical views, from sheer desire to prove that they are independent, and can do their own thinking. Now is the mother's hour. Her boy needs her now more than when he lay in his cradle. Her finer insight and serener faith may hold him fast, and prevent his drifting into dangerous courses. At all events there is very much that only a mother can do for her son, and that a son can receive only from his mother, in the critical period of which we are thinking. It is well for him, if she have kept the freshness and brightness of her youth, so that she can now be his companion and friend as well as mentor. It is a good thing for a boy to be proud of his mother; to feel complacent when he introduces her to his comrades, knowing that they cannot help seeing what a pretty woman she is, so graceful, winsome, and attractive! There is always hope for a boy when he admires his mother, and mothers should care to be admirable in the eyes of their sons. Not merely to possess characters which are worthy of respect, but to be beautiful and charming, so far as they can, in person and appearance. The neat dress, the becoming ribbon, and smooth hair are all worth thinking about, when regarded as means of retaining influence over a soul, when the world is spreading lures for it on every side.

Above all things, mothers need faith. Genuine, hearty, loving trust in God, a life of meek, glad acquiescence in His will, lived daily through years in the presence of sons, is an immense power. They never can get away from the sweet memory that Christ was their mother's friend. There is a reality in that which no false reasoning can persuade them to regard as a figment of the imagination.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

A MOTHER'S HEART.

A LITTLE dreaming, such as mothers know;
A little lingering over dainty things;
A happy heart, wherein love all aglow
Stirs like a bird at dawn that wakes and sings—
And that is all.

A little clasping to her yearning breast;
A little musing over future years;
A heart that prays, "Dear Lord, Thou knowest best,
But spare my flower life's bitterest rain of tears"—
And that is all.

A little spirit speeding through the night;
A little home grown lonely, dark, and chill,
A sad heart, groping blindly for the light;
A little snow-clad grave beneath the hill—
And that is all.

A little gathering of life's broken thread;
A little patience keeping back the tears;
A heart that sings, "Thy darling is not dead,
God keeps her safe through His eternal years"—
And that is all.

Courtesies to Parents.

PARENTS lean upon their children, and especially their sons, much earlier than either of them imagine. Their love is a constant inspiration, a perennial fountain of delight, from which other lips may quaff, and be comforted thereby. It may be that the mother has been left a widow, depending on her only son for support. He gives her a comfortable home, sees that she is well clad, and allows no debts to accumulate, and that is all. It is considerable, more even than many sons do, but there is a lack. He seldom thinks it worth while to give her a caress; he has forgotten all those affectionate ways that kept the wrinkles from her face, and make her look so much younger than her years; he is ready to put his hand in his pocket to gratify her slightest request, but to give of the abundance of his heart is another thing entirely. He loves his mother? Of course he does! Are there not proofs enough of his filial regard? Is he not continually making sacrifices for her benefit? What more could any reasonable woman ask?

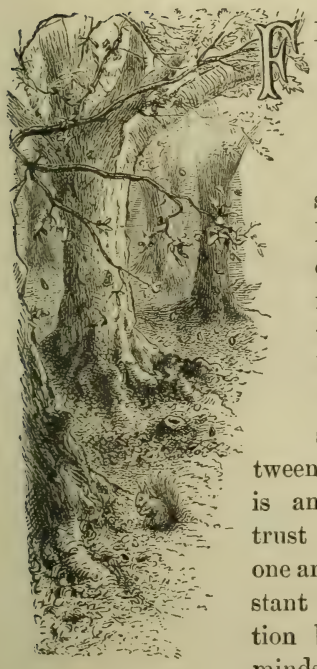
Ah, but it is the mother-heart that craves an occasional kiss, the support of your youthful arm, the little attentions and kindly courtesies of life, that smooth down so many of its asperities, and make the journey less wearisome. Material aid is good so far as it goes, but it has not that sustaining power which the loving, sympathetic heart bestows upon its object. You think she has out-grown these weaknesses and follies, and is content with the crust that is left; but you are mistaken. Every little offer of attention,—your escort to church or concert, or for a quiet walk, brings back the youth of her heart; her cheeks glow, and her eyes sparkle with pleasure, and oh! how proud she is of her son!

Even the father, occupied and absorbed as he may be, is not wholly indifferent to these filial expressions of devoted love. He may pretend to care very little for them, but having faith in their sincerity, it would give him serious pain were they entirely withheld. Fathers need their sons quite as much as the sons need the fathers, but in how many deplorable instances do they fail to find in them a staff for their declining years!

My son, are you a sweetener of life? You may disappoint the ambition of your parents; may be unable to distinguish yourself as they fondly hoped; may find your intellectual strength inadequate to your own desires, but let none of these things move you from a determination to be a son of whose moral character they need never be ashamed. Begin early to cultivate a habit of thoughtfulness and consideration for others, especially for those whom you are commanded to honor. Can you begrudge a few extra steps for the mother who never stopped to number those you demanded during your helpless infancy? Have you the heart to slight her requests, or treat her remarks with indifference, when you cannot begin to measure the patient devotion with which she bore with your peculiarities? Anticipate her wants, invite her confidence, be prompt to offer assistance, express your affections as heartily as you did when a child, that the mother may never grieve in secret for the son she has lost. S. S. TIMES.

QUEEN OF ROSES.

FRIENDSHIP AND MEMORIES.



FRIENDSHIP is one of the greatest boons God can bestow on man. It is a union of our finest feelings; an uninterested binding of hearts, and a sympathy between two souls. It is an indefinable trust we repose in one another, a constant communication between two minds, and an unremitting anxiety for each other's souls. What, then, is the root, the cause, of friendship? Sympathy. Sympathy conceives friendship; friendship, love. Love is friendship. The tree that bears love, bears also friendship. Where friendship exists between two persons, there is also always, hope; in adversity there is always a support, a refuge, a knowledge of there still remaining some succor; and as a babe cries for its mother for nourishment, so do we in adversity run to friendship for advice, fully relying on some means by which it may release us from the troubles of the world. And in true friendship there is cultivated such a love of God, such a devotion for the Creator of the world, that the chains become adamant. Friendship having thus a righteous appreciation of the Almighty's goodness and power, and knowledge of his injunctions to the righteous, and the reward they may expect hereafter, it spreads around, everywhere, joy and happiness, causing not only fresh unions, but, with praiseworthy Christian exertion and love, rendering them inflexible.

J. HILL.

COMMUNION OF SOULS.

MYSTICAL, more than magical, is that communing of soul with soul, both looking heavenward: here properly soul first speaks with soul; for only in looking heavenward, take it in what sense you may, not in looking earthward, does what we can call union, mutual love, society, begin to be possible. How true is that of Novalis: "It is certain, my belief gains quite *infinitely* the moment I can convince another mind thereof!" Gaze thou in the face of thy brother, in those eyes where plays the lambent fire of kindness, or in those where rages the lurid conflagration of anger; feel how thy own so quiet soul is straightway involuntarily kindled with the like, and ye blaze and reverberate on each other, till it is all one limitless confluent flame (of embracing love, or of deadly-grappling hate); and then say what miraculous virtue goes out of man into man. But if so, through all the thick-plied hulls of our earthly life; how much more when it is of the divine life we speak, and inmost *me* is, as it were, brought into contact with inmost *me!*

THOMAS CARLYLE.

MEMORIES.

NOW, dame, the morn doth promise fair,
'Tis kind and genial weather,
So prithee quit that easy chair,
And let us forth together.
The merry month of June is here,
Adorning brier and bramble;
Come slip your bonnet on, my dear,
And join me in a ramble.

I well recall that happy day
When through the green lanes straying,
I met a little maiden gay
And went with her a-maying.

She was but ten, and I no more,
Her cheeks were round and rosy,
And in her white-bibbed pinafore,
She wore a pretty posy.

She tripped so daintily along,
And prattled on so cheerly,
I heeded not the skylark's song
Although I loved that dearly.
There was a music in her voice,
So witching, so entrancing,
It made my inmost heart rejoice,
And set my pulses dancing.

Obedient to her commands,
I dared the thorniest hedges,
And scratched and tore my face and hands
In climbing banks and ledges,

To win a spray of hawthorn bloom—
Nor deemed the task a labor—
Or cull some flower whose sweet perfume
Endeared it to my neighbor.

At last we reached a quiet nook
(Beside a hazel cover
And watered by a babbling brook)
With blossoms sprinkled over
In such profusion and so rare,
Our souls were filled with pleasure;
Departing Spring had emptied there
Her lap of half its treasure.

And here we gathered at our will
The rarest flowers a-blowing,
And gold and silver heaped until
'Twas time we should be going.
Then, as we bore our wealth away,

We chanted to the wild wood,
As I remember, many a lay
Dear to the heart of childhood.

Since then, dear dame—there, do not sigh—
We've lived and loved together
For threescore years, or very nigh,
Enjoying fairish weather.
Now travelling down the vale of life,
We've little cause for sorrow—
A happy husband, happy wife,
With trust in our to-morrow.

DREAMS AND REALITIES.

O ROSAMOND, thou fair and good
And perfect flower of womanhood!
Thou royal rose of June!
Why didst thou droop before thy time?
Why wither in the first sweet prime?
Why didst thou die so soon?

For, looking backward through my tears
On thee, and on my wasted years,
I cannot choose but say,
If thou hadst lived to be my guide,
Or thou hadst lived and I had died,
T were better far to-day.

O child of light, O golden head!—
Bright sunbeam for one moment shed
Upon life's lonely way,—
Why didst thou vanish from our sight?
Could they not spare my little light
From heaven's unclouded day?

O friend so true, O friend so good!—
Thou one dream of my maidenhood,
That gave youth all its charms,—
What had I done, or what hadst thou,
That, through this lonesome world till now,
We walk with empty arms?

And yet had this poor soul been fed
With all it loved and coveted;
Had life been always fair,
Would these dear dreams that ne'er depart,
That thrill with bliss my inmost heart,
Forever tremble there?

If still they kept their earthly place,
The friends I held in my embrace,
And gave to death, alas!
Could I have learned that clear, calm faith
That looks beyond the bonds of death,
And almost longs to pass?

Sometimes, I think, the things we see
Are shadows of the things to be;
That what we plan we build;
That every hope that hath been crossed,
And every dream we thought was lost,
In heaven shall be fulfilled;

That even the children of the brain
Have not been born and died in vain,
Though here unclothed and dumb;
But on some brighter, better shore
They live, embodied evermore,
And wait for us to come.

And when on that last day we rise,
Caught up between the earth and skies,
Then shall we hear our Lord
Say, Thou hast done with doubt and death,
Henceforth, according to thy faith,
Shall be thy faith's reward.

PHŒBE CARY.

THE PASSAGE.

MANY a year is in its grave,
Since I crossed this restless wave;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside
Sat two comrades old and tried—
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore;
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,—
Take, I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

LUDWIG UHLAND. (German.)

DEPARTED DAYS.

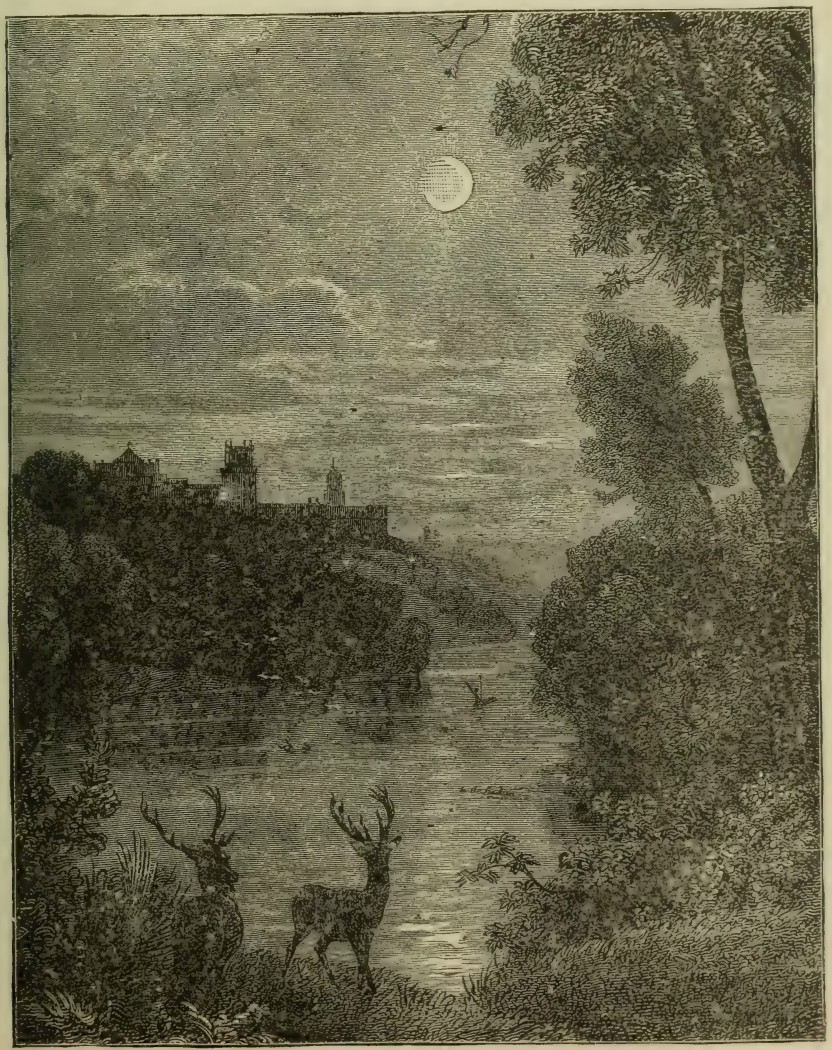
SUMMER'S sweet breath, and winter's wind,
Have swept the landscape since I stood
And watch'd the ebbing of the flood,
And knew the anguish of a mind

That in wild ebb and flow was tost,
When, as the leaves of autumn fell,
Upon my spirit came the knell
That she would with the flowers be lost.

A gleam of hope, like that rich light
Which gives October golden bloom,
Rose in my breast, but set in gloom:
'Twas but sun dying into night.

Now she is gone, and I alone
Have trod the paths we used to tread,
When all the music overhead
Was but the echo of our own.

Proud loom the distant towers; the moon
Sheds its pale splendors over all;
While night, with tender, noiseless pall,
Hath cover'd earth and me too soon.



O long-lost moments! nevermore
Shall ye return, or I leap up
To drink from that divinest cup
My lips once drank from, o'er and o'er.

Adieu, ye glades of Paradise!
For such, in sooth, ye were to me;
I go where I would ever be—
To kiss the grave wherein she lies.

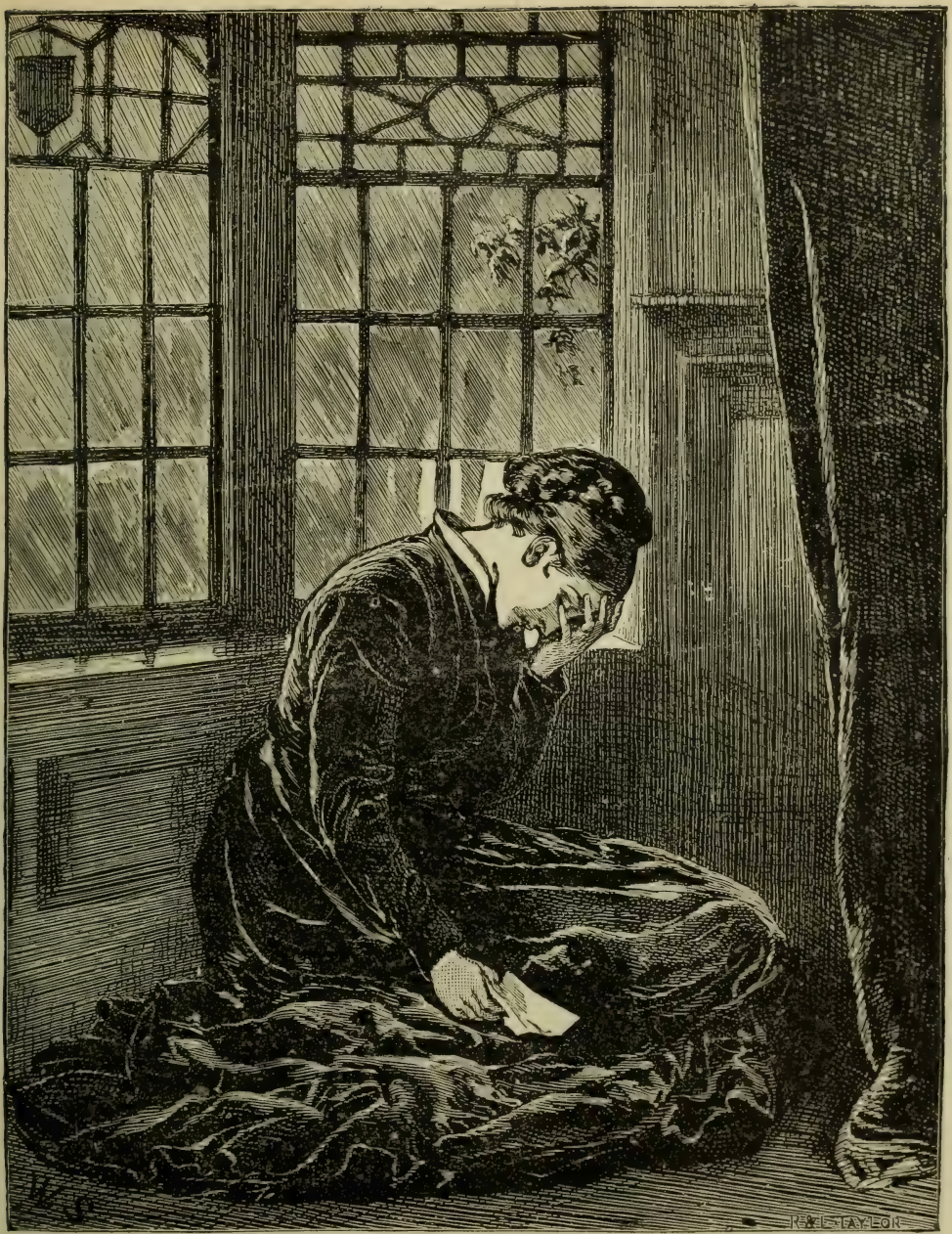
A GIFT OF FRIENDSHIP.

HE whom she loves is far away
From her and summer trees;
Daily he toils by dying beds
Whose woe God only sees.

She cannot share his holy task,
She sits at home and prays,
And sends her dainty handicraft
To cheer his dreary ways.

Each stitch is set in faith and hope;
He feels their mystic spell:
And how they aid his skill and strength
He knows, but cannot tell.

Not all of us may bear the gloom
Where sins and sorrows blend,
But those who do may feel our love
On all their steps attend. I. F. MAYO.



MEMORIES.

A FADED note—a lock of hair—
A flower within a book—
A little locket lying there
In long forgotten nook.

Trifles all these? Ah, so they seem
To those who do not know;
For me they bring a golden dream
Of long, long years ago.

Oh, little treasures, rarely seen,
What memories you raise!
You whisper of what might have been;
You sing of long-past days.

AFTER SUNSET.

AFTER sunset in the west,
Robes that clad the monarch Day,
Golden crown and crimson vest,
All are spurned and cast away.
Far along the purple sea
Fading splendors slowly die;
Many a bird to many a tree
Rustling flies, for night is nigh.

After sunset, gone the glow,
All the air with silence fills;
After sunset, colder blow
Wailing winds from lonely hills.
Ceased is labor, hushed is mirth,
Day has died on couch of gold;
Twilight veils the weary earth,
Quiet broods o'er flock and fold.

After sunset, o'er the moor
Slowly flies the plover home;
To the leafy cottage door,
Sleepy-eyed the children come;
Watching how the great white moon
Rises high o'er hill and plain;
Silvery stars will sparkle soon,
Peeping out and in again.

After sunset melodies
All unheard in noisy day,
Like a fragrant southern breeze
Through the pensive spirit stray.
Mem'ries, lost, ah me! so long,
Floating round me dreamily,
Like a dim-remembered song,
Melt into a thought of thee!

MOTHERHOOD.

FRIENDSHIP OF DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

DAMON was sentenced to die on a certain day, and sought permission of Dionysius of Syracuse to visit his family in the interim. It was granted on condition of securing a hostage for himself. Pythias heard of it and volunteered to stand in his friends stead. The king visited him in prison, and conversed with him about the motive of his conduct; affirming his disbelief in the influence of friendship. Pythias expressed his wish to die that his friend's honor might be vindicated. He prayed the gods to delay the return of Damon till after his own execution in his stead. The fatal day arrived. Dionysius sat on a moving throne, drawn by six white horses; Pythias mounted the scaffold and calmly addressed the spectators: "My prayer is heard: the gods are propitious; for the winds have been contrary till yesterday. Damon could not come; he could not conquer impossibilities; he will be here to-morrow, and the blood which is shed to-day shall have ransomed the life of my friend. Oh, could I erase from your bosoms every mean suspicion of the honor of Damon, I should go to my death as I would to my bridal. My friend will be found noble, his truth, unimpeachable; he will speedily prove it; he is now on his way accusing himself, the adverse elements, and the gods: but I haste to prevent his speed. Executioner, do your office." As he closed a voice in the distance cried, "Stop the execution!" which was repeated by the whole assembly. A man rode up at full speed, mounted the scaffold, and embraced Pythias, crying, "You are safe, my beloved friend, I now have nothing but death to suffer, and am delivered from reproaches for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own." Damon replied: "Fatal haste, cruel impatience! What envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favor? But I will not be wholly disappointed. Since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you." The King heard and was moved to tears. Ascending the scaffold, he cried, "Live, live, ye incomparable pair! Ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue; and that virtue equally evinces the existence of a God to reward it. Live happy, live renowned, and oh! form me by your precepts as ye have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of so sacred a friendship." If heathenism had such friendships, what may be expected of Christianity?

PARTED FRIENDS.

FRIEND after friend departs:
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end;
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,

There surely is some blessed clime
  Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There is a world above,
  Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
  Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
  Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines,
  To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night;
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE AGE OF WISDOM.

HO, pretty page with the dimpled chin
  That never has known the barber's shear,
All your wish is woman to win,
This is the way that boys begin,—
  Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
  Billing and cooing is all your cheer;
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonnybell's window-panes,—
  Wait till you come to Forty Year!

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
  Grizzling hair the brain doth clear—
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
  Once you have come to Forty Year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
  All good fellows whose beards are grey,
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome ere
  Ever a month was pass'd away?

The reddest lips that ever have kiss'd,
  The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper, and we not list,
Or look away, and never be miss'd,
  Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead, God rest her bier!
  How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian's married, but I sit here
Alone and merry at Forty Year,
  Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

WHEN ON MY BED.

WHEN on my bed the moonlight falls,
  I know that in thy place of rest,
By that broad water of the west,
There comes a glory on the walls:

Thy marble bright in dark appears,
  As slowly steals a silver flame
  Along the letters of thy name,
And o'er the number of thy years,

The mystic glory swims away;
  From off my bed the moonlight dies;
  And, closing eaves of wearied eyes,
I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray:

And then I know the mist is drawn,
  A lucid veil from coast to coast;
  And in the dark church, like a ghost,
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE DEAD FRIEND.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

THE path by which we twain did go,
  Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
  Through four sweet years arose and fell,
  From flower to flower, from snow to snow.

  . . . .

  But where the path we walked began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
  As we descended, following Hope,
There sat the Shadow feared of man;

Who broke our fair companionship,
  And spread his mantle dark and cold,

And wrapped thee formless in the fold,
And dulled the murmur on thy lip.

. . . . . .

When each by turns was guide to each,
And Fancy light from Fancy caught,
And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech;

And all we met was fair and good,
And all was good that Time could bring,
And all the secret of the Spring
Moved in the chambers of the blood;

. . . . . .

I know that this was Life,—the track
Whereon with equal feet we fared;
And then, as now, the day prepared
The daily burden for the back.

But this it was that made me move
As light as carrier-birds in air;
I loved the weight I had to bear
Because it needed help of Love:

Nor could I weary, heart or limb,
When mighty Love would cleave in twain
The lading of a single pain,
And part it, giving half to him.

. . . . . .

But I remained, whose hopes were dim,
Whose life, whose thoughts were little worth,
To wander on a darkened earth,
Where all things round me breathed of him.

O friendship, equal-poised control,
O heart, with kindliest motion warm,
O sacred essence, other form,
O solemn ghost, O crowned soul!

Yet none could better know than I,
How much of act at human hands
The sense of human will demands,
By which we dare to live or die.

Whatever way my days decline,
I felt and feel, though left alone,
His being working in mine own,
The footsteps of his life in mine.

. . . . . .

My pulses therefore beat again
For other friends that once I met;
Nor can it suit me to forget
The mighty hopes that make us men.

I woo your love: I count it crime
To mourn for any overmuch;
I, the divided half of such
A friendship as had mastered Time;

Which masters Time, indeed, and is
Eternal, separate from fears:
The all-assuming months and years
Can take no part away from this.

. . . . . .

O days and hours, your work is this,
To hold me from my proper place,
A little while from his embrace,
For fuller gain of after bliss:

That out of distance might ensue
Desire of nearness doubly sweet;
And unto meeting when we meet,
Delight a hundred-fold accrue.

. . . . . .

The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,
And dream my dream, and hold it true;
For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

FIRESIDE MUSING.

SITTING where the fitful firelight
Shines and glimmers on the wall,
Listening to the ceaseless patter
Of the raindrops as they fall,
Musing like an idle dreamer
While the moments come and go,
Weaving fancies sad and tender
Into *now* and long ago.

Fire! oh tell me, am I sitting
Lowly at the Master's feet,
With a filial heart accepting
Joy and sorrow, bitter, sweet?
Sitting where, perchance, a mission
Is to shed one little ray
For a beacon to some pilgrim
Groping for the heavenly way?

Falling raindrops! tell me, tell me,
Do I heed the still, small voice?
Listening to the call of duty?
In the Saviour's love rejoice?
Listening to another's sorrow,
With a hope to soothe the pain?
Do I scatter love and sunshine
As the clouds the falling rain?

Roving thought! oh, whither, whither,
In thy musing dost thou speed?
To some brother weary, toiling,
That perhaps of aid has need?
Seeking out the spirit wand'ring?
Culling tares from golden grain?
Pondering on Christ's example,
That this life be not in vain?

Child of earth! say, art thou weaving
In the tangled web of life
Something *more* than tender fancies—
Strength to brave the coming strife?
Weaving in each little duty,
Better far than worldly fame,
Weaving patience, love, forbearance,
Humbly in the Saviour's name?

Would that we were ever sitting
Where we'd shed a steady light,
Listening to the voice of conscience,
Constant, always to the right;
Musing on that better country,
Free from sorrow, care, or blight,
Where we'll weave our heav'nly fancies
If while *here* we weave aright.

ADA A. CHAFFEE.

MY CHILDHOOD HOME.

THERE'S a little low hut by the river's side,
Within the sound of its rippling tide;
Its walls are grey with the mosses of years,
And its roof all crumbled and old appears;
But fairer to me than castle's pride
Is the little low hut by the river's side!

The little low hut was my natal nest,
When my childhood passed—Life's spring-time blest;
Where the hopes of ardent youth were formed,
And the sun of promise my young heart warmed,
Ere I threw myself on life's swift tide,
And left the dear hut by the river's side.

That little low hut, in lowly guise,
Was soft and grand to my youthful eyes,
And fairer trees were ne'er known before,
Than the apple-trees by the humble door,—
That my father loved for their thrifty pride,—
That shadowed the hut by the river's side.

That little low hut had a glad hearthstone,
That echoed of old with a pleasant tone,
And brothers and sisters, a merry crew,
Filled the hours with pleasure as on they flew;
But one by one the loved ones died,
That dwelt in the hut by the river's side.

The father revered and the children gay
The graves of the world have called away;
But quietly, all alone, here sits
By the pleasant window, in summer, and knits,
An aged woman, long years allied
With the little low hut by the river's side.

That little low hut to the lonely wife
Is the cherished stage of her active life;
Each scene is recalled in memory's beam,
As she sits by the window in pensive dream,
And joys and woes roll back like a tide
In that little low hut by the river's side.

My mother—alone by the river's side
She waits for the flood of the heavenly tide,
And the voice that shall thrill her heart with its call
To meet once more with the dear ones all,
And forms in a region beautified,
The band that once met by the river's side.

The dear old hut by the river's side
With the warmest pulse of my heart is allied,—
And a glory is over its dark walls thrown,
That statelier fabrics have never known,—
And I shall love with a fonder pride
That little low hut by the river's side.

B. P. SHILLABER. (*Mrs. Partington.*)

THE MEMORY OF THE HEART.

IF stores of dry and learned lore we gain,
We keep them in the memory of the brain,
Names, things, and facts,—whate'er we knowledge call,—
There is the common ledger for them all;
And images on this cold surface traced
Make slight impression, and are soon effaced
But we've a page, more glowing and more bright,
On which our friendship and our love to write;
That these may never from the soul depart,
We trust them to the memory of the heart.
There is no dimming, no effacement there;
Each new pulsation keeps the record clear;
Warm, golden letters all the tablet fill,
Nor lose their lustre till the heart stands still.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

EXAMPLE OF FRIENDSHIP.

THERE is a remarkable example of friendship told of such as never heard of him who is the friend of sinners. It is so remarkable indeed that it procured divine honors to Orestes and Pylades from the Scythians—a race so bloody, rude and savage, that they are said to have fed on human flesh, and made drinking-cups of their enemies' skulls. Engaged in an arduous enterprise, Orestes and Pylades, two sworn friends, landed on the shores of the Chersonesus to find themselves in the dominions and power of a king whose practice was to seize on all strangers, and sacrifice them at the shrine of Diana. The travellers were arrested. They were carried before the tyrant; and, doomed to death, were delivered over to Iphigenia, who, as priestess of Diana's temple, had to immolate the victims. Her knife is buried in their bosoms but that she learns before the blow is struck that they are Greeks—natives of her own native country. Anxious to open up a communication with the land of her birth, she offers to spare one of the two, on condition that the survivor will become her messenger, and carry a letter to her friends in Greece. But which shall live and which shall die? That is the question. The friendship which has endured for years, in travels, and courts, and battle-fields, is now put to a strain it never bore before. And nobly it bears it! Neither will accept the office of messenger, leaving his fellow to the stroke of death. Each implores the priestess to select him for the sacrifice. and let the other go. While they contend for the pleasure and honor of dying, Iphigenia discovers in one of them her own brother! She embraces him; and, sparing both, flees with them from that cruel shore. Both are saved; and the story, borne on the wings of fame, flies abroad, fills the world with wonder, and, carried to distant regions, excited such admiration among the barbarous Scythians, that they paid divine honors to Orestes and Pylades, and, deifying these heroes, erected temples to their worship.

DR. THOMAS GUTHRIE.

THE STRANGER ON THE SILL.

BETWEEN the broad fields of wheat and corn
Is the lowly home where I was born;
The peach tree leans against the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all;
There is the shaded doorway still,
But a stranger's foot has cross'd the sill.

There is the barn, and, as of yore,
I can smell the hay from the open door,
And see the busy swallows throng,
And hear the pewee's mournful song;
But the stranger comes—oh, painful proof!—
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard—the very trees
Where my childhood knew long hours of ease,
And watch'd the shadowy moments run
Till my life imbibed more shade than sun:
The swing from the bough still sweeps the air.
But the stranger's children are swinging there.

There bubbles the shady spring below,
With its bulrush brook where the hazels grow;
'Twas there I found the calamus root,
And watched the minnows poise and shoot,
And heard the robin lave his wing:—
But the stranger's bucket is at the spring.

O ye who daily cross the sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still;
And when you crowd the old barn eaves,
Then think what countless harvest sheaves
Have pass'd within that scented door
To gladden eyes that are no more.

Deal kindly with these orchard trees;
And when your children crowd your knees,
Their sweetest fruit they shall impart,
As if old memories stirr'd their heart:
To youthful sport still leave the swing,
And in sweet reverence hold the spring.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I'VE wander'd to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school-house play-ground, which shelter'd you and me;
But none were there to greet me, Tom, and few were left to know,
That play'd with us upon the grass some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom—barefooted boys at play,
Were sporting just as we did then, with spirits just as gay;
But the "master" sleeps upon the hill, which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding-place, just twenty years ago.

The old school-house is alter'd some, the benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same our pen-knives had defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to and fro,
It's music, just the same, dear Tom, 'twas twenty years ago.

The boys were playing some old game, beneath the same old tree—
I do forget the name just now; you've play'd the same with me
On that same spot; 'twas play'd with knives, by throwing so and so,
The loser had a task to do, there, just twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still, the willows on its side
Are larger than they were, Tom, the stream appears less wide;
But the grapevine swing is ruin'd now where once we play'd the beau,
And swung our sweethearts—"pretty girls"—just twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beech,
Is very low—'twas once so high that we could almost reach;
And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I even started so!
To see how much that I am changed since twenty years ago.

Near by the spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine the same—
Some heartless wretch had peel'd the bark, 'twas dying sure but slow,
Just as the one whose name was cut, died twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears came in my eyes,
I thought of her I loved so well—those early broken ties—
I visited the old churchyard, and took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved, some twenty years ago.

Some are in the churchyard laid, some sleep beneath the sea,
But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me,
And when our time is come, Tom, and we are call'd to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we play'd, just twenty years ago.

THE QUARREL OF FRIENDS.

FROM "CHRISTABEL."

ALAS! they had been friends in youth:
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline!
Each spoke words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother;
They parted,—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining.
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

and extended open hands, proclaim obedience to its laws—while at the same time the canker of malice and envy and detraction is enthroned in their hearts and active on their tongues. Friendship, true friendship, can only be found to bloom in the soil of a noble and self-sacrificing heart; there it has a perennial summer, never-ending season of felicity and joy to its happy possessor, casting a thousand rays of love and hope and peace on all around.

No one can be happy without a friend, and no one can know what friends he has until he is unhappy.

It has been observed, that a real friend is somewhat like a ghost or apparition; much talked of, but hardly ever seen. Though this may not be exactly true, it must, however, be confessed, that a friend does not appear every day, and that he who in reality has found one, ought to value the boon, and be thankful.

Where persons are united by the bonds of genuine friendship, there is nothing, perhaps, more conducive to felicity. It supports and strengthens the mind, alleviates the pain of life, and renders the present state, at least somewhat comfortable. "Sorrows," says Lord Verulam, "by being communicated, grow less, and joys greater." "And indeed," observes another, "sorrow, like a stream, loses itself in many channels; while joy, like a a ray of the sun, reflects with a greater ardor and quickness when it rebounds upon a man from the breast of his friend."

The friendship which is founded upon good tastes and congenial habits, apart from piety, is permitted by the benignity of Providence to embellish a world, which, with all its magnificence and beauty, will shortly pass away; that which has religion for its basis will ere long be transplanted in order to adorn the paradise of God.

There is true enjoyment in that friendship which has its source in the innocence and uprightness of a true heart. Such pleasures do greatly sweeten life, easing it from many a bitter burden. A sympathizing heart finds an echo in sympathizing bosoms that bring back cheering music to the spirit of the loveliest. Be all honor, then, true friendship, and may it gather yet more fragrant blossoms from the dew-bathed meadows of social intercourse, to spread their aroma along the toil-worn road of life. What a blessing it is to have a friend to whom one can speak fearlessly upon any subject; with whom one's deepest thoughts come simply and safely. O, the comfort, the inexpressible comfort, of feeling safe with a person —having neither to weigh the thoughts nor measure the words, but pouring them all right out, just as they are, chaff and grain together, certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them; keep what is worth keeping, and then, with the breath of kindness, blow the rest away.

If any form an intimacy merely for what they can gain by it, this is not true friendship in such a person. It must be free from any such selfish view, and only design mutual benefit as each may require. Again, it must be unreserved. It is true indeed that friends are not bound to reveal to each other all their family concerns, but they should be ever ready to disclose what may in any point of view concern each other. Lastly, it is benevolent. Friends must study to please and oblige each other in the most delicate, kind, and liberal manner; and that in poverty and trouble, as well as in riches or prosperity. The benevolence of friends is also manifested in overlooking each other's faults, and, in the most tender manner, admonishing each other when they do amiss. Upon the whole, the purse, the heart, and

the house ought to be open to a friend, and in no case can we shut out either of them, unless upon clear proofs of treachery, immorality, or some other great crime.

The first law of friendship is sincerity; and he who violates this law, will soon find himself destitute of what he so erringly seeks to gain; for the deceitful heart of such an one will soon betray itself, and feel the contempt due to insincerity. The world is so full of selfishness, that true friendship is seldom found; yet it is often sought for paltry gain by the base and designing. Behold that toiling miser, with his ill-got and worthless treasures; his soul is never moved by the hallowed influence of the sacred boon of friendship, which renews again on earth lost Eden's faded bloom, and flings hope's halcyon halo over the wastes of life. The envious man—he, too, seeks to gain the applause of others for an unholy usage, by which he may usurp a seat of pre-eminence for himself. Self-love, the spring of motion, acts upon his soul. All are fond of praise, and many are dishonest in the use of means to obtain it; hence it is often difficult to distinguish between true and false friendship.

———

MY PLAYMATE.

THE pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
Their song was soft and low;
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear;
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seem'd of all the year.

For more to me than birds or flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing spring,
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine:
What more could ask the bashful boy
Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May:
The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,
But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round
Of uneventful years;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
Her summer roses blow;
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewell'd hands
She smooths her silken gown,—
No more the homespun lap wherein
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
And brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make sweet
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems,—
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice:
Does she remember mine?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours,—
That other hands with nuts are fill'd,
And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time!
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern
A sweeter memory blow;
And there in spring the veeries sing
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea,—
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

THE fields on which I first looked, and the sands which were marked by my earliest footsteps, are completely lost to my memory; and of those ancient walls among which I began to breathe, I retain no recollection more clear than the outlines of a cloud in a moonless sky. But of L——, the village where I afterwards lived, I persuade myself that every line and hue is more deeply and accurately fixed than those of any spot I have since beheld, even though borne in upon the heart by the association of the strongest feelings.

My home was built upon the slope of a hill, with a little orchard stretching down before it, and a garden rising behind. At a considerable distance beyond and beneath the orchard, a rivulet flowed through meadows and turned a mill; while, above the garden, the summit of the hill was crowned by a few gray rocks, from which a yew-tree grew, solitary and bare. Extending at each side of the orchard, toward the brook, two scattered patches of cottages lay nestled among their gardens; and beyond this streamlet and the little mill and bridge, another slight eminence arose, divided into green fields, tufted and bordered with copsewood, and crested by a ruined castle, contemporary, as was said, with the Conquest. I know not whether these things in truth made up a prospect of much beauty. Since I was eight years old, I have never seen them; but I well know that no landscapes I have since beheld, no picture of Claud or Salvator, gave me half the impression of living, heartfelt, perfect beauty which fills my mind when I think of that green valley, that sparkling rivulet, that broken fortress of dark antiquity, and that hill with its aged yew and breezy summit, from which I have so often looked over the broad stretch of verdure beneath it, and the country-town, and church-tower, silent and white beyond.

In that little town there was, and I believe is, a school where the elements of human knowledge were communicated to me, for some hours of every day, during a considerable time. The path to it lay across the rivulet and past the mill; from which point we could either journey through the fields below the old castle, and the wood which surrounded it, or along a road at the other side of the ruin, close to the gateway of which it passed. The former track led through two or three beautiful fields, the sylvan domain of the keep on one hand, and the brook on the other; while an oak or two, like giant warders advanced from the wood, broke the sunshine of the green with a soft and graceful shadow. How often, on my way to school, have I stopped beneath the tree to collect fallen acorns; how often run down to the stream to pluck a branch of the hawthorn which hung over the water! The road which passed the castle joined, beyond these fields, the path which traversed them. It took, I well remember, a certain solemn and mysterious interest from the ruin. The shadow of the archway, the discolorations of time on all the walls, the dimness of the little thicket which encircled it, the traditions of its immeasurable age, made St. Quentin's Castle a wonderful and awful fabric in the imagination of a child; and long after I last saw its moldering roughness, I never

read of fortresses, or heights, or spectres, or banditti, without connecting them with the one ruin of my childhood.

It was close to this spot that one of the few adventures occurred which marked, in my mind, my boyish days with importance. When loitering beyond the castle, on the way to school, with a brother somewhat older than myself, who was uniformly my champion and protector, we espied a round sole high up in the hedge-row. We determined to obtain it; and I do not remember whether both of us, or only my brother, climbed the tree. However, when the prize was all but reached—and no alchemist ever looked more eagerly for the moment of projection which was to give him immortality and omnipotence—a gruff voice startled us with an oath, and an order to desist; and I well recollect looking back, for long after, with terror to the vision of an old and ill-tempered farmer, armed with a bill-hook, and vowing our decapitation; nor did I subsequently remember without triumph the eloquence whereby alone, in my firm belief, my brother and myself had been rescued from instant death.

At the entrance of the little town stood an old gateway, with a pointed arch and decaying battlements. It gave admittance to the street which contained the church, and which terminated in another street, the principal one in the town of C——. In this was situated the school to which I daily wended. I cannot now recall to mind the face of its good conductor, nor of any of his scholars; but I have before me a strong general image of the interior of his establishment. I remember the reverence with which I was wont to carry to his seat a well-thumbed duodecimo, the *History of Greece* by Oliver Goldsmith. I remember the mental agonies I endured in attempting to master the art and mystery of penmanship; a craft which, alas, I remained too short a time under Mr. R—— to become as great a proficient as he made his other scholars, and which my awkwardness has prevented me from attaining in any considerable perfection under my various subsequent pedagogues. But that which has left behind it a brilliant trail of light was the exhibition of what are called "Christmas pieces;" things unknown in aristocratic seminaries, but constantly used at the comparatively humble academy which supplied the best knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic to be attained in that remote neighborhood.

The long desks covered from end to end with those painted masterpieces, the Life of Robinson Crusoe, the Hunting of Chevy-Chase, the History of Jack the Giant-Killer, and all the little eager faces and trembling hands bent over these, and filling them up with some choice quotation, sacred or profane;—no, the galleries of art, the theatrical exhibitions, the reviews and processions—which are only not childish because they are practised and admired by men instead of children—all the pomps and vanities of great cities, have shown me no revelation of glory such as did that crowded school-room the week before the Christmas holidays. But these were the splendors of life. The truest and the strongest feelings do not connect themselves with any scenes of gorgeous and gaudy magnificence; they are bound up in the remembrances of home.

The narrow orchard, with its grove of old apple trees, against one of which I used to lean, and while I brandished a beanstalk, roar out with Fitzjames,

> "Come one, come all; this rock shall fly
> From its firm base as soon as I"—

while I was ready to squall at the sight of a cur, and run valorously away from a casually approaching cow; the field close beside it, where I rolled about in summer among the hay; the brook in which, despite of maid and mother, I waded by the hour; the garden where I sowed flower

seeds, and then turned up the ground again and planted potatoes, and then rooted out the potatoes to insert acorns and apple-pips, and at last, as may be supposed, reaped neither roses, nor potatoes, nor oak trees, nor apples; the grass-plots on which I played among those with whom I never can play nor work again: all these are places and employments—and, alas, playmates—such as, if it were worth while to weep at all, it would be worth weeping that I enjoy no longer.

I remember the house where I first grew familiar with peacocks; and the mill-stream into which I once fell; and the religious awe wherewith I heard, in the warm twilight, the psalm-singing around the house of the Methodist miller: and the door-post against which I discharged my brazen artillery; I remember the window by which I sat while my mother taught me French; and the patch of garden which I dug for——— But her name is best left blank; it was indeed writ in water. The recollections are to me like the wealth of a departed friend, a mournful treasure. But the public has heard enough of them; to it they are worthless: they are a coin which only circulates as its true value between the different periods of an individual's existence, and good for nothing but to keep up a commerce between boyhood and manhood. I have for years looked forward to the possibility of visiting L——; but I am told that it is a changed village; and not only has man been at work, but the old yew on the hill has fallen, and scarcely a low stump remains of the tree which I delighted in childhood to think might have furnished bows for the Norman archers.

JOHN STERLING.

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

WE have been friends together
In sunshine and in shade,
Since first beneath the chestnut-tree
In infancy we played.
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together,
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;
We have laughed at little jests;
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together,
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together;
We have wept with bitter tears
O'er the grass-grown graves where slumbered
The hopes of early years.
The voices which were silent then
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been sad together,
Shall a light word part us now?

CAROLINE E. S. NORTON.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

GO where glory waits thee;
But while fame elates thee,
Oh still remember me!
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh then remember me!
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh then remember me!

When at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh then remember me!
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh thus remember me!
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes

On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them—
Oh then remember me!

When around thee dying
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh then remember me!
And at night when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh still remember me!
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee—
Oh then remember me!

THOMAS MOORE.

OLD FRIENDS.

"OLD friends!" What a multitude of deep and varied emotions are called forth from the soul by the utterance of these two words. What thronging memories of other days crowd the brain when they are spoken. Ah, there is a magic in the sound and the spell which it creates is both sad and pleasing. As we sit by our fireside, while the winds are making wild melody without the walls of our cottage, and review the scenes of by-gone years which flit before us in swift succession, dim and shadowy as the recollections of a dream—how those "old familiar faces" will rise up and haunt our vision with their well remembered features. But ah, where are they? those friends of our youth—those kindred spirits who shared our joy and sorrows when first we started in the pilgrimage of life. Companions of our early days, they are endeared to us by many a tie, and we now look back through the vista of years upon the hours of our communion, as upon green oases in a sandy waste. Years have passed over us with their buds and flowers, their fruits and snows; and where now are those "old familiar faces?" They are scattered, and over many of their last narrow homes the thistle waves its lonely head; "after life's fitful fever they sleep well." Some are buffeting the billows of time's stormy sea in distant lands; though they are absent our thoughts are often with them.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

OFT, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so linked together,
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

THOMAS MOORE.

FRIENDSHIP.

CELESTIAL Happiness! whene'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent heaven,—the bosom of a friend;
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine.
Can gold gain friendship? Impudence of hope:
Love, and love only, is the loan for love.

Lorenzo! pride repress, nor hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in thee:
All like the purchase, few the price will pay;
And this makes friends such miracles below.
What if, since daring on so nice a theme,
I show thee friendship delicate as dear?
Reserve will wound it, and distrust destroy.

Deliberate on all things with thy friend:
But, since friends grow not thick on every bough,
Nor every friend unrotten at the core,
First on thy friend deliberate with thyself;
Pause, ponder, sift; nor eager in the choice
Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix;
Judge before friendship; then confide till death.
A friend is worth all hazards we can run.

EDWARD YOUNG.

Not unremember'd is the hour when friends
Met; friends but few on earth, and therefore dear.
Sought oft, and sought almost as oft in vain:
Yet always sought; so native to the heart,
So much desired and coveted by all.
Nor wonder thou,—thou wonder'st not, nor need'st:
Much beautiful, and excellent, and fair,
Was seen beneath the sun; but naught was seen
More beautiful, or excellent or fair,
Than face of faithful friend,—fairest when seen
In darkest day.

And many sounds were sweet,
Most ravishing, and pleasant to the ear;
But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend,—
Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.
Some I remember, and will ne'er forget:—
My early friends, friends of my evil day;
Friends in my mirth, friends in my misery too;
Friends given by God in mercy and in love;
My counselors, my comforters, and guides;
My joy in grief, my second bliss in joy;
Companions of my young desires; in doubt
My oracles, my wings in high pursuit.

Oh, I remember, and will ne'er forget,
Our meeting-spots, our chosen, sacred hours;
Our burning words, that utter'd all the soul;
Our faces, beaming with unearthly love;
Sorrow with sorrow sighing, hope with hope
Exulting, heart embracing heart entire.
As birds of social feather, helping each
His fellow's flight, we soar'd into the skies,
And cast the clouds beneath our feet, and earth,
With all her tardy, leaden-footed cares,
And talk'd the speech and ate the food of heaven.

These I remember,—these selected men,—
And would their names record; but what avails
My mention of their name? before the throne
They stand illustrious 'mong the loudest harps,
And will receive thee glad, my friend and theirs,
For all are friends in heaven,—all faithful friends;
And many friendships in the days of Time
Begun are lasting here and growing still;
So grows ours evermore, both theirs and mine.

ROBERT POLLOK.

WE ARE BRETHREN A'.

A HAPPY bit hame this auld world would be
If men, when they're here, could make shift to agree,
An' ilk said to his neighbor, in cottage an' ha',
"Come, gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'."

I ken na why ane wi' anither should fight,
When to 'gree would make ae body cosie an' right,
When man meets wi' man, 't is the best way ava,
To say, "Gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'."

My coat is a coarse ane, an' yours may be fine,
And I maun drink water, while you may drink wine;

But we baith ha'e a leal heart, unspotted to shaw:
Sae gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

The knave ye would scorn, the unfaithfu' deride;
Ye would stand like a rock, wi' the truth on your side;
Sae would I, an' naught else would I value a straw:
Then gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

Ye would scorn to do fausely by woman or man;
I haud by the right aye, as weel as I can;
We are ane in our joys, our affections, an' a':
Come, gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

Your mother has lo'ed you as mithers can lo'e;
An' mine has done for me what mithers can do;
We are ane high an' laigh, an' we shouldna be twa:
Sae gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

We love the same simmer day, sunny and fair;
Hame! oh, how we love it, an a' that are there!
Frae the pure air of heaven the same life we draw:
Come, gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

Frail shakin' auld age will soon come o'er us baith,
An' creeping alang at his back will be death;
Syne into the same mither-yird we will fa':
Come, gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

ROBERT NICOLL.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn:
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white;
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing;
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing:
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.

A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP.

"A TEMPLE to Friendship," cried Laura, enchanted,
"I'll build in this garden; the thought is divine."
So the temple was built, and she now only wanted
An image of Friendship, to place on the shrine

So she flew to the sculptor, who sat down before her
An image, the fairest his art could invent:
But so cold, and so dull, that the youthful adorer
Saw plainly this was not the Friendship she meant.

"O, never," said she, "could I think of enshrining
An image whose looks are so joyless and dim;
But yon little god upon roses reclining,
We'll make, if you please, sir, a Friendship of him."

So the bargain was struck; with the little god laden,
She joyfully flew to her home in the grove.
"Farewell," said the sculptor, "you 're not the first maiden
Who came but for Friendship, and took away Love!"

THOMAS MOORE.

BILL AND JOE.

COME, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by;
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright with morning dew,—
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow-tail;
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare:
To-day, O friend, remember still
That I am Joe, and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With H.O.N. and L.L.D.,
In big, brave letters, fair to see,—
Your fist, old fellow! off they go!—
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've won the judge's ermined robe,
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again:
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare, and say,
"See those old buffers, bent and gray,—
They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means,"—
And shake their heads: they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe!

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes,—
Those calm, stern eyes, that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame:
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go,—
How vain it seems, this empty show!
Till all at once his pulses thrill:—
'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears,
In some sweet lull of harp and song
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below
Where this was Bill and that was Joe?

No matter: while our home is here,
No sounding name is half so dear:
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. *Hic jacet* Bill.

OLIVER W. HOLMES.

IMPORTANCE OF FRIENDSHIP.

WHEN a man, blind from his birth, was asked what he thought the sun to be like, he replied, "Like friendship." He could not conceive of anything more fitting as a similitude for what he had been taught to regard as the most glorious of material objects, and whose quickening and exhilarating influences he had rejoiced to feel. And truly friendship is a sun, if not *the* sun, of life. All feel it ought to be so. It would be common-place to dwell upon its delights and advantages. The theme of poets and moralists in all ages and countries, what can be said upon it has been said so often as to make repetition stale, so well as to make improvement impossible. How friendship is a pearl of greatest price; how it is often more deep and steadfast than natural affection, "a friend" sometimes "sticketh closer than a brother:" how it is as useful as lovely, "strength and beauty;" how it lessens grief and increases pleasure; all this is familiar as the lessons of childhood, and true as the elementary principles of our nature. MORRIS

THE CANTEEN.

THERE are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,
Fetters of friendship, and ties of flowers,
And true-lovers' knots, I ween;
The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss,
But there's never a bond, old friend, like this,—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

It was sometimes water, and sometimes milk,
And sometimes apple-jack, fine as silk,
But, whatever the tipple has been,
We shared it together, in bane or bliss;
And I warm to you, friend, when I think of this,—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

The rich and the great sit down to dine,
And they quaff to each other in sparkling wine,
From glasses of crystal and green;
But I guess in their golden potations they miss
The warmth of regard to be found in this,—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

We have shared our blankets and tents together,
And have marched and fought in all kinds of weather,
And hungry and full we have been;
Had days of battle, and days of rest,
But this memory I cling to and love the best,—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

For when wounded I lay on the outer slope,
With my blood flowing fast and but little hope
Upon which my faint spirit could lean,—
Oh! then, I remember, you crawled to my side,
And bleeding so fast it seemed both must have died,
We drank from the same canteen!

PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

I LOVE it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize;
I've bedew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with sighs,
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell?—a mother sat there;
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I linger'd near
The hallow'd seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watch'd her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray:
And I almost worshipp'd her when she smiled,
And turn'd from her Bible, to bless her child.
Years roll'd on; but the last one sped—
My idol was shatter'd; my earth-star fled;
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past, but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:
'Twas there she nursed me; 'twas there she died:
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it; and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

ELIZA COOK.

SUNSET IN BRITTANY.

THE RETREAT.

HAPPY those early days, when I
Shined in my angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white celestial thought;
When yet I had not walk'd above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back at that short space
Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

Oh, how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence th' enlighten'd spirit sees
That shady City of Palm trees:
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way:
Some men a forward motion love,
But I my backward steps would move
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

THE INTERCOURSE OF FRIENDSHIP.

THE world would be more happy, if persons gave up more time to an intercourse of friendship. But money engrosses all our deference; and we scarce enjoy a social hour, because we think it unjustly stolen from the main business of life.

SHENSTONE.

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

WE sat within the farm-house old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,—
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,—
The light-house,—the dismantled fort,—
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight—
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again;

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire.

And, as their splendor flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main,—
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed
And sent no answer back again.

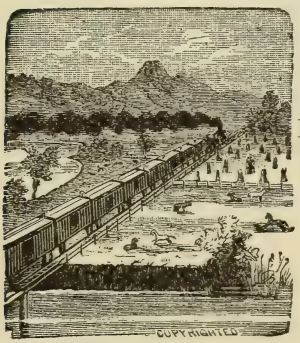
The windows, rattling in their frames,—
The ocean, roaring up the beach,—
The gusty blast,—the bickering flames,—
All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain,—
The long-lost ventures of the heart,
That sends no answers back again.

Oh flames that glowed! Oh hearts that yearned!
They were indeed too much akin—
The drift-wood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LASTING FRIENDSHIP.



EUXIS replied to some who blamed the slowness of his pencil, that he therefore spent a long time in painting, because he designed his work should last for a long eternity. So he that would secure a lasting friendship and acquaintance must first deliberately judge and thoroughly try its worth before he settles it. PLUTARCH.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

WHAT might be done if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another?

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving-kindness;
And knowledge pour,
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
All vice and crime, might die together;
And wine and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother—
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.

CHARLES MACKAY.

FRIENDSHIP.

A RUDDY drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs;
The world uncertain comes and goes,
The lover rooted stays.
I fancied he was fled,—
And after many a year,
Glowed unexhausted kindliness,
Like daily sunrise there.
My careful heart was free again;
O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red;
All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth;
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me too thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

RELATION OF FRIENDS.

THERE are many turning points when the question of success or failure is decided again and again. Life is a campaign, in which a series of fortresses are to be taken; all previous victories and advances may be thrown away by failure in the next. Nearly the last of these is companionship; if one wins victory here, the reward of a prosperous manhood is within reach.

If there were but one general truth that I could lodge in the mind of any one or all men, it would be this: that *true life consists in the fulfillment of relations.* We are born into relations; we never get out of them; all duty consists in meeting them. The family, the church, the state, the humanity at large,—these are the sources of our primary and abiding duties, as well as of our happiness,—the sum-total of ethics and religion.

The relation of friends, though not so sharply defined as that of the family or the state, is as real and as essential to a full life. Emerson says: "Maugre all the selfishness that chills like east winds the world, the whole human family is bathed with an element of love like a fine ether." To get this ensphering love into form and expression is the office of friendship. Bacon goes so far as to say that "a principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness of the heart." He goes on in his noble and wise way to name its other points, and nothing on the subject is better than his threefold statement of its uses: "Peace in the affections, support of the judgment, and bearing a part in all actions and occasions."

Of course I regard friendship as a real and abiding thing, and not as that other thing that comes and goes with fortune. I have no faith in the miserable notions that the poor are friendless because they are poor, and that friends desert on the approach of poverty. Poverty may winnow the false from the true, but it does not destroy the wheat. The poor may be friendless, and even poor because they are friendless, never having won friends. This fine relation does not turn upon poverty, but upon disposition or temper, or the chances of life. Happy is he who wins friends in early life by true affinities! He multiplies himself; he has more hands and feet than his own, and other fortresses to flee into when his own are dismantled by evil fortune, and other hearts to throb with his joy.

Friendship is of such a nature that it is difficult to name rules for it; it is its own law and method. So etherial a thing cannot be brought under choice or rule. It is rather a matter of destiny. If one is born to have friends he will have them. Emerson says, that "one need not seek for friends; they come of themselves." But Solomon goes deeper in his proverb: "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." Let one offer to the world a large, generous, true, sympathetic nature and rich or poor, he will have friends, and he will never be friendless whatever catastrophies befall him.

This matter of friendship is often regarded slightingly, as a mere accessory of life, a happy chance if one falls into it, but not as entering into the substance of

life. No mistake could be greater. It is not, as Emerson says, a thing of "glass threads or frost-work, but the solidest thing we know." "There is in friendship"—as Evelyn writes in the life of Mrs. Godolphin—"something of all relations and something above them all. It is the golden thread that ties the hearts of all the world."

THEODORE T. MUNGER.

EARLY FRIENDSHIP.

THE half-seen memories of childish days,
When pains and pleasures lightly came and went:
The sympathies of boyhood rashly spent
In fearful wanderings through forbidden ways;
The vague, but manly wish to tread the maze
Of life to noble ends; whereon intent,
Asking to know for what man here is sent,
The bravest heart must often pause, and gaze—
The firm resolve to seek the chosen end
Of manhood's judgment, cautious and mature:
Each of these viewless bonds binds friend to friend
With strength no selfish purpose can secure;—
My happy lot is this, that all attend
That friendship which first came, and which shall last endure.

AUBREY DE VERE.

BENEDICITE.

GOD'S love and peace be with thee, where
Soe'er this soft autumnal air
Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair!

Whether through city casements comes
Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms,
Or, out among the woodland blooms,

It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face,
Imparting, in its glad embrace,
Beauty to beauty, grace to grace!

Fair Nature's book together read,
The old wood-paths that knew our tread,
The maple shadows overhead,—

The hills we climbed, the river seen
By gleams along its deep ravine,—
All keep thy memory fresh and green.

Where'er I look, where'er I stray
Thy thought goes with me on my way,
And hence the prayer I breathe to-day:

O'er lapse of time and change of scene,
The weary waste which lies between
Thyself and me, my heart I lean.

Thou lack'st not Friendship's spellword, nor
The half-unconscious power to draw
All hearts to thine by Love's sweet law.

With these good gifts of God is cast
Thy lot, and many a charm thou hast
To hold the blessed angels fast.

If, then, a fervent wish for thee
The gracious heavens will heed from me,
What should, dear heart, its burden be?

The sighing of a shaken reed,—
What can I more than meekly plead
The greatness of our common need?

God's love,—unchanging, pure, and true,—
The Paraclete white-shining through
His peace,—the fall of Hermon's dew!

With such a prayer, on this sweet day,
As thou mayst hear and I may say,
I greet thee, dearest, far away!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

FRIENDSHIP FLAWED.

FRIENDSHIP is a vase which, when it is flawed by heat, or violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once; it can never be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be cemented again; precious stones—never.

LANDOR.

KINDRED passions and pursuits are the natural groundwork of friendship.

Real friendship is of slow growth, and never thrives, unless ingrafted upon a stock of known and reciprocal merit.

CHESTERFIELD.

FRIENDSHIP.

URE, disinterested friendship, is a bright flame, emitting none of the smoke of selfishness, and seldom deigns to tabernacle among men. Its origin is divine, its operations heavenly, and its results enrapturing to the soul. It is because it is the perfection of earthly bliss that the world has ever been flooded with base counterfeits, many so thickly coated with the pure metal, that nothing but time can detect the base interior and ulterior designs of bogus friends. Deception is a propensity deeply rooted in human nature, and the hobby horse on which some ride through life. *The heart is deceitful above all things; who can know it?*

Caution has been termed the parent of safety, but has often been baffled by a Judas kiss. The most cautious have been the dupes and victims of the basest deceivers. We should be extremely careful *whom* we confide in, and then we will often find ourselves mistaken. Let adversity come, then we may know more of our friends. Many will probably show that they were sunshine friends, and will escape as for their lives, like rats from a barn in flames! Ten to one, those who have enjoyed the most sunshine will be the first to forsake, censure and reproach. Friendship, based entirely on self, ends in desertion the moment the selfish ends are accomplished or frustrated.

"Disguise so near the truth doth seem to run
'Tis doubtful whom to seek or whom to shun;
Nor know we when to spare or when to strike,
Our friends and foes they seem so much alike."

Friendship is a flower that blooms in all seasons; it may be seen flourishing on the snow-capped mountains of Northern Russia, as well as in more favored valleys of sunny Italy, everywhere cheering us by its exquisite and indescribable charms. No surveyed chart, no national boundary line, no rugged mountain or steep declining vale put a limit to its growth. Wherever it is watered with the dews of kindness and affection, there you may be sure to find it. Allied in closest companionship with its twin-sister, charity, it enters the abode of sorrow and wretchedness, and causes happiness and peace. It knocks at the lonely and disconsolate heart, and speaks words of encouragement and joy. Its all powerful influence hovers over contending armies and unites the deadly foes in the closest bonds of sympathy and kindness. Its eternal and universal fragrance dispels every poisoned thought of envy, and purifies the mind with a holy and priceless contentment which all the pomp and power of earth could not bestow. In vain do we look for this heavenly flower in the cold, calculating worldling; the poor, deluded wretch is dead to every feeling of its ennobling virtue. In vain do we look for it in the actions of the proud and aristocratic votaries of fashion; the love of self-display and of the false and fleeting pleasures of the world, has banished it forever from their hearts. In vain do we look for it in the thoughtless and practical throng, who with loud laugh

MEMORY'S WILD WOOD.

THE day, with its sandals dipped in dew,
Has passed through the evening's golden gates,
And a single star in the cloudless blue
For the rising moon in silence waits;
While the winds that sigh to the languid hours
A lullaby breathe o'er the folded flowers.

The lilies nod to the sound of the stream
That winds along with lulling flow,
And either awake, or half a-dream,
I pass through the realms of long ago;
While faces peer with many a smile
From the bowers of Memory's magical isle.

There are joys and sunshine, sorrows and tears
That check the path of life's April hours,
And a longing wish for the coming years,
That hope ever wreathes with the fairest flowers;
There are friendships guileless—love as bright
And pure as the stars in halls of night.

There are ashen memories, bitter pain,
And buried hopes and a broken vow,
And an aching heart by the reckless main,
And the sea-breeze fanning a pallid brow;
And a wanderer on the shell-lined shore
Listening for voices that speak no more.

There are passions strong and ambitions wild,
And the fierce desire to stand in the van
Of the battle of life—and the heart of the child
Is crushed in the breast of the struggling man;
But short are the regrets and few are the tears,
That fall at the tomb of the banished years.

There is a quiet and peace and domestic love,
And joys arising from faith and truth,
And a truth unquestioning, far above
The passionate dreamings of ardent youth;
And kisses of children on lips and cheek,
And the parent's bliss which no tongue can speak.

There are loved ones lost! There are little graves
In the distant dell, 'neath protecting trees,
Where the streamlet winds, and the violet waves,
And the grasses sway to the sighing breeze;
And we mourn for the pressure of tender lips,
And the light of eyes darkened in death's eclipse.

THE CHESS-BOARD.

MY little love, do you remember,
Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
Those evenings in the bleak December,
Curtain'd warm from the snowy weather,
When you and I play'd chess together,
Checkmated by each other's eyes?
Ah, still I see your soft white hand
Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight.
Brave Pawns in valiant battle stand:
The double Castles guard the wings:
The Bishop, bent on distant things,
Moves sidling through the fight.
Our fingers touch; our glances meet,
And falter; falls your golden hair
Against my cheek; your bosom sweet
Is heaving. Down the field, your Queen
Rides slow her soldiery all between,
And checks me unaware.
Ah me! the little battle's done,
Dispersed is all its chivalry;
Full many a move since then have we
Mid Life's perplexing checkers made,
And many a game with Fortune play'd,—
What is it we have won?
This, this at least - if this alone;—
That never, never, never more,
As in those old still nights of yore
(Ere we were grown so sadly wise),
Can you and I shut out the skies,
Shut out the world; and wintry weather,
And eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
Play chess, as then we play'd, together!

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

SANCTIFIED FRIENDSHIP.

THAT which is most valuable and lovely of life on earth—sanctified friendship—cannot be said to die with those we love; but through their death, it is rather raised to a higher and more influential life. By the transfer of our loved ones to heaven, our friendship becomes spiritualized and perpetuated. Our friends live in such circumstances, and in such relation to us, that their spirit, and faith, and love should exert more influence upon us than ever. "Being dead, they yet speak"—speak to us in such tones as should only the more command attention and charm the ear. A holy life has been compared to a song—a song of praise, and there is something not only beautiful, but very striking in the simile. A song hath its lower and its higher notes, but they are all pitched to one key; and so the life of the Christian hath its lower notes of sorrow and its higher notes of joy, but they, too, are set to the one key-note—the love of God in Christ; and thus together they make up the melody of a holy life—a life in Christ.

This melody does not cease with this life, nor does it cease to awaken its echoes in the heart of loved ones when the singer is lost to sight through death; but it continues to come floating down to us from the heavenly world like the song of the skylark, only rendered more sweet and enchanting by distance. I shall never forget my own first experience of the morning song of the English skylark. In my zeal as a traveler to see all that could be seen, I had arisen with the sun, and had wandered off alone over the hills surrounding the old city of Winchester and its grand cathedral. The rays of the rising sun had changed the dew-drops into diamonds, and the early breeze had awakened the lark both to song and to flight; for as this almost spirit-bird begins to sing, it commences also mounting upon its wings, and mounting, it continues to sing, and singing it continues to mount higher and still higher, as if it had truly bid adieu to earth, as Jeremy Taylor has it, and had gone to mingle with the choirs of heaven. At last I could no longer see the bird. Its form was entirely lost to my vision, but its song was still heard; its glad notes still came floating down from heaven like the music of an angel, and charmed my heart the more, since my eye could no longer discern the singer. Such is the song of a holy life; for the Christian as he commences the song of the new life, commences his upward course, and his song grows sweeter as he rises; and it is never so sweet, so moving, so attractive as when the singer is lost to human vision, and the notes come floating to us from the upper spirit-world. Listen! Can we not even now hear some notes of the life-song of some departed loved one? If the ear is too dull to catch the spirit-strains, cannot the heart discern the melody, and is there not awakened within us kindred harmonies? They tell us that when two lutes are attuned to the same key and placed near each other, when one is struck the other is heard to send forth notes and tones of kindred harmony. May not our spirits be thus so nearly attuned to the same key with those of our

loved ones who have gone before to heaven, and may we not draw so near to them in spiritual union and sympathy that, even while we are yet upon the earth, our souls may send forth occasional strains at least of that song which fills all hearts, and occupies all voices in the choirs of the redeemed? Yes, yes, it is even so.

"Their song to us descendeth;
The spirit who in them did sing,
To us his music lendeth;
His song in them, in us, is one;
We raise it high we send it on—
The song that never endeth."

J. STANFORD HOLMES.

FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

FAREWELL! but whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too.
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return—not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain—
But he ne'er will forget the bright vision that threw
Its enchantment around him while lingering with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top-sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night—
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles;
Too blest if it tells me that, mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"

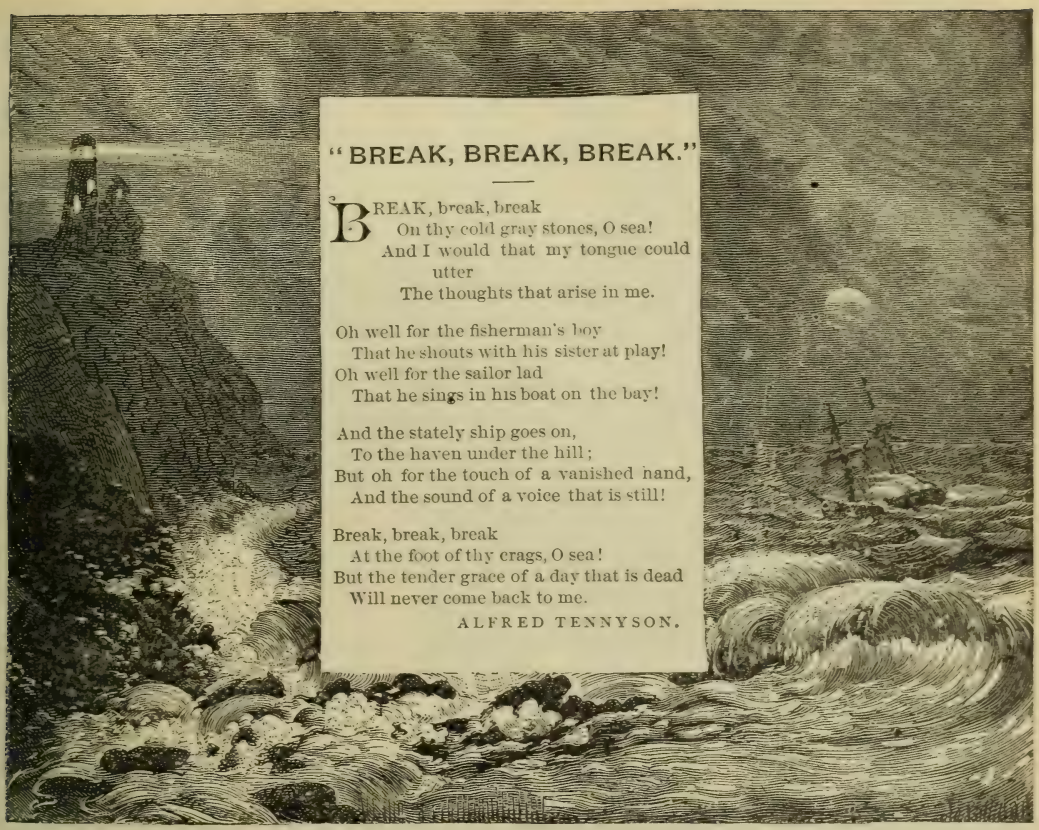
Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy!
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd;
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

THOMAS MOORE.

HARMONY.

TO A REDBREAST

SWEET bird, a story saith thy breast
Turned red when in Gethsemane
Thrice, from a bleeding soul, Christ prayed.
And since that, thou has loved to be
The most where sorrow dwells, and shade.
O'er fallen leaves, that chide the wind;
Or near some door with cloud behind
To sing of light—to sing of rest.



"BREAK, BREAK, BREAK."

BREAK, break, break
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ship goes on,
To the haven under the hill;
But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BY-AND-BYE.

WHAT will it matter by-and bye,
Whether my path below was bright,
Whether it wound, through dark or light,
Under a gray or golden sky,
When I look on it by-and-bye?

What will it matter by-and-bye,
Whether unhelped I toiled alone,
Dashing my foot against a stone,
Missing the charge of the angel high,
Bidding me think of the by-and-bye?

What will it matter by-and-bye,
Whether with dancing joy I went
Down through the years with a gay content,
Never believing—nay, not I,
Tears would be sweeter by-and-bye?

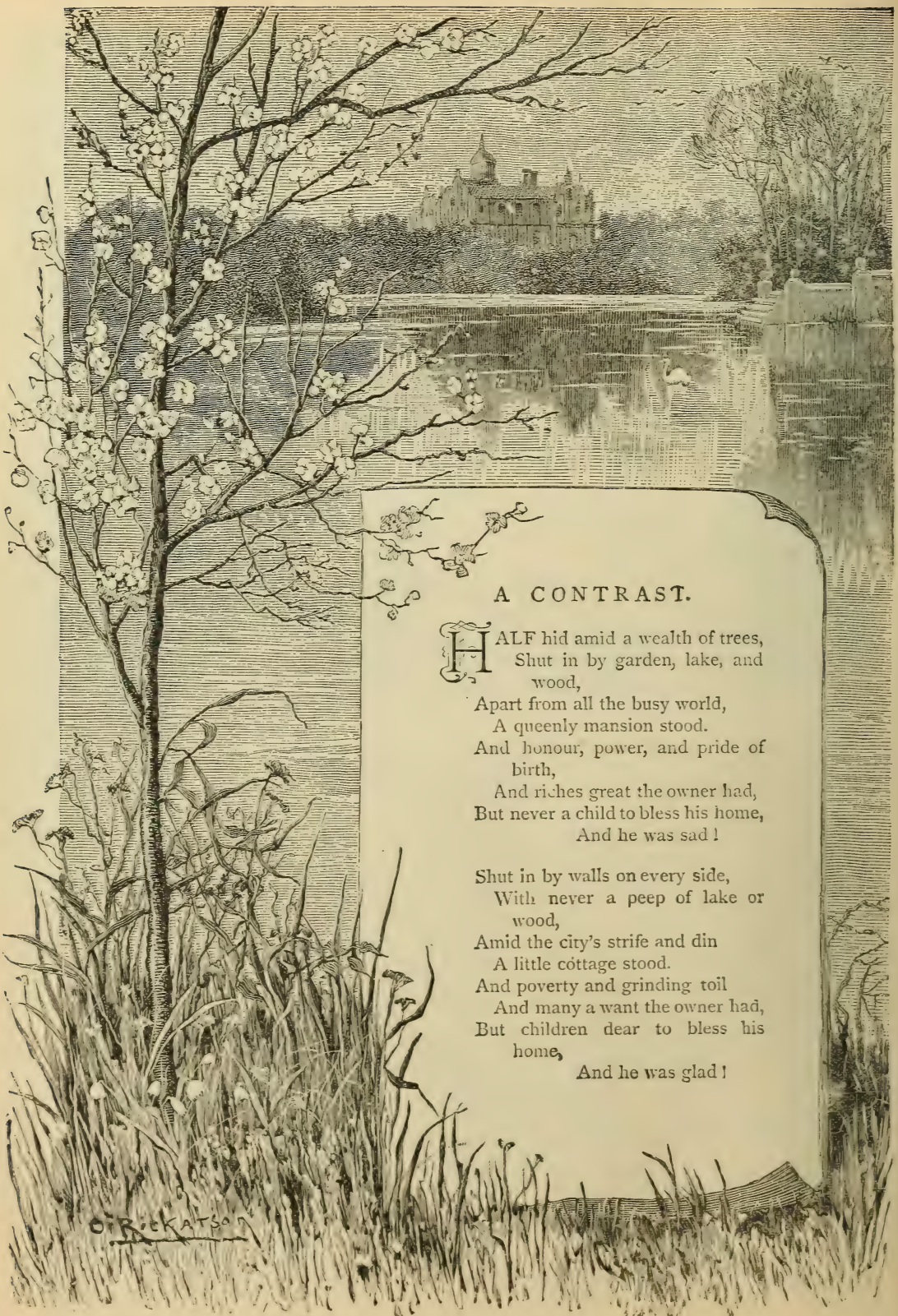
What will it matter by-and-bye,
Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain,
Close to the pallid angel, Pain,
Soothing myself with sob and sigh—
"All will be elsewhere by-and-bye?"

What will it matter? Naught if I
Only am sure the way I've trod,
Gloomy or gladdened, leads to God,
Questioning not of the how, the why,
If I but reach Him by-and-bye.

What will I care for the unshared sigh,
If, in my fear of lapse or fall,
Close I have clung to Christ through all,
Mindless how rough the road might lie,
Sure He will smoothen it by-and-bye?

What will it matter by-and-bye?
Nothing but this—That joy or pain
Lifted me skyward—helped to gain,
Whether through rack, or smile, or sigh,
Heaven—home—all in all—by-and-bye!

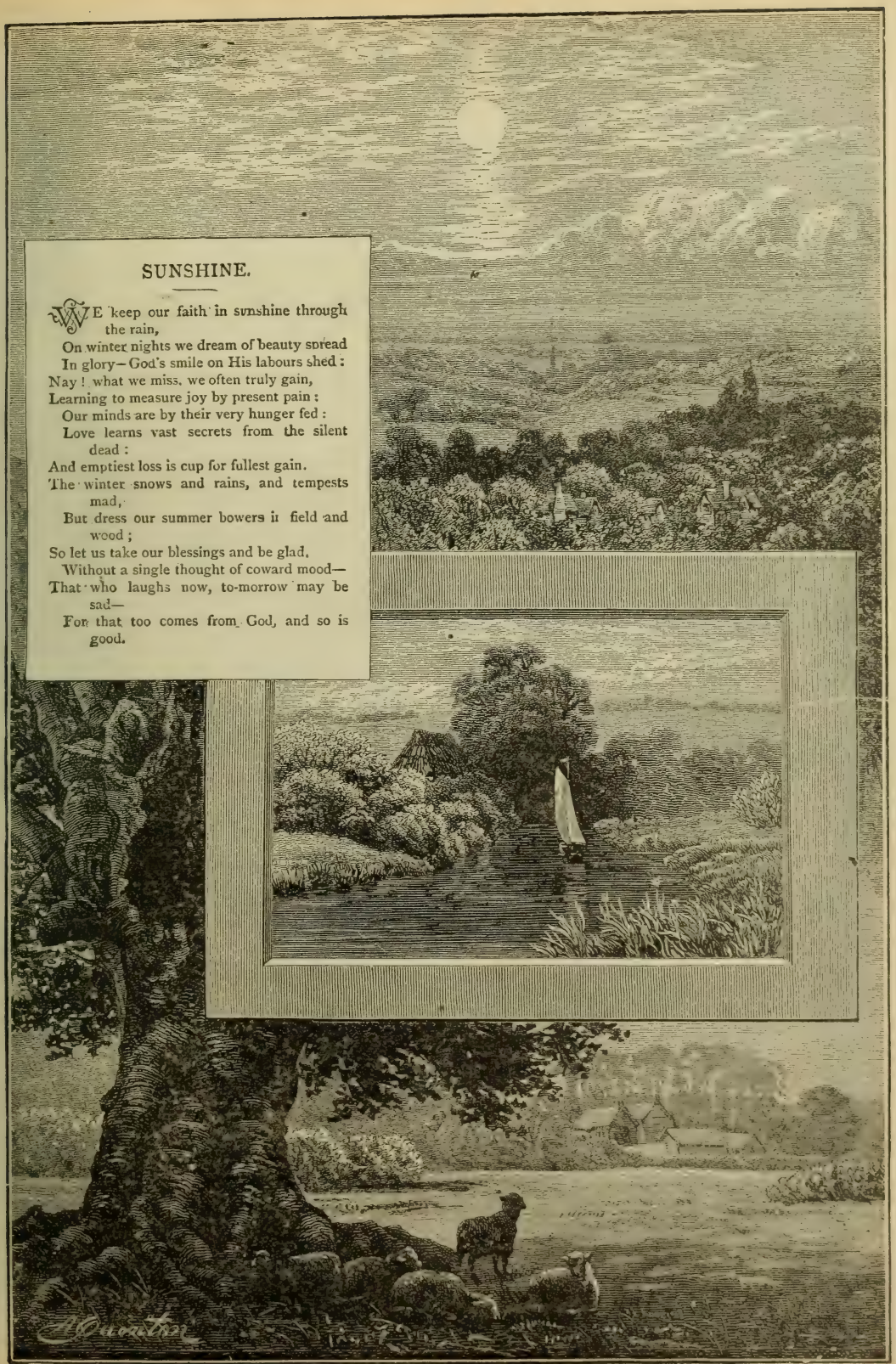
MRS. PRESTON.



A CONTRAST.

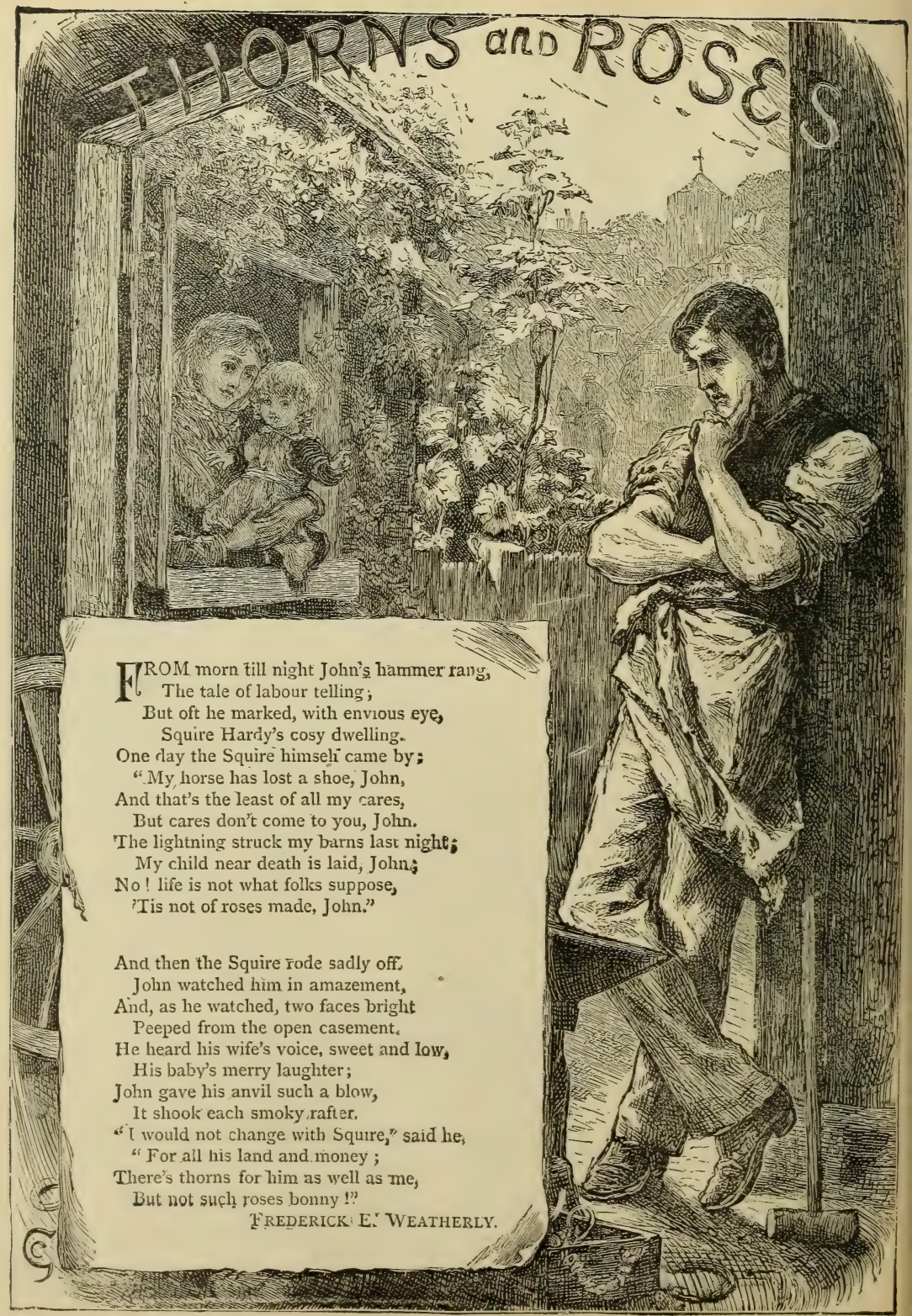
HALF hid amid a wealth of trees,
Shut in by garden, lake, and wood,
Apart from all the busy world,
A queenly mansion stood.
And honour, power, and pride of birth,
And riches great the owner had,
But never a child to bless his home,
And he was sad!

Shut in by walls on every side,
With never a peep of lake or wood,
Amid the city's strife and din
A little cottage stood.
And poverty and grinding toil
And many a want the owner had,
But children dear to bless his home,
And he was glad!



SUNSHINE.

WE keep our faith in sunshine through the rain,
On winter nights we dream of beauty spread
In glory—God's smile on His labours shed:
Nay! what we miss, we often truly gain,
Learning to measure joy by present pain:
Our minds are by their very hunger fed:
Love learns vast secrets from the silent dead:
And emptiest loss is cup for fullest gain.
The winter snows and rains, and tempests mad,
But dress our summer bowers in field and wood;
So let us take our blessings and be glad,
Without a single thought of coward mood—
That who laughs now, to-morrow may be sad—
For that too comes from God, and so is good.



FROM morn till night John's hammer rang,
The tale of labour telling;
But oft he marked, with envious eye,
Squire Hardy's cosy dwelling.
One day the Squire himself came by;
"My horse has lost a shoe, John,
And that's the least of all my cares,
But cares don't come to you, John.
The lightning struck my barns last night;
My child near death is laid, John;
No! life is not what folks suppose,
'Tis not of roses made, John."

And then the Squire rode sadly off.
John watched him in amazement,
And, as he watched, two faces bright
Peeped from the open casement.
He heard his wife's voice, sweet and low,
His baby's merry laughter;
John gave his anvil such a blow,
It shook each smoky rafter.
"I would not change with Squire," said he,
"For all his land and money;
There's thorns for him as well as me,
But not such roses bonny!"

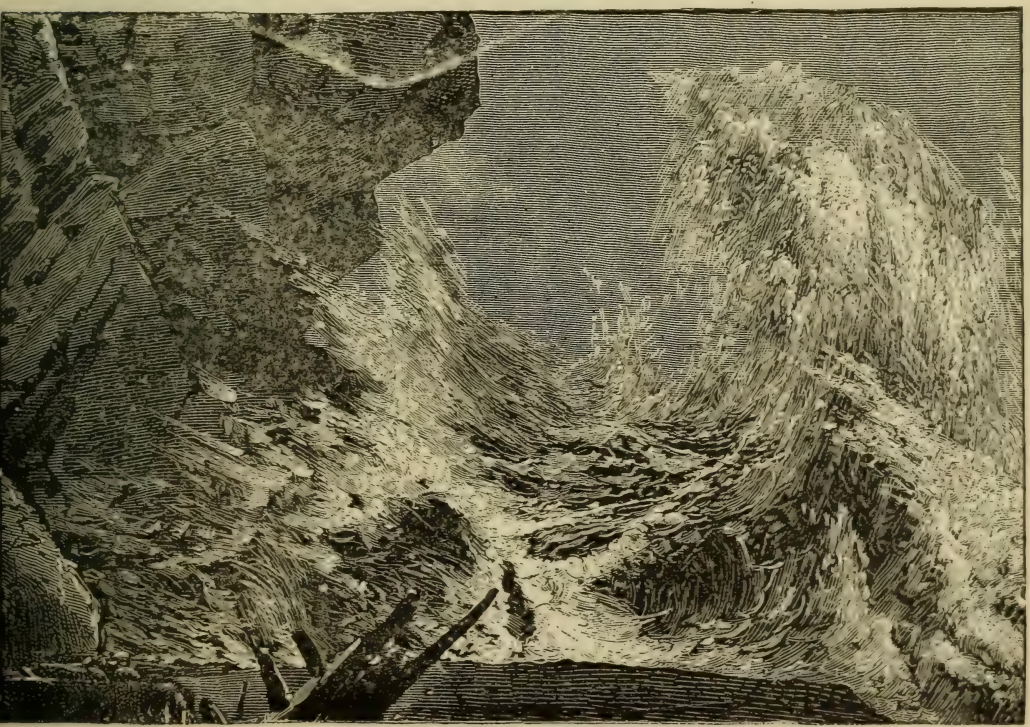
FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

FORTH from a curtained window,
The glad light comes and goes;
In the richly furnished chamber,
The fitful fire-light glows;
But the woe of the stricken master—
Who knows?

Standing without on the pavement,
Where the bitter north wind blows,
A woman leans, anguished and smitten,
Wrapped up as it were in her woes
But the hope of that weary spirit—
Who knows?

For often a grief falls the harder
On one who has felt but few blows,
When life still seems worth the living,
When a scent is still left in the rose;
But the hope of the earthly-stranded,
Who knows?



WRECKED!

TOSSED aloft on mighty billows, borne along in cruel glee,
Speeds a good ship to destruction, o'er the tempest-riven sea.

Hoary-crested, white with splendor, mounting high with frenzied dash,
Round the coast the waves are gleaming, lit up by the lightning flash.

On towards the roaring breakers, through the surf and through the foam,
Speeds the good ship to destruction, speeds the good ship to her home.

In amongst the cruel breakers, wrestled for with sinewy strength—
Then a few poor spars and timbers, tossed upon the shore at length;

Tossed upon the shore to linger, crushed and useless, many a day,
Till another mighty tempest, pitying, bears the wreck away.

So full often have I noticed men by nature bold and brave,
Tossed aloft 'mid Sorrow's tempest, buffeted by wind and wave;
Drifted in among the breakers, lifted high with angry roar;
Bruised and crushed, the spirit broken, cast a wreck upon the shore.

There to lie in shame and anguish, raising not the head again,
Till in mercy comes Death's billow, hiding them and all their pain.

A PRAYER FOR ONE IN AFFLICTION.

"I KNOW, Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou of very faithfulness hast caused me to be troubled" (Psalm cxix., 75); for "before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy word" (Psalm cxix., 6). Blessed be thy goodness for afflicting me.

I humbly beg of thee, O merciful Father, that this affliction may strengthen my faith, which thou sawest was growing weak; fix my hope, which was staggering; quicken my devotion, which was languishing; rekindle my charity, which was cooling; revive my zeal, which was dying; confirm my obedience, which was wavering; recover my patience, which was fainting; mortify my pride, which was presuming; and perfect my repentance, which was daily decaying; for all these and the like infirmities to which my soul is exposed, O make thy affliction my cure!

Grant, O my God, that this affliction thou hast in mercy laid on me may wean all my affections from the world, which I was apt to grow too fond of; rescue me from those occasions of evil of which I was in danger; secure me from those temptations which were ready to assault me; restrain me from those sins to which my nature was strongly inclined; preserve me from all those abuses of health I am apt to incur; and purify my soul from all that dross, and from all those vicious propensions which either my impenitence has left behind, or which I have since contracted.

O my God, let thy affliction produce my amendment, and all the happy effects in me which it is wont to do in thy children, and which thou in mercy dost design it should, and then continue thy affliction if it seem good in thy sight; behold, Lord, happy is the man whom thou hast corrected (Job v., 7).

What is best for me, O my God, I know not; my flesh desires deliverance from this distemper, and if it be thy pleasure, O Lord, deliver me; my spirit desires that thou only wouldst choose for me, because thou art my Father, and out of thy fatherly tenderness wilt be sure to choose what is best for me. I resign my own will entirely to thine. Let me be enabled to say, after my gracious Saviour's example, "Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done."

Hear, Lord, and have compassion on me, for the merits and sufferings of Jesus Christ, whose perfect resignation may I always imitate. Amen.

THOMAS KEN.

CONSOLATION.

NOT always can we tell when the most vivid lightning and startling thunder are to come. Light clouds gather here and there, the sun is temporarily obscured, nothing ominous appears in air or sky, when, quick as thought, the atmosphere seems bursting with crash and peal and roar and flashings of fire, that leave a wonder that everything is not shivered and aflame.

Again the sun shines, and a light shower falls. Soon a rainbow's broad and brilliant arch repeats itself on the inky clouds that bank the east. A little later sunset tints of surpassing beauty, pale-blue and amber, brown and gold, sea-green and rose, purple and gray, paint floating argosies of cloud that rise from the bosom of the west, linger at the north, like ships at anchor, then slowly pass from sight where the fading arches had been. Long rifts of clearer sky, like far-off, soft-tinted seas, exquisite and of varying color, stretch beyond and between the shifting fleet.

Some of the saddest experiences of life come without premonition. Yesterday life went well, hope was in the ascendant; it was easy to be content. To-day all is reversed; the crushed heart can scarcely lift itself to pray; speech seems paralyzed. It appears cruel that such calamity should be permitted when we might have been so happy. Was there not some way by which it could have been foreseen and avoided? Where are life's compensations now? What are its ambitions worth in the face of this?

In other homes and in the busy streets move on, in close procession, life's hurrying cares. There is no pause with the world at large because grief and desolation sit at our hearthstone.

The clanging bells, from their high towers, call to worship and to prayer. Their voices are unutterably sad. They did not sound like this a week ago. A ripple of childish laughter floats into the lonely house. Across the street a proud father leads his innocent, sunny-haired boy. Further on a cheerful mother walks with her trio of little ones. They are not tearful, or anxious, or bereaved; and their happiness, which yesterday would have made us glad, to-day smites us with a keen sense of contrast. Night comes on, with its gathering silence and shadow, and is even more dreadful than the day. Thinking of the loved dead at night, our thoughts, per force, take the gloom of the grave where their bodies lie; but Nature is tender and God is merciful, and there is sure to come with the triumphant dawn some bright and comforting thought of that morning-land where their souls are dwelling.

For the saddest day some duty waits; and when one would with folded hands keep idle company with grief, temporary

consolation comes unbidden. A little child, with its unceasing activity, its numberless wants, its quick recovery from tears, its wonder that we can not be entirely consoled by its caresses and comforted with its toys,—even this shallow comprehension of the storm that is beating at one's heart, is better than to be left in uninterrupted communion with sadness.

Whatever the loss, ours is not long a solitary case. To the one who has it to bear, every trial is a peculiar trial. When God's hand hath touched us we shrink and cry, "What have I done that this calamity should fall on me?" We question if there "*is* any sorrow like unto our sorrow." If we take thought only of our own cross, it appears the heaviest of any. But when we begin to recognize the losses and trials of others, and extend a helpful sympathy even beyond our family and household, we experience the blessedness of giving in a way to react upon and comfort our own hearts.

Our burdens, whether of bereavement or disappointment, or wrong or regret, weigh heavier or lighter at different times, according to our moods and occupations, or the want of them. We find some way to bear the grief we cannot escape and which in prospect we could not endure. Bitter, indeed, would be all chastening, if no good came of it. Who shall say that this rending of the soul, this breaking up of all the depths of our nature, this strain upon our capacities for suffering, is but the inevitable chance-work of existence?

What does it mean? "That the trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ." Were we perfect in sympathy? Was our charity unfailing? Lacked we not in all directions that symmetry of faith and purity of practice needed to effect a resemblance to the divine model? Would we be strong? We must often be put to the trial of our strength. Covet we the best gifts? They are not granted to the undisciplined.

We "rise on stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things." No one soul is so obscure that God does not take thought for its schooling. The sun is the central light of the universe, but it has a mission to the ripening corn and the purpling clusters of the vine. The sunshine that comes filtering through the morning mists, with healing in its wings, and charms all the birds to singing, should have, also, a message from God to sad hearts. No soul is so grief-laden that it may not be lifted to sources of heavenly comfort by recognizing the Divine love in the perpetual recurrence of earthly blessings:

"The night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring,
And even upon old decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the star-light lurks;
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Hath left his hope with all."

MARY H. HOUGHTON.

IN THE SHADOW.

OUR brightest fancies serve as rays
That many a dusty mote disclose,
Or play as summer lightning plays
And gathering darkness darker shows.

As mists from smoothest waters rise,
As reddened leaves must soonest fall,
So tears will stream from calmest eyes,
So Misery comes at Pleasure's pall.

Our sky shows darkest through the rifts;
Our spirits breathe infected air;
The dust we are about us lifts,
And rises with our purest prayer.

JACOB A. HOEKSTRA.

LAMENT FOR THE DEAD.

RYNO.—The wind and the rain are past; calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven; over the green hills flies the inconstant sun; and through the stony vale comes down the stream of the hill. Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream! but more sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song, mourning for the dead. Bent is his head of age; red his tearful eye. Alpin, thou son of song, why alone on the silent hill? Why complainest thou, as a blast in the wood; as a wave on the lonely shore?

Alpin.—My tears, O Ryno! are for the dead; my voice for those that have passed away. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among the sons of the vale; but thou shalt fall like Morar; the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more; thy bow shall lie in the hall unstrung.

Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the desert; terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm; thy sword in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was like a stream after rain; like thunder on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm; they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath; but when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain; like the moon in the silence of night; calm as the breast of the lake when the loud wind is laid.

Narrow is thy dwelling now; dark the place of thine abode. With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou, who wast so great before. Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee. A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass which whistles in the wind, mark, to the hunter's eye, the grave of the mighty Morar. Morar! thou art low indeed. Thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth; fallen is the daughter of Morglan.

Who on his staff is this? Who is this, whose head is white with age, whose eyes are red with tears, who quakes at every step? It is thy father, O Morar! the father of no son but thee. He heard of thy fame in war; he heard of foes dispersed; he heard of Morar's renown: why did he not hear of his wound? Weep, thou father of Morar! weep; but thy son heareth thee not.

Deep is the sleep of the dead, low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice, no more awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake? Farewell, thou bravest of men, thou conqueror in the field; but the field shall see thee no more, nor the dark wood be lightened with the splendor of thy steel. Thou hast left no son; but the song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee; they shall hear of the fallen Morar.

MACPHERSON.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

THERE is many a rest in the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it!
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,

When the ominous clouds are rifted!
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem, in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jewelled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure:
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayers to Heaven;
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, slender threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit, and grieve, and wonder.

M. A. KIDDER.

"THEY'RE DEAR FISH TO ME."

THE farmer's wife sat at the door,
A pleasant sight to see;
And blithesome were the wee, wee bairns
That play'd around her knee.

When, bending 'neath her heavy creel,
A poor fish-wife came by,
And, turning from the toilsome road,
Unto the door drew nigh.

She laid her burden on the green,
And spread its scaly store,
With trembling hands and pleading words
She told them o'er and o'er.

But lightly laugh'd the young guidwife,
"We're no sae scarce o' cheer;
Tak up your creel, and gang your ways,—
I'll buy nae fish sae dear."

Bending beneath her load again,
A weary sight to see;
Right sorely sigh'd the poor fish-wife,
"They're dear fish to me!

"Our boat was oot ae fearfu' night,
And when the storm blew o'er,
My husband, and my three brave sons,
Lay corpses on the shore.

"I've been a wife for thirty years,
A childless widow three;
I maun buy them now to sell again,—
They're dear fish to me!"

The farmer's wife turn'd to the door,—
What was't upon her cheek?
What was there rising in her breast,
That then she scarce could speak?

She thought upon her ain guid man,
Her lightsome laddies three;
The woman's words had pierced her heart,—
"They're dear fish to me!"

"Come back," she cried, with quivering voice
And pity's gathering tear;
"Come in, come in, my poor woman,
Ye're kindly welcome here.

"I kentna o' your aching heart,
Your weary lot to dree;
I'll ne'er forget your sad, sad words:
'They're dear fish to me!'"

Ay, let the happy-hearted learn
To pause ere they deny
The meed of honest toil, and think
How much their gold may buy,—

How much of manhood's wasted strength,
What woman's misery,—
What breaking hearts might swell the cry·
"They're dear fish to me!"

THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary.
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering Past.
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast.
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

HOME SHADOWS.

RIENDS, I wonder whether we have any deep consciousness of the shadows we are weaving about our children in the home; whether we ever ask ourselves, if, in the far future, when we are dead and gone, the shadow our home casts now will stretch over them for bane or blessing. It is possible we are full of anxiety to do our best, and to make our homes sacred to the children. We want them to come up right, to turn out good men and women, to be an honor and praise to the home out of which they sprang. But this is the pity and the danger, that, while we may not come short in any real duty of father and mother, we may yet cast no healing and sacramental shadow over the child. Believe me, friends, it was not in the words he said, in the pressure of the hand, in the kiss, that the blessing lay Jesus gave to the little ones, when he took them in his arms. So it is not in these, but in the shadow of my innermost, holiest self; in that which is to us what the perfume is to the flower, a soul within the soul,—it is that which, to the child, and in the home, is more than the tongue of men or angels, or prophecy or knowledge, or faith that will move mountains, or devotion that will give the body to be burned. I look back with wonder on that olden time, and ask myself how it is that most of the things, I suppose my father and mother built on especially to mould me to a right manhood are forgotten and lost out of my life. But the thing they hardly ever thought of,—the shadow of blessing cast by the home; the tender unspoken love; the sacrifices made, and never thought of, it was so natural to make them; ten thousand little things, so simple as to attract no notice, and yet so sublime as I look back at them,—they fill my heart still and always with tenderness, when I remember them, and my eyes with tears. All these things, and all that belong to them, still come over me, and cast the shadow that forty years, many of them lived in a new world, cannot destroy.

I fear, few parents know what a supreme and holy thing is this shadow cast by the home, over, especially, the first seven years of this life of the child. I think the influence that comes in this way is the very breath and bread of life. I may do other things for duty or principle or religious training; they are all, by comparison, as when I cut and trim and train a vine; and, when I let the sun shine and the rain fall on it, the one may aid the life; the other *is* the life. Steel and string are each good in their place; but what are they to sunshine? It is said that a child, hearing once of heaven, and that his father would be there, replied, "Oh! then, I dinna want to gang." He did but express the holy instinct of a child, to whom the father may be all that is good, except just goodness,—be all any child can want, except what is indispensable—that gracious atmosphere of blessing in the healing shadow it casts, without which even heaven would come to be intolerable.

ROBERT COLLYER, D. D.

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal, every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open, this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament?

Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved,—when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal,—would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No! the love that survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul.

If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection,—when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness,—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart?

Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No! there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living.

Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies moldering before him?

But the grave of those we loved,—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness—the solemn, awful tenderness—of the parting scene.

The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendants, its mute, watchful assiduities; the last testimonies of expiring love; the feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh, how thrilling!—pressure of the hand; the faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection; the last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence.

Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent,—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought or word or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory

and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan and pour the unavailing tear; more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE HOUSE IS DARK AND DREARY.

THE house is dark and dreary,
And my heart is full of gloom;
But out of doors, in blessed air,
The sun is warm, the sky is fair,
And the flowers are still in bloom.

A moment ago in the garden
I scattered the shining dew:
The wind was soft in the swaying trees,
The morning-glories were full of bees,
And straight in my face they flew!

Yet I left them unmolested,
Draining their honey-wine,
And entered the weary house again,
To sit, as now, by a bed of pain,
With a fevered hand in mine.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

THE CONTRAST.

IN the parlor, singing playing,
Round me like a sunbeam straying,
All her life with joy o'erladen,
Is a radiant little maiden.
Constant love her cares beguiling,
Shields her from sin's dread defiling;
Sheltered safe from worldly rudeness,
Grows she in her native goodness.
Every morn brings fond caressing,
Every night brings earnest blessing;
So her heart gets sweeter, purer,
And her steps in virtue surer.

In the street, when storms are sighing,
Is a child deserted, crying;
Poor lost lamb! with plaintive bleating
All my sympathy entreating.
No home's holy loves enfold her,
No protecting arms uphold her;
And the voices that should guide her
Utter only tones that chide her.
O'er her spirit's waste and blindness
Falls no ray of saving kindness;
Wandering thus in earth's dark places,
Sin her tender soul embraces.

Then I know that radiant maiden
All whose life with love is laden,
Only *love* saves her from danger
And the fate of this lost stranger!

PLUMMER.

SUNSHINE FOR THE SORROWING.

EVERY minister, as he runs his eye over his congregation, sees the black badge of sorrow in every part of the house. Yet many of the deepest and sorest griefs of the heart do not hoist any outward signal of distress. For who ever puts on crape for a family disgrace, or a secret heartache, or loss of character, or an acute contrition for sin, or a backsliding from Christ? Set it down as a fact that God sees ten-fold more sorrow than the human eye ever detects.

What a clear streak of sunshine our Lord let into this legion of sorrowing hearts when he pronounced that wonderful benediction: "Blessed are they that mourn!" Perhaps some poor Galilean mother who came up that day to hear Jesus of Nazareth, with her eyes red from weeping over a lost child, whispered to herself: "That is for me; I am a mourner." "Ah!" thought some penitent sinner who felt the plague of his guilty heart, "that means me; I am in trouble to-day." It did mean them. Christ's religion is the

first and only religion ever known in this world which recognizes human sorrow, and has any sunshine of consolation for broken hearts. Do cold-blooded infidels realize that fact when they attempt to destroy men's faith in the Gospel of Calvary?

We are apt to limit this benediction of Jesus to one class of sufferers. We take this sweet little text into sick rooms, or to funerals, or into the lonely group which gather around a mother's deserted chair or a little empty crib. It was meant for them. It has fallen upon such stricken hearts like the gentle rain upon the new-mown grass. Many of us know full well how good the balm felt when it touched our bruised and bleeding hearts. I remember how, when one of my own "bairns" was lying in his fresh-made grave, and another one was so low that his crib seemed to touch against a tomb, I used to keep murmuring over to myself Wesley's matchless lines:

> "Leave, oh leave me not alone,
> Still support and comfort me!"

In those days I was learning (what we pastors have to learn) just how the arrow feels when it enters, and just how to sympathize with our people in their bereavements. Somehow a minister is never fully ready to emit the fragrance of sympathy for others until he has been bruised himself. There is a great lack about all Christians who have never suffered. Paul abounded in consolation because he had known sharp tribulations in his own experience. What a precious spilling of his great sympathetic heart that was when he overflowed into that sublime passage which ends the fourth and begins the fifth chapter of his Epistle to the Corinthians. The outward man perishing—the inward man renewed day by day. The affliction growing "light" in proportion to the transcendent weight of the eternal glory! The old tent dropping to pieces and the heavenly mansion looming up so gloriously that his homesick soul longed to quit the fluttering tent, and to "be present with the Lord." These are indeed mighty consolations to bear with us into our houses of mourning. They are the foretastes which make us long for the full feast and the seraphic joys of the marriage-supper of the Lamb. We experience what the old godly negro, "Uncle Johnson," did when he said: "Oh, yes, massa, I feel bery lonesome since my Ellen died, but den de Lord comes round ebery day and gibs me a *taste ob de kingdom*, jus' as a nus would wid de spoon; but oh, how I wants to get holds *ob de whole dish!*"

REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing away to the west—
Away to the west as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep;
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down;
They look'd at the squall, and they look'd at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up, ragged and brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep.
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep—
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep—
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Death of Little Nell.

SHE was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter-berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." Those were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird, a poor, slight thing, which the pressure of a finger would have crushed, was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever. Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead, indeed, in her; but peace and perfect happiness were born—imaged—in her tranquil beauty and profound repose. And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change.

Yes; the old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face, which had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care. At the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold wet night, at the same still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild, lovely look.

The old man took one languid arm in his, and held the small hand to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile,—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and, as he said it, he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast, the garden she had tended, the eyes she had gladdened, the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour, the paths she had trodden, as it were, but yesterday, could know her no more.

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night, but as the hours crept on, she sunk to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man: they were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped and used them kindly; for she often said "God bless you!" with great fervor. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once; and that was at beautiful music which she said was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

Opening her eyes at last from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man, with a lovely smile upon her face,—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget,—and clung with both arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead at first.

She had spoken very often of the two sisters, who, she said, were like dear friends to her. She wished they could be told how much she had thought about them and how she had watched them as they walked together by the river-side. She would like to see poor Kit, she had often said of late. She wished there was somebody to take her love to Kit. And even then she never thought or spoke about him but with something of her old, clear, merry laugh.

For the rest, she had never murmured or complained; but, with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered, save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them, she faded like the light upon the summer's evening.

The child who had been her little friend came there, almost as soon as it was day, with an offering of dried flowers, which he asked them to lay upon her breast. He begged hard to see her, saying that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear his being alarmed, for he sat alone by his younger brother all day long when he was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him.

They let him have his wish; and, indeed, he kept his word; and was, in his childish way, a lesson to them all. Up to that time the old man had not spoken once,—except to her,—or stirred from the bedside. But, when he saw her little favorite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have come nearer.

Then, pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time; and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together. Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, to do almost as he desired him. And when the day came on which must remove her in her earthly shape from earthly eyes forever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him.

And now the bell—the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure, almost as a living voice—rung its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of health and strength, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb.

Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing; grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago and still been old; the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, the living dead, in many shapes and forms, were there, to see the closing of that early grave. Along the crowded path they bore her now, pure as the newly-fallen snow that covered it, whose day on earth had been as fleeting.

Under that porch, where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again; and the old church received her in its quiet shade. They carried her to an old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window,—a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust! Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath; many a stifled sob was heard. Some—and they were not a few—knelt down. All were sincere and

truthful in their sorrow. The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the stone should be replaced.

One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she should be so bold; how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet, and even to climb the tower-stair with no more light than that of the moon-rays stealing through the loopholes in the thick old walls.

A whisper went about among the oldest there that she had seen and talked with angels; and when they called to mind how she had looked and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so indeed. Thus coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared in time of all but the sexton and the mourning friends.

Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place, when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and most of all, it seemed to them, upon her quiet grave,—in that calm time when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them,—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts, they turned away, and left the child with God.

Oh! it is hard to take to heart the lesson that such deaths will teach; but let no man reject it; for it is one that all must learn. When death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world and bless it with their light. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the Destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power; and his dark path becomes a way of light to Heaven.

CHARLES DICKENS.

SUNSHINE AFTER STORM.

THOUGH there be storm and turbulence on this earth, one would rise but little way, through the blackened air, before he would come to a region of calm and peace, where the stars shine unobstructed, and where there is no storm. And a little above our cloud, a little higher than our darkness, a little beyond our storm, is God's upper region of tranquil peace and calm. And when we have had the discipline of winter here, it will be possible for us to have eternal summer there.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

ON ANOTHER'S SORROW.

CAN I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow fill'd?

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No! no! never can it be—
Never, never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all,
Hear the wren with sorrows small
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear,—

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast?
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away?
Oh, no! never can it be—
Never, never can it be!

He doth give His joy to all;
He becomes an infant small,
He becomes a man of woe,
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not nigh;
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

Oh! He gives to us His joy,
That our griefs He may destroy.
Till our grief is fled and gone
He doth sit by us and moan.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

LIGHT AND DARK.

GOD doth checker his providences white and black, as the pillar of cloud had its light side and dark. Look on the light side of thy estate: who looks on the dark side of a landscape? Suppose thou art cast in a law suit—there is the dark side; yet thou hast some land left—there is the light side. Thou hast sickness in thy body—there is the dark side; but grace in thy soul—there is the light side. Thou hast a child taken away—there is the dark side; thy husband lives—there is the light side. God's providences in this life are various, represented by those speckled horses among the myrtle trees which were red and white (Zachariah, 1, 8); mercies and afflictions are interwoven; God doth speckle his work. "Oh," says one, "I want such a comfort;" but weigh all thy mercies in a balance, and that will make thee content. Look on the light side of your condition, and then all your discontent will easily be dispersed; do not pour upon your losses, but ponder upon your mercies. What! wouldst thou have no cross at all? Why should one man think to have all good things, when he himself is good but in part? Wouldst thou have no evil about thee? Thou art not fully sanctified in this life; how then thinkest thou to be fully satisfied? Never look for perfection of contentment till there be perfection of grace.

RICHARD WATSON.

WE KNOW NOT WHAT IS BEFORE US.

I KNOW not what shall befall me,
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,
And each step in my onward path
He makes new scenes to rise,
And every joy He sends to me
Comes as a sweet surprise.

I see not a step before me
As I tread on another year,
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future His mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future
Has less bitter than I think;
The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink;
Or, if Marah must be Marah,
He will stand beside its brink.

It may be He has, waiting
For the coming of my feet,
Some gift of such rare value,
Some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips shall only tremble
With the thanks they cannot speak.

MARY G. BRAINARD.

How MANY sick ones wish they were healthy;
How many poor men wish they were wealthy;
How many ugly ones wish they were pretty;
How many stupid ones wish they were witty;
How many bachelors wish they were married;
How many Benedicts wish they had tarried.
Single or double, life's full of trouble;
Riches are stubble, pleasure's a bubble!

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

I.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening, as I wandered forth
Along the banks of Ayr.
I spied a man whose aged step
Seemed weary, worn with care;
His face was furrowed o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

II.

"Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?"
Began the reverend Sage:
"Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage?
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of Man.

III.

"The Sun that overhangs yon moors,
Outspreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labor to support
A haughty lordling's pride:
I've seen yon weary Winter-sun
Twice forty times return,
And every time has added proofs
That Man was made to mourn.

IV.

"O Man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time,
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law
That Man was made to mourn.

V.

"Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or Manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported in his right:
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn;
Then Age and Want—Oh ill-matched pair!—
Show Man was made to mourn.

VI.

"A few seem favorites of Fate,
In Pleasure's lap carest;
Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, oh! what crowds in every land,
All wretched and forlorn,
Through weary Life this lesson learn,
That Man was made to mourn.

VII.

"Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame;
More pointed still we make ourselves
Regret, Remorse, and Shame.
And Man, whose heaven-directed face
The smiling Love adorn,—
Man's inhumanity to Man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

VIII.

"See yonder poor, o'erlabored wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

IX.

"If I'm designed yon lordling's slave—
By Nature's law designed—
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty, or scorn?
Or why has Man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn?

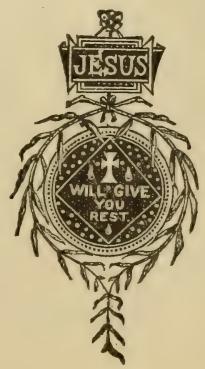
X.

"Yet let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast;
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the last?
The poor, oppressed, honest man,
Had never sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!

XI.

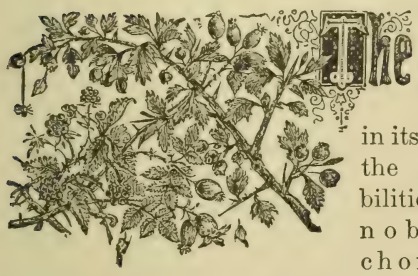
"O Death! The poor Man's dearest friend—
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure born;
But oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn."

BURNS.



ADVERSITY.

The good are better made by ill:—
As odors crush'd are sweeter still!
—*Rogers.*



The harp holds in its wires the possibilities of noblest chords; yet, if they be not struck, they must hang dull and useless. So the mind is vested with a hundred powers, that must be smitten by a heavy hand to prove themselves the offspring of divinity.

Welcome, then, adversity! Thy hand is cold and hard, but it is the hand of a friend! Thy voice is stern and harsh, but it is the voice of a friend! There is something sublime in the resolute, fixed purpose of suffering without complaining, which makes disappointment often better than success.

As full ears load and lay corn, so does too much fortune bend and break the mind. It deserves to be considered, too, as another advantage, that affliction moves pity, and reconciles our very enemies; but prosperity provokes envy, and loses us our very friends. Again, adversity is a desolate and abandoned state; the generality of people are like those infamous animals that live only upon plenty and rapine; and as rats and mice forsake a tottering house, so do these the falling man. He that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others or with himself. Constant success shows us but one side of the world; for as it surrounds us with friends who tell us only of our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom only we can learn our defects.

Adversity, sage, useful guest,
Severe instructor, but the best;
It is from thee alone we know
Justly to value things below.

Adversity exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise and industrious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the idle industrious. A smooth sea never made a skillful mariner, neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify men for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity, like those of the ocean, rouse the faculties, and excite the invention, prudence, skill, and fortitude of the voyager. The martyrs of ancient times, in bracing their minds to outward calamities, acquired a loftiness of purpose and a moral heroism worth a lifetime of softness and security.

It is good for man that he bear the yoke in his youth. Oaks are made hard by strong discipline. As a gladiator trained the body, so must we train the mind to self-sacrifice, "to endure all things," to meet and overcome difficulty and danger. We must take the rough and thorny roads as well as the smooth and pleasant; and a portion at least of our daily duty must be hard and disagreeable; for the mind cannot be kept strong and healthy in perpetual sunshine only, and the most dangerous of all states is that of constantly recurring pleasure, ease and prosperity.

It seems as if man were like the earth. It cannot bask forever in sunshine. The snows of winter and frosts must come and work in the ground and mellow it to make them fruitful. A man upon whom continuous sunshine falls is like the earth in August; he becomes parched and dry, and hard and close-grained. To some men the winter and spring come when they are young; others are born in summer and are only made fit to die by a winter of sorrow coming to them when they are middle-aged or old.

It is not the nursling of wealth or fortune who has been dandled into man-

hood on the lap of prosperity, that carries away the world's honors, or wins its mightiest influence; but it is rather the man whose earlier years were cheered by scarcely a single proffer of aid, or smile of approbation, and who has drawn from adversity the elements of greatness. The "talent" which prosperity "folded in a napkin," the rough hand of adversity shook out.

The men who stand boldly for the defense of the truth, in the midst of the flood of errors that surround them, are not the gentlemen of lily fingers who have been rocked in the cradle of indulgence and caressed in the lap of luxury; but they are men whom necessity has called from the shade of retirement to contend under the scorching rays of the sun, with the stern realities of life with all its vicissitudes. It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth. The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without adversity.

The patient conquest of difficulties which rise in the regular and legitimate channels of business and enterprise, is not only essential in securing the successes which you seek, but it is essential to the preparation of your mind, requisite for the enjoyment of your successes, and for retaining them when gained.

Adversity is the trial of principle. Without it a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not. Night brings out the stars as adversity shows us truths; we never see the stars till we can see little or naught else; and thus it is with truth. When you feel inclined to cry, just change your mind and laugh. Nothing dries sooner than tears.

Adversity certainly has its uses, and very valuable ones too. It has been truly remarked that many a man, in losing his fortune, has found himself and ruined into salvation. Adversity flattereth no man. Oft from apparent ills our blessings rise. Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys. In prosperity, be humble; in adversity, cheerful. If you have the blues, go and see the poorest and sickest families within your knowledge. To bear the sharp afflictions of life like men, we should also *feel* them like men. The darker the setting, the brighter the diamond. Probably we might often become reconciled to what we consider a hard lot by comparing ourselves with the many who want what we possess rather than with the few who possess what we want. He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is happier who can suit his temper to his circumstances. There is a virtue in keeping up appearances. He is a fool that grumbles at every little mischance. Put the best foot forward, is an old and good maxim. Don't run about and tell acquaintances that you have been unfortunate; people do not like to have unfortunate men for acquaintances. If the storm of adversity whistles around you, whistle as bravely yourself; perhaps the two whistles may make melody.

WEEP NO MORE.

WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that's gone;
Violets pluck'd, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again;
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully,
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see;
Joys as winged dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe;
Gentlest fair one, mourn no mo.

JOHN FLETCHER.

DEATH's but a path that must be trod
If man would ever pass to God.

THOMAS PARNELL.

Home Bereavements.

WE are joined together many of us, by a common experience. Many of us have met in each others' houses and in each others' company on just such errands of grief and sympathy and Christian triumph as this. How many of us have sent children forward; and how many of us feel to-day that all things are for our sakes; and that those things which for the present are not joyous but grievous, nevertheless work in us the peaceable fruit of righteousness! So we stand in what may be called a relationship of grief. We are knit together and brought into each others' company by the ministration of grief, made Christian and blessed.

To be sure, if we were to ask this life what would be best, there is no father, there is no mother, who would not plead with all the strength which lies in natural affection, "Spare me and spare mine." For the outward man this is reasonable and unrebukable; and yet if it be overruled by Him who loves us even better than He loves His own life, then there comes the revelation of another truth: namely, that the things which are seen are the unreal things, and that the real things are the things which are invisible.

When our children that are so dear to us are plucked out of our arms, and carried away, we feel, for the time being, that we have lost them, because our body does not triumph; but are they taken from our inward man? Are they taken from that which is to be saved—the spiritual man? Are they taken from memory? Are they taken from love? Are they taken from the scope and reach of the imagination, which, in its sanctified form, is only another name for faith? Do we not sometimes dwell with them more intimately than we did when they were with us on earth? The care of them is no longer ours, that love-burden we bear no longer, since they are with the angels of God and with God; and we shed tears over what seems to be our loss; but do they not hover in the air over our heads? And to-day could the room hold them all?

As you recollect, the background of the Sistine Madonna, at Dresden (in some respects the most wonderful picture of maternal love which exists in the world), for a long time was merely dark; and an artist, in making some repairs, discovered a cherub's face in the grime of that dark background; and being led to suspect that the picture had been overlaid by time and neglect, commenced cleansing it; and as he went on, cherub after cherub appeared, until it was found that the Madonna was on a background made up wholly of little heavenly cherubs.

Now, by nature motherhood stands against a dark background; but that background being cleaned by the touch of God, and by the cleansing hand of faith, we see that the whole heaven is full of little cherub faces. And to-day it is not this little child alone that we look at, which we see only in the outward guise; we look upon a background of children innumerable, each one as sweet to its mother's heart as this child has been to its mother's heart, each one as dear to the clasping arms of its father as this child

has been to the clasping arms of its father; and it is in good company. It is in a spring-land. It is in a summer-world. It is with God. You have given it back to Him who lent it to you.

Now, the giving back is very hard, but you cannot give back to God all that you received with your child. You cannot give back to God those springs of new and deeper affection which were awakened by the coming of this little one. You cannot give back to God the experiences which you have had in dwelling with your darling. You cannot give back to God the hours which, when you look upon them now, seem like one golden chain of linked happiness.

You are better, you are riper, you are richer, even in this hour of bereavement, than you were. God gave; and he has not taken away except in outward form. He holds, he keeps, he reserves, he watches, he loves. You shall have again that which you have given back to him only outwardly.

Meanwhile, the key is in your hand; it is not a black iron key; it is a golden key of faith and of love. This little child has taught you to follow it. There will not be a sunrise or a sunset when you will not in imagination go through the gate of heaven after it. There is no door so fast that a mother's love and a father's love will not open it and follow a beloved child. And so, by its ministration, this child will guide you a thousand times into a realization of the great spirit-land, and into a faith of the invisible, which will make you as much larger as it makes you less dependent on the body, and more rich in the fruitage of the spirit.

To-day, then, we have an errand of thanksgiving. We thank God for sending this little gift into this household. We thank God for the light which he kindled here, and which burned with so pure a flame, and taught so sweet a lesson. And we thank God, that, when this child was to go to a better place, it walked so few steps, for so few hours, through pain. Men who look on the dark side shake the head, and say, "Oh, how sudden!" but I say, Since it was to go, God be thanked that it was permitted to pass through so brief a period of suffering; that there were no long weeks or months of gradual decay and then a final extinction; that out of the fulness of health it dropped into the fulness of heaven, leaving its body as it lies before you to-day a thing of beauty. Blessed be God for such mercy in the ministration of sickness and of departure.

I appreciate your sorrow, having myself often gone through this experience; and I can say that there is no other experience which throws such a light upon the storm-cloud. We are never ripe till we have been made so by suffering. We belong to those fruits which must be touched by frost before they lose their sourness and come to their sweetness. I see the goodness of God in this dispensation as pointing us toward heaven and immortality. In this bereavement there is cause for rejoicing; for sure it is that you and your child shall meet again never to be separated.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

MAKE SOME ONE HAPPY.

THAT is a good day in which you make some one happy. It is astonishing how little it takes to make one happy. Feel that the day is wasted in which you have not succeeded in this.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

I SAW the young bride in her beauty and pride,
Bedeck'd in her snowy array;
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
And the future look'd blooming and gay:
And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous love,
And she anchor'd her hopes to this perishing earth,
By the chain which her tenderness wove.
But I saw, when those heartstrings were bleeding and torn,
And the chain had been sever'd in two,
She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,
And her bloom for the paleness of woe!
But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes,
And He strengthen'd the chain He had broken in twain,
And fasten'd it firm to the skies!
There had whisper'd a voice—'twas the voice of her God:
"I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod!*"

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,
And she kiss'd the soft lips as they murmur'd her name,
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
Oh, sweet as a rosebud encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to that mother he seem'd,
As he lay in his innocence there.
But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent, and cold,
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told!
But the Healer was there who had stricken her heart,
And taken her treasure away;
To allure her to heaven, He has placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey.
There had whisper'd a voice—'twas the voice of her God:
"I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod!*"

I saw the fond brother, with glances of love,
Gazing down on a gentle young girl,
And she hung on his arm, and breathed soft in his ear,
As he play'd with each graceful curl.
Oh, he loved the sweet tones of her silvery voice,
Let her use it in sadness or glee;
And he twined his arms round her delicate form,
As she sat in the eve on his knee.
But I saw when he gazed on her death-stricken face,
And she breathed not a word in his ear,
And he clasped his arms round an icy-cold form,
And he moisten'd her cheek with a tear.
But the Healer was there, and He said to him thus,
"Grieve not for thy sister's short life,"
And He gave to his arms still another fair girl,
And he made her his own cherish'd wife!
There had whisper'd a voice—'twas the voice of his God:
"I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod!*"

I saw, too, a father and mother who lean'd
On the arms of a dear gifted son,
And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze,
As they saw the proud place he had won;
And the fast-coming evening of life promised fair,
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet,
And the starlight of love glimmer'd bright at the end,

And the whispers of fancy were sweet.
And I saw them again, bending low o'er the grave,
Where their hearts' dearest hope had been laid,
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
And the joy from their bosoms had fled.

But the Healer was there, and His arms were around,
And He led them with tenderest care;
And He show'd them a star in the bright upper world;
'Twas *their star* shining brilliantly there!
They had each heard a voice—'twas the voice of their God:
"I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod!*"

MARY S. B. DANA.

CHEERFULNESS.

LET your cheerfulness be felt for good wherever you are, and let your smiles be scattered like sunbeams "on the just as well as on the unjust." Such a disposition will yield a rich reward, for its happy effects will come home to you and brighten your moments of thought. Cheerfulness makes the mind clear, gives tone to thought, adds grace and beauty to the countenance. Joubert says, "When you give, give with joy, smiling." Smiles are little things, cheap articles to be fraught with so many blessings, both to the giver and the receiver—pleasant little ripples to watch as we stand on the shore of every-day life. These are the higher and better responses of nature to the emotion of the soul. Let the children have the benefit of them—those little ones who need the sunshine of the heart to educate them, and would find a level for their buoyant nature in the cheerful, loving faces of those who need them. Let them not be kept from the middle aged, who need the encouragement they bring. Give your smiles also to the aged. They come to them like the quiet rain of summer, making fresh and verdant the long, weary path of life. They look for them from you, who are rejoicing in the fulness of life.

If your seat is hard to sit upon, stand up. If a rock rises up before you, roll it away, or climb over it. If you want money, earn it. It takes longer to skin an elephant than a mouse, but the skin is worth something. If you want confidence, prove yourself worthy of it. Do not be content with doing what another has done—surpass it. Deserve success and it will come. The boy was not born a man. The sun does not rise like a rocket, or go down like a bullet fired from a gun; slowly and surely it makes its round, and never tires. It is as easy to be a lead horse as a wheel horse. If the job be long, the pay will be greater; if the task be hard, the more competent you must be to do it.

THE CHANGED CROSS.

IT was a time of sadness, and my heart,
Although it knew and loved the better part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these as given to me,
My trial-tests of faith and love to be,
It seem'd as if I never could be sure
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus, no longer trusting to His might
Who says, "We walk by faith and not by sight,"
Doubting, and almost yielding to despair,
The thought arose, "My cross I cannot bear,

"Far heavier its weight must surely be
Than those of others which I daily see;
Oh! if I might another burden choose,
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose."

A solemn silence reign'd on all around,
E'en Nature's voices utter'd not a sound;
The evening shadows seem'd of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause,—and then a heavenly light
Beam'd full upon my wondering, raptured sight;
Angels on silvery wings seem'd everywhere,
And angels' music thrill'd the balmy air.

Then One, more fair than all the rest to see,
One to whom all the others bow'd the knee,
Came gently to me, as I trembling lay,
And, "Follow me," He said; "I am the Way."

Then, speaking thus, He led me far above,
And there, beneath a canopy of love,
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
Larger and smaller than my own had been.

And one there was most beauteous to behold,—
A little one, with jewels set in gold.
Ah! this, methought, I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear.

And so the little cross I quickly took,
But all at once my frame beneath it shook;
The sparkling jewels, fair were they to *see*,
But far too heavy was their *weight* for me.

"This may not be," I cried, and look'd again,
To see if there was any here could ease my pain;
But, one by one, I pass'd them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined,
And grace and beauty seem'd in it combined.
Wondering I gazed,—and still I wonder'd more,
To think so many should have pass'd it o'er.

But oh that form so beautiful to see
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me;
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colors fair;
Sorrowing I said, "This cross I may not bear."

And so it was with each and all around,
Not one to suit my *need* could there be found;
Weeping I laid each heavy burden down,
As my Guide gently said, "No cross,—no crown."

At length to Him I raised my sadden'd heart;
He knew its sorrows, bade its doubts depart;
"Be not afraid," He said, "but trust in Me;
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee."

And then, with lighten'd eyes and willing feet,
Again I turn'd, my earthly cross to meet;
With forward footsteps, turning not aside,
For fear some hidden evil might betide;

And there,—in the prepared, appointed way,
Listening to hear, and ready to obey,—
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest,
And joyfully acknowledged it the best,—
The only one, of all the many there,
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And while I thus my chosen one confess'd,
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest;
And as I bent, my burden to sustain,
I recognized *my own old cross* again.

But, oh! how different did it seem to be,
Now I had learn'd its preciousness to see!
No longer could I unbelieving say,
"Perhaps another is a better way."

Ah, no! henceforth my one desire shall be,
That He, who knows me best should choose for me;
And so, whate'er His love sees good to send,
I'll trust it's best,—because He knows the end.

MRS. CHARLES HOBART.

EVA'S DEATH.

EVA, after this, declined rapidly; there was no more any doubt of the event; the fondest hope could not be blinded. Her beautiful room was avowedly a sick-room; and Miss Ophelia, day and night, performed the duties of a nurse, and never did her friends appreciate her value more than in that capacity. With so well-trained a hand and eye, such perfect adroitness and practice in every art which could promote neatness and comfort and keep out of sight every disagreeable incident of sickness,—with such a perfect sense of time, such a clear, untroubled head, such exact accuracy in remembering every prescription and direction of the doctors,—she was everything to St. Clare. They who had shrugged their shoulders at the little peculiarities and setnesses—so unlike the careless freedom of Southern manners—acknowledged that now she was the exact person that was wanted.

Uncle Tom was much in Eva's room. The child suffered much from nervous restlessness, and it was a relief to her to be carried; and it was Tom's greatest delight to carry her little frail form in his arms, resting on a pillow, now up and down her room, now out into the veranda; and when the fresh sea-breezes blew from the lake,—and the child felt freshest in the morning,—he would sometimes walk with her under the orange-trees in the garden, or sitting down in some of their old seats, sing to her their favorite old hymns.

Her father often did the same thing; but his frame was slighter, and when he was weary, Eva would say to him,—

"Oh, papa, let Tom take me. Poor fellow! it pleases him; and you know it's all he can do now, and he wants to do something!"

"So do I, Eva!" said her father.

"Well, papa, you can do everything, and are everything to me. You read to me,—you sit up nights; and Tom has only this one thing, and his singing; and I know, too, he does it easier than you can. He carries me so strong!"

The desire to do something was not confined to Tom. Every servant in the establishment showed the same feeling, and in their way did what they could. But the friend who knew most of Eva's own imaginings and foreshadowings was her faithful bearer, Tom. To him she said what she would not disturb her father by saying. To him she imparted those mysterious intimations which the soul feels as the cords begin to unbind ere it leaves its clay forever.

Tom, at last would not sleep in his room, but lay all night in the outer veranda, ready to rouse at every call.

"Uncle Tom, what alive have you taken to sleeping anywhere and everywhere, like a dog, for?" said Miss Ophelia. "I thought you was one of the orderly sort that liked to lie in bed in a Christian way."

"I do, Miss Feely," said Tom, mysteriously. "I do; but now—"

"Well, what now?"

"We mustn't speak loud; Mas'r St. Clare won't hear on't; but Miss Feely, you know there must be somebody watchin' for the bridegroom."

"What do you mean, Tom?"

"You know it says in Scripture, 'At

midnight there was a great cry made. Behold the bridegroom cometh.' That's what I'm spectin' now, every night, Miss Feely; and I couldn't sleep out o' hearin', no ways."

"Why, Uncle Tom, what makes you think so?"

"Miss Eva she talks to me. The Lord, He sends his messenger in the soul. I must be thar, Miss Feely; for when that ar blessed child goes into the kingdom they'll open the door so wide, we'll all get a look in at the glory, Miss Feely."

"Uncle Tom, did Miss Eva say she felt more unwell than usual, to-night?"

"No; but she telled me this morning she was comin' nearer—thar's them that tells it to the child, Miss Feely. It's the angels,—'it's the trumpet sound afore the break o' day,'" said Tom, quoting from a favorite hymn.

This dialogue passed between Miss Ophelia and Tom, between ten and eleven, one evening, after her arrangements had all been made for the night, when on going to bolt her outer door, she found Tom stretched along by it, in the outer veranda.

She was not nervous or impressible; but the solemn, heartfelt manner struck her. Eva had been unusually bright and cheerful that afternoon, and had sat raised in her bed, and looked over all her little trinkets and precious things, and designated the friends to whom she would have them given; and her manner was more animated, and her voice more natural, than they had known it for weeks. Her father had been in, in the evening, and had said that Eva appeared more like her former self than ever she had done since her sickness; and when he kissed her for the night, he said to Miss Ophelia, "Cousin, we may keep her with us after all: she is certainly better;" and he had retired with a lighter heart in his bosom than he had had there for weeks.

But at midnight,—strange, mystic hour!—when the veil between the frail present and the eternal future grows thin—then came the messenger!

There was a sound in that chamber, first of one who stepped quickly. It was Miss Ophelia, who had resolved to sit up all night with her little charge, and who at the turn of the night had discerned what experienced nurses significantly call "a change." The outer door was quickly opened and Tom, who was watching outside, was on the alert in a moment.

"Go for the doctor, Tom! Lose not a moment," said Miss Ophelia; and stepping across the room she rapped at St. Clare's door.

"Cousin," she said, "I wish you would come."

Those words fell on his heart like clods upon a coffin. Why did they? He was up and in the room in an instant, and bending over Eva, who still slept.

What was it he saw that made his heart stand still? Why was no word spoken between the two? Thou canst say, who hast seen that same expression on the face dearest to thee,—that look indescribable, hopeless, unmistakable, that says to thee that thy beloved is no longer thine.

On the face of the child, however, there was no ghastly imprint,—only a high and almost sublime expression,—the overshadowing presence of spiritual natures, the dawning of immortal life in that childish soul.

They stood there so still, gazing upon her, that even the ticking of the watch seemed too loud. In a few moments Tom returned with the doctor. He entered, gave one look and stood as silent as the rest.

"When did this change take place?" said he in a low whisper to Miss Ophelia.

"About the turn of the night," was the reply.

Marie, roused by the entrance of the doctor, appeared hurriedly from the next room.

"Augustine! Cousin!—Oh!—what!" she hurriedly began.

"Hush!" said St. Clare, hoarsely, "*She is dying!*"

Mammy heard the words and flew to awaken the servants. The house was soon roused,—lights were seen, footsteps heard, anxious faces thronged the veranda and looked tearfully through the glass doors; but St. Clare heard and said nothing,—he saw only *that look* on the face of the little sleeper.

"Oh, if she would only wake, and speak once more!" he said; and stooping over her, he spoke in her ear,—"Eva, darling!"

The large blue eyes unclosed,—a smile passed over her face; she tried to raise her head, and speak.

"Do you know me Eva?"

"Dear papa," said the child, with a last effort, throwing her arms about his neck. In a moment they dropped again; and as St. Clare raised his head he saw a spasm of mortal agony pass over the face; she struggled for breath, and threw up her little hands.

"O God, this is dreadful!" he said turning away in agony, and wringing Tom's hand scarce conscious what he was doing. "Oh, Tom, my boy, it is killing me!"

Tom had his master's hands between his own, and with tears streaming down his dark cheeks, looked up for help where he had always been used to look.

"Pray that this may be cut short!" said St. Clare: "this wrings my heart!"

"Oh, bless the Lord! it's over,—it's over, dear master!" said Tom. "Look at her."

The child lay panting on her pillows as one exhausted,—and the large clear eyes rolled up and fixed. Ah, what said those eyes that spoke so much of heaven? Earth was past, and earthly pain; but so solemn, so mysterious, was the triumphant brightness of that face, that it checked even the sobs of sorrow. They pressed around her in breathless stillness.

"Eva!" said St. Clare, gently. She did not hear.

"Oh, Eva, tell us what you see! What is it?" said her father.

A bright, a glorious smile passed over her face, and she said, brokenly, "Oh! love—joy—peace!" gave one sigh, and passed from death unto life!

Farewell, beloved child! the bright, eternal doors have closed after thee; we shall see thy sweet face no more. Oh, woe for them who watched thy entrance into heaven, when they shall wake and find only the cold gray sky of daily life, and thou gone forever!

H. B. STOWE.

WEARY.

I WOULD have gone; God bade me stay:
I would have work'd; God bade me rest.
He broke my will from day to day;
He read my yearnings unexpress'd,
And said them nay.

Now I would stay; God bids me go:
Now I would rest; God bids me work.
He breaks my heart toss'd to and fro;
My soul is wrung with doubts that lurk
And vex it so!

I go, Lord, where Thou sendest me;
Day after day I plod and moil;
But, Christ my God, when will it be
That I may let alone my toil,
And rest with Thee?

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

TRIALS OF LIFE.

TARS shine brightest in the darkest night; torches are the better for beating; grapes come not to the proof till they come to the press; spices smell sweetest when pounded; young trees root the faster for shaking; vines are the better for bleeding; gold looks the brighter for scouring; glow-worms glisten best in the dark; juniper smells sweetest in the fire; pomander becomes most fragrant for chasing; the palm-tree proves the better for pressing; chamomile, the more you tread it, the more you spread it. Such is the condition of men; they are the most triumphant when most tempted; as their conflicts, so their conquests; as their tribulations, so their triumphs. True salamanders live best in the furnace of persecution; so that heavy afflictions are the best benefactors to heavenly affections. And where afflictions hang heaviest, corruptions hang loosest; and grace that is hid in nature, as sweet water in rose-leaves, is then most fragrant when the fire of affliction is put under to distil it out.

Do you wish to live without a trial? Then you wish to die but half a man—at the best but half a man. Without trial you cannot guess at your own strength. Men do not learn to swim on a table. They must go into deep water and buffet the surges. A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against the wind, and not with the wind; even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage any where in a calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition; opposition is what he wants and must have, to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self reliance.

An acorn is not an oak tree when it is sprouted. It must go through long summers and fierce winters; it has to endure all that frost, and snow, and thunder, and storm, and side-striking winds can bring, before it is a full-grown oak. These are rough teachers; but rugged schoolmasters make rugged pupils. So a man is not a man when he is created; he is only begun. His manhood must come with years. A man who goes through life prosperous, and comes to his grave without a wrinkle, is not half a man. In time of war, whom does the general select for some hazardous enterprise? He looks over his men, and chooses the soldier whom he knows will not flinch at danger, but will go bravely through whatever is allotted to him. He calls him that he may receive his orders, and the officer, blushing with pleasure to be thus chosen, hastens away to execute them. Difficulties are God's errands. And when we are sent upon them we should esteem it a proof of God's confidence—as a compliment from God. The traveler who goes round the world prepares himself to pass through all latitudes, and to meet all changes. So man must be willing to take life as it comes; to mount the hill when the hill swells, and to go down the hill when the hill lowers; to walk the plain when it stretches before him, and to ford the river when it rolls over the plain. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

The best of people will now and then meet with disappointments, for they are

inherited by mortality. It is, however, the better philosophy to take things calmly and endeavor to be content with our lot. We may at least add some rays of sunshine to our path, if we earnestly endeavor to dispel the clouds of discontent that may arise in our bosoms. And by so doing, we the more fully enjoy the bountiful blessing that God gives to his humblest creatures.

It is far more noble to improve each hour in cultivating the mind, and attuning it to the glory of the Creator. For this end it matters not so much whether we spend our time in study or toil; the thoughts of the mind should go out and reach after the higher good. In this manner we may improve ourselves till our thoughts come to be sweet companions that shall lead us along the path of virtue. Thus we may grow better within, whilst the cares of life, the crosses and losses and disappointments lose their sharp thorns, and the journey of life be made comparatively pleasant and happy.

Much material good must be resigned if we would attain to the highest degree of moral excellence, and many spiritual joys must be foregone if we resolve at all risks to win great material advantages. To strive for a high professional position, and yet expect to have all the delights of leisure; to labor for vast riches, and yet to ask for freedom from anxiety and care, and all the happiness which flows from a contented mind; to indulge in sensual gratification, and yet demand health, strength, and vigor; to live for self, and yet to look for the joys that spring from a virtuous and self-denying life, is to ask for impossibilities.

God knows what keys in the human soul to touch in order to draw out its sweeter and most perfect harmonies. They may be the minor strains of sadness and sorrow; they may be the loftier notes of joy and gladness. God knows where the melodies of our natures are, and what discipline will bring them forth. Some with plaintive tongues must walk in lowly vales of life's weary way; others, in loftier hymns, sing of nothing but joy, as they tread the mountain-tops of life; but they all unite without discord or jar as the ascending anthem of loving and believing hearts finds its way into the chorus of the redeemed in heaven.

THE LIGHT OF A CHEERFUL FACE.

THERE is no greater every-day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man, among men, is like sunshine to the day, of gentle renewing moisture to parched hearts. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good humor. As well might fog and cloud, and vapor, hope to cling to the sun-illuminated landscape, as the blues and moroseness to combat jovial speech and exhilarating laughter. Be cheerful always. There is no path but will be easier traveled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain, but will lift sooner in presence of a determined cheerfulness. It may sometimes seem difficult for the happiest temper to keep the countenance of peace and content; but the difficulty will vanish when we truly consider that sullen gloom and passionate despair do nothing but multiply thorns and thicken sorrows. Ill comes to us as providentially as good, and is a good, if we rightfully apply its lessons. Who will not then cheerfully accept the ill, and thus blunt its apparent sting? Cheerfulness ought to be the fruit of philosophy and of Christianity. What is gained by peevishness and fretfulness, by perverse sadness and sullenness? If we are ill, let us be cheered by the trust

that we shall soon be in health; if misfortune befall us, let us be cheered by hopeful visions of better fortune; if death robs us of dear ones, let us be cheered by the thought that they are only gone before to the blissful bowers where we shall all meet to part no more forever. Cultivate cheerfulness if only for personal profit. You will do and bear every duty and burden better by being cheerful. It will be your consoler in solitude, your passport and commendator in society. You will be more sought after, more trusted and esteemed for your steady cheerfulness. The bad, the vicious, may be boisterously gay and vulgarly humorous, but seldom or never truly cheerful. Genuine cheerfulness is an almost certain index of a happy and a pure heart.

LIGHT THROUGH TEARS.

YOU say that your sun has gone down while it is yet day, and that your path looks bleak and dreary in the gathering twilight. I know it my friend; I know that the brightness has vanished from your life, and that from henceforth you must endure hardness even unto the end.

But take courage; advance in perfect faith. Mercies you do not dream of now will be strewn around your footsteps. Powers, which till now have lain as sleeping shadows within you, will awake to life; powers of faith, of hope, of love, and of that perfect patience which will enable you to lift your streaming eyes to heaven and say, "Lord, I am thine; do with me what thou wilt; strip me of all earthly coverings, only save my soul alive." Then let the shades of evening fall; let your path be dark and desolate; but in the surrounding stillness you will hear voices from the everlasting hills, and the sound as of the waving of angels' wings around you. One also mightier than the angels will make his presence felt, and as you place your trembling hand in his and cry "Lord, guide me for I cannot see," there will descend a stream of light upon your darkening path, and peace so perfect that with songs of praise and of thanksgiving you will pursue your way, willing to wait, willing to endure, willing to do all things for his dear sake who is leading you through the valley of the shadow of death to the fountains of living waters, to the land of everlasting joy.

THE DEAD HOUSE.

HERE once my step was quickened,
Here beckoned the opening door,
And welcome thrilled from the threshold
To the foot it had known before.

'T was just a womanly presence,
An influence unexpressed,
But a rose she had worn, on my grave-sod
Were more than long life with the rest!

'T was a smile, 't was a garment's rustle,
'T was nothing that I can phrase,
But the whole dumb dwelling grew conscious,
And put on her looks and ways.

Were it mine, I would close the shutters,
Like lids when the life is fled,
And the funeral fire should wind it,
This corpse of a home that is dead.

For it died that autumn morning
When she, its soul, was borne
To lie all dark on the hillside
That looks over woodland and corn.

JAMES R. LOWELL.

THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For Misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild:
I perish;—O my mother Earth,
Take home thy child.

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined,
Shall gently moulder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
Resembling me.

Hark!—a strange sound affrights mine ear,
My pulse,—my brain runs wild,—I rave;
—Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?
"I am the Grave!

"The Grave, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide:
Oh listen!—I will speak no more:—
Be silent, Pride!

"Art thou a Wretch of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair?

"Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest?

"Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
From Wrath and Vengeance wouldst thou flee?
Ah! think not, hope not, fool, to find
A friend in me.

"By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell;
By the dread secrets of my womb;
By Death and Hell;

"I charge thee live!—repent and pray,
In dust thine infamy deplore;
There yet is mercy—go thy way,
And sin no more.

"Art thou a Mourner?—Hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights,
Endearing days for ever flown,
And tranquil nights?

"Oh live!—and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past:
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last.

"Art thou a Wanderer?—Hast thou seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark?
A shipwreck'd sufferer hast thou been,
Misfortune's mark?

"Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam,
Live!—thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

"To Friendship didst thou trust thy fame,
And was thy friend a deadly foe,
Who stole into thy breast to aim
A surer blow?

"Live!—and repine not o'er his loss,
A loss unworthy to be told,
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For friendship's gold.

"Seek the true treasure seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

"Did Woman's charm thy youth beguile,
And did the Fair One faithless prove?
Hath she betray'd thee with a smile,
And sold thy love?

"Live! 'Twas a false bewildering fire:
Too often Love's insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with wild desire,
But kills the heart.

"Thou yet shalt know how sweet, how dear,
To gaze on listening Beauty's eye;
To ask,—and pause in hope and fear
Till she reply.

'A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
A brighter maiden faithful prove;
Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blest
In woman's love.

"—Whate'er thy lot,—whoe'er thou be—
Confess thy folly, kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

"A bruised reed He will not break;
Afflictions all his children feel;
He wounds them for His mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal.

"Humbled beneath His mighty hand,
Prostrate His Providence adore:
'Tis done!—Arise! He bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

"Now, Traveller in the vale of tears
To realms of everlasting light,
Through Time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary Pilgrims found;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground,

"The Soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day.

"The Sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The Soul, immortal as its Sire,
SHALL NEVER DIE."

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

TEARS, idle tears! I know not what they mean.
Tears, from the depth of some divine despair,
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the underworld;
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square:
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,
O death in life! the days that are no more.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

PER PACEM AD LUCEM.

I Do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load:

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed,—
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give me a ray of peace that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,
And follow thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night;
Lead me O Lord—till perfect day shall shine—
Through Peace to Light.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

EUGENIE.

THE career of Eugenie is a vivid illustration of the fact that our life is a checkered one. It has its pleasure and pain, its joy and sorrow, its sunshine and shadow. At one time her life seemed all sunshine, now it seems all shadow.

Washington Irving wrote with almost the vision of a seer when he penned the following lines in 1853 to his niece, then living in Paris.

"You give an account of the marriage procession of Louis Napoleon and his bride to the Church Notre Dame, and one of your letters speaks of having been presented to the Empress.—Louis Napoleon and Eugenie Montijo, Emperor and Empress of France, one of whom I have had a guest at my cottage on the Hudson, and the other, when a child, I have had on my knee at Granada. It seems to cap the climax of the strange dramas of which Paris has been the theatre during my life time. The last I saw of Eugenie Montijo she was one of the reigning belles of Madrid; she and her giddy circle had swept my charming young friend, the beautiful, and accomplished Signorita ———, into their career of fashionable dissipation. Now Eugenie is on the throne, while ——— is a voluntary recluse in a convent of one of the most rigorous orders. Poor ———! Perhaps, however, her fate may ultimately be the happier of the two. With her the storm is over, and she is at rest; but the other is launched upon a dangerous sea, infamous for its tremendous shipwrecks. Am I to live to see the catastrophe of her career, or the end of this suddenly conjured-up Empire, which seems to be of such stuff as dreams are made of?

"My personal acquaintance with the individuals who figure in this historical romance gives me uncommon interest in it; but I consider it stamped with danger and instability, and as liable to extravagant vicissitudes as one of Dumas's novels. You do well to witness the grand features of this passing pageant. You are probably reading one of the most peculiar and eventful pages of history, and may live to look back upon it as a romantic tale."

It was during the Exposition in 1867 when all the world went to Paris and bore testimony to the indefinable charm of her presence and manner, that she touched the summit of her power as queen of fashion and society. Among all the lovely women assembled there from every nation, none outshone,—none eclipsed her. The Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, the Sultan of Turkey, and the princes and nobles of all Europe rendered homage to her charms. No court of the old world could boast of her counterpart, and as a sentimental sorceress her spell could not be broken. Napoleon was never prouder of her than during that gala time, which seemed to predict the dawn of wide-spread and lasting peace. How false are appearances!

Another of Eugenie's peaceful victories was when, in November, 1869, she visited Egypt, to assist in the celebration of the opening of the Suez Canal. She went with her suite in purple state, leaving Marseilles in the steam yacht *Aigle* in most propitious weather. On the sixteenth of November she was visited at Port Said by the Prince and Princess of Holland, the Prince Royal of Prussia, the Viceroy of Egypt, the Emperor of Austria,

Prince Metternich, and many foreign dignitaries and envoys. The Empress landed; assisted at a Te Deum; attended a Mosque, and remained through the Mussulmanic service. The town, the banks of the canal, and the vessels were illuminated, and festivities were kept up until a very late hour. Pere Bauer, the almoner of Eugenie, "opened" the canal with a solemn blessing, and invoked the favor of Heaven upon her for her sympathy with, and interest in the great work.

At Cairo and Alexandria, Eugenie was greeted with loud acclamations and demonstrations of delight. She lent a glory to the occasion, which, without her, it would have never had; and she returned from Egypt almost smothered with the laurels she had gained from all sorts of people.

Soon after this, the clouds, which were destined to shut out the sun of her earthly joy, and throw such a dark shadow of sorrow over the remainder of her life, began to gather.

War had been declared against Prussia and Louis Napoleon had concluded to take command of the forces in the field. Eugenie was appointed regent; and the Emperor, brave enough to trust himself to a final interview, rode quietly to the station with Eugenie and the Prince Imperial. At the station, the tears, the sobs, the caresses and the clingings were renewed; and it was with difficulty that Napoleon and the Prince induced the frantic lady to compose herself sufficiently to enable them to make their adieux with becoming dignity. She still clasped her husband and her son in her arms, as if her soul had grown to them, up to the very moment of the starting of the train. The Emperor then motioned to the ladies of the Court who were in attendance. They came forward and gently disengaged her convulsive embrace, and led her away. The train moved off, and her heart followed those nearest and dearest to her of all the world. She threw kisses to them, while her delicately gloved hands were wet with the rain of her grief. The boy's lip quivered and even the father's stolid face revealed a pang, as the last glance of the weeping Empress fell upon them, dashing off to the northern frontier, and to the bloody struggle which was to bring to France the deepest humiliation she had ever known.

Only a few weeks, and from the head of the great nation, the regent and embodiment of the imperial power, Eugenie became a fugitive from the scene of her daily triumphs, with none of her countless worshippers to do her reverence. While the world gazed at the blazing star, and said, "See how brilliant!" it fell from the midst of the heavens into the depths of night.

Not long after this her husband died, whose loss she felt most keenly. All her hopes as mother and sovereign then centered in her son and only child, Prince Louis, who had developed into a gallant and accomplished young fellow, whom all that knew him loved; and who was looked up to as the head of the Napoleonic party in France.

The world wondered when he, in pursuit of a Utopian idea that he could be of service to England, for whose hospitality he felt grateful, left his luxurious home to enter the British army in South Africa. But when, on an early June day in 1879, the telegraph flashed the news around the globe that the brave young heart had ceased to beat—that the young Napoleon lay stark and dead beneath an African sun, his body pierced with many cruel wounds from the remorseless spears of the savage Zulus—a thrill of heartfelt sorrow went

through millions of breasts; of pity for the young life thrown away, but a two-fold sympathy for Eugenie, once the great Empress of France, now only remembered by the world as the poor, crushed, grief-stricken mother, bowed to the very earth by the weight of her crushed hopes, and, like Rachel, refusing to be comforted.

Those who have seen the ex-Empress of the French lately, cannot help contrasting the face of years ago, with the face that has looked on the terrible scenes that followed Sedan, the dead husband at Chiselhurst, and the dead son who was brought home to her from the plains of Zululand. Those who saw the imperial lady in Paris, at the time of the great Exposition and before, have not forgotten how beautiful she was. "Doesn't she deserve a throne for her beauty?" said an American gentleman who saw her for the first time in Paris. She united the most handsome features of the German and Latin races—the forehead high and free, the eyes splendidly blue, but not very large; the hair of a slightly darkened hue; the form of her face small, oval; the nose fine, in beautiful symmetry, but not too high; the mouth a trifle too large, especially when she smiled, and the least bit Jewish. Her whole appearance suggested a beautiful model for a Hebe—neck, shoulders, arms, and above all, her hands beautifully shaped, and all this combined with the witching grace of an Andalusian danseuse. But time and sorrow have wrought their changes. The beauty has been swept by the rough fingers of adversity, and the lady, whose suite consists of a few faithful French friends, is no longer that bright particular star that shone so long in the galaxy of Parisian fashion and splendor; position as Empress of France and queen of the world of fashion gone; husband gone; only son and child gone; beauty gone; all earthly joy and hope gone. What a contrast to the bright years of her early wifehood, when, as mistress of France, and of the world of fashion and beauty, she ruled supreme from the seeming acme of earthly greatness.

NOVEMBER.

WE often hear people say, "O, the dreary days of November!" The days of November are never dreary, though *men* sometimes are. There are things in November that make us sad. There are suggestions in it that lead us to serious thoughts. At that season of the year, we are apt to feel that life is passing away. After the days in summer begin to grow short, I cannot help sighing often; and, as they still grow shorter and shorter, I look upon things, not with pain, but with a melancholy eye. And when autumn comes, and the leaves of the trees drop down through the air and find their resting-places, I cannot help thinking, that life is short, that our work is almost ended. It makes me sad; but there is a sadness that is wholesome, and even pleasurable. There are sorrows that are not painful, but are of the nature of some acids, and give piquancy and flavor to life. Such is the sorrow which November brings. That month, which sees the year disrobed, is not a dreary month. I like to see the trees go to bed, as much as I like to see little children go their sleep; and I think there is nothing prettier in this world than to see a mother disrobe her child and prepare its couch, and sing and talk to it, and finally lay it to rest. I like to see the birds get ready for their repose at night. Did you ever sit at twilight and hear the birds talk of their domestic matters,—apparently going over

with each other the troubles and joys of the day? There is an immense deal to be learned from birds, if a person has an ear to hear. Even so I like to see the year prepare for its sleep. I like to see the trees with their clothes taken off. I like to see the lines of a tree; to see its anatomy. I like to see the preparation God makes for winter. How everything is snugged and packed! How all nature gets ready for the cold season! How the leaves heap themselves upon the roots to protect them from the frosts! How all things tender are taken out of the way, and only things tough are left to stand the buffetings of winter! And how do hardy vines and roots bravely sport their bannered leaves, which the frost cannot kill, holding them up clear into the coldest days! November is a dreary month to some, but to me it is only sad; and it is a sweet sadness that it brings to my mind.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

LOOK on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine and not the cloud that gives beauty to the flower. There is always before or around us that which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth and gladness. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles, it may be. So have others. None are free from them; and perhaps it is as well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life, fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never acquire skill, where there is nothing to disturb its surface. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can within and without him; and above all, he should look on the bright side. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will turn, and the night will end in broad day. In the long run the great balance rights itself. What appears ill becomes well—that which appears wrong, right. Men are not always to hang down their heads or lips, and those who do, only show that they are departing from the paths of true common sense and right. There is more virtue in one sunbeam than in a whole hemisphere of clouds and gloom. Therefore we repeat, look on the bright side. Cultivate all that is warm and genial—not the cold and repulsive, the dark and morose.

THE INTERIOR.

CLOUDS.

BE cheerful beneath the cloud. And if the cloud should come in the daytime, still be cheerful. The Israelites had the cloud in the day. I recollect kneeling once with familiar friendliness and love around the family altar of a dear friend, whom I loved as I loved no other on this earth, and he prayed for me that I might know what it was to have the pillar of cloud when the day was too bright, and the pillar of fire when the night was too dark. We need that always, do we not? The pillar of cloud and the pillar of fire are needed as much for us as for the Israelites of old. Did I mention to you what I thought as I saw that picture of the German painter some time

ago? I could not make out what he meant by it. It was called "cloud-land," and it seemed nothing but cloud on cloud. But what do you think? As I looked, I saw that every cloud turned into an angel or an angel's wing, and the whole picture, that seemed at first only a mass of gloom, looked out upon me with hundreds of angels' eyes and hundreds of angels' wings. So with all clouds; if God comes nigh to us by them, look at them, and they turn into angels. They are not desirable in themselves, they are not pleasant; no chastisement, no affliction, no cloud is at present joyous, but grievous. We foolish men would walk always in the day-brightness; we do not want clouds; but the angels know their value, and God too, or he would never send them to us.

E. PAXTON HOOD.

TRANSIENT TROUBLES.

MOST of us have had troubles all our lives, and each day has brought all the evil that we wished to endure. But if we were asked to recount the sorrows of our lives, how many could we remember? How many that are six months old should we think worthy to be remembered or mentioned? To day's troubles look large, but a week hence they will be forgotten and buried out of sight.

If you would keep a book, and every day put down the things that worry you, and see what becomes of them, it would be a benefit to you. You allow a thing to annoy you, just as you allow a fly to settle on you and plague you; and you lose your temper (or rather get it; for when men are surcharged with temper they are said to have lost it); and you justify yourselves for being thrown off your balance by causes which you do not trace out. But if you would see what it was that threw you off your balance before breakfast, and put it down in a little book, and follow it out, and ascertain what becomes of it, you would see what a fool you were in the matter.

The art of forgetting is a blessed art, but the art of overlooking is quite as important. And if we should take time to write down the origin, the progress, and outcome of a few of our troubles, it would make us so ashamed of the fuss we make over them, that we should be glad to drop such things and bury them at once in eternal forgetfulness. Life is too short to be worn out in petty worries, frettings, hatreds, and vexations. Let us think only on whatsoever things are pure, and lovely, and gentle, and of good report.

TRIALS.

TRIALS come in a thousand different forms, and as many avenues are open to their approach. They come from physical appetites, æsthetic tastes, social habits, bodily ills, the desire for gain, the love of luxury and of ease. They come through every contact with the unrenewed mind of the world, and from the assaults of Satan. They come with the warm throbbings of our youthful lives, keep pace with the measured tread of manhood's noon, and depart not from the descending footsteps of decrepitude and age. "Lead us not into temptation," should ever remind us of our utter weakness and absolute dependence upon Almighty support. But we may not hope to be entirely free from either disciplinary trial or the fiery darts of the enemy, until we reach that land into which shall enter nothing that deceiveth or maketh a lie.

IT is worth a thousand pounds a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things. DR. JOHNSON.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!

IT might have been! When life is young,
And hopes are bright, and hearts are strong
To battle with the heartless throng,
When youth and age are far between,
Who heeds the words so sadly sung?—
It might have been!

It might have been! When life is fair,
Youth stands beside the boundless sea
That ebbs and flows unceasingly,
And dreams of name and golden fame;
And who shall limit the To-be
That's dawning there?

It might have been! When life is bright,
And love is in its golden prime,
Youth recks not of the coming night,
Nor dreams that there may be a time
When love will fail, or change, or die
Eternally!

It might have been! When time grows grey,
And spring-tide's hopes have passed away,
Old age looks back on by-gone years—
Their many wants, and doubts, and fears—
And through the mist a way is seen:
The Might-have-been!

It might have been! When age is sad,
Weary of waiting for the fame
That after all is but a name,
When life has lost the charm it had,
True knowledge makes regret more keen—
It might have been!

It might have been! When youth is dead,
And love that was so false has fled,
When all the mockeries of the past
Have lost their tinsel rays at last,
The one true love is clearly seen,
That might have been!

It might have been! Ah me! ah me!
And who shall tell the misery
Of knowing all that life has lost?
By thinking of the countless cost,
Poor comfort can the sad heart glean!
It might have been!

It might have been!—nay rather rest,
Believing what has been was best!
The life whose sun has not yet set
Can find no room for vain regret,
And only folly crowns as queen
Its Might-have-been!

G. W.

TO AUTUMN.

SWEET Sabbath of the Year!
While evening lights decay,
Thy parting steps methinks I hear
Steal from the World away.

Amid thy silent bowers
'Tis sad, but sweet to dwell;
Where falling leaves and drooping flowers
Around me breathe farewell.

Along thy sunset skies
Their glories melt in shade,
And, like the things we fondly prize,
Seem lovelier as they fade.

A deep and crimson streak
Thy dying leaves disclose;
As on consumption's waning cheek
'Mid ruin blooms the rose.

Thy scene each vision brings
Of beauty to decay;
Of fair and early faded things
Too beautiful to stay:

Of joys that come no more—
Of flowers whose bloom is fled—
Of Farewells wept upon the shore,
Of Friends estranged or dead:

Of all that now may seem
To Memory's tearful eye,
The vanished beauty of a dream,
O'er which we gaze and sigh!

MONTGOMERY.

AFTER THE BURIAL.

YES, Faith is a goodly anchor
When skies are sweet as a psalm
It lolls at the bows so stalwart
In bluff, broad-shouldered calm.

And when over breakers to leeward
The tattered surges are hurled,
It may keep our head to the tempest,
With its grip on the base of the world.

But, after the shipwreck, tell me
What help in its iron thews,
Still true to the broken hawser,
Deep down among seaweed and ooze?

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,
When the helpless feet stretch out,
And find in the deeps of darkness
No footing so solid as doubt;

Then better one spar of memory,
One broken plank of the Past,
That our human heart may cling to,
Though hopeless of shore at last!

To the spirit its splendid conjectures,
To the flesh its sweet despair,
Its tears o'er the thin worn locket
With its anguish of deathless hair!

Immortal? I feel it and know it;
Who doubts it of such as she?
But that is the pang's very secret—
Immortal away from me!

A glow came forth to meet me
From the flame that laughed in the grate,
And shadows a-dance on the ceiling,
Danced blither with mine for a mate.

"I claim you, old friend," yawned the arm-chair;
"This corner, you know, is your seat;"
"Rest your slippers on me," beamed the fender,
"I brighten at touch of your feet."

"We know the practiced finger,"
Said the books, "that seems like brain;"
And the shy page rustled the secret
It had kept till I came again.

Sang the pillow, "My down once quivered
On nightingales' throats that flew
Through moonlit gardens of Hafiz
To gather quaint dreams for you."

Ah me, where the Past sowed heart's-ease,
The Present plucks rue for us men!
I come back: that scar unhealing
Was not in the churchyard then.

But, I think, the house is unaltered,
I will go and beg to look
At the rooms that were once familiar
To my life as its bed to a brook.

Unaltered! Alas for the sameness
That makes the change but more!
'T is a dead man I see in the mirrors,
'T is his tread that chills the floor!

To learn such a simple lesson,
Need I go to Paris and Rome,
That the many make the household,
But only one the home?

There's a narrow ridge in the graveyard
Would scarce stay a child in his race;
But to me and my thought it is wider
Than the star-sown vague of space.

Your logic, my friend, is perfect,
Your moral 's most drearily true;
But since the earth clashed on *her* coffin,
I keep hearing that, and not you.

Console, if you will; I can bear it;
'Tis a well-meant alms of breath;
But not all the preaching since Adam
Has made Death other than Death.

It is pagan: but wait till you feel it,
That jar of our earth, that dull shock,
When the ploughshare of deeper passion
Tears down to our primitive rock.

Communion in spirit? Forgive me,
But I, who am earthly and weak,
Would give all my incomes from dreamland
For her rose-leaf palm on my cheek!

That little shoe in the corner,
So worn and wrinkled and brown—
Its emptiness confutes you,
And argues your wisdom down.

JAMES R. LOWELL.

WHAT THE END SHALL BE.

WHEN another life is added
To the heaving, turbid mass;
When another breath of being
Stains creation's tarnished glass;
When the first cry, weak and piteous,
Heralds long-enduring pain,
And a soul from non-existence
Springs, that ne'er can die again;
When the mother's passionate welcome,
Sorrow-like, bursts forth in tears,
And a sire's self-gratulation
Propbesies of future years,—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

When across the infant features
Trembles the faint dawn of mind,
And the heart looks from the windows
Of the eyes that were so blind;
When the inarticulate murmurs
Syllable each swaddled thought,
To the fond ear of affection
With a boundless promise fraught;
Kindling great hopes for to-morrow
From that dull, uncertain ray,
As by glimmering of the twilight
Is foreshown the perfect day,—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

When the boy, upon the threshold
Of his all-comprising home,
Puts aside the arm maternal
That enlocks him ere he roam;
When the canvas of his vessel
Flutters to the favoring gale,
Years of solitary exile
Hid behind the sunny sail:
When his pulses beat with ardor,
And his sinews stretch for toil.
And a hundred bold emprises
Lure him to that eastern soil,—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

When the youth beside the maiden
Looks into her credulous eyes,
And the heart upon the surface
Shines too happy to be wise;
He by speeches less than gestures
Hinteth what her hopes expound,
Laying out the waste hereafter
Like enchanted garden-ground;
He may falter—so do many;
She may suffer—so must all:
Both may yet, world-disappointed,
This lost hour of love recall,—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

When the altar of religion
Greets the expectant bridal pair,
And the vow that lasts till dying
Vibrates on the sacred air;
When man's lavish protestations
Doubts of after-change defy,
Comforting the frailer spirit
Bound his servitor for aye;
When beneath love's silver moonbeams
Many rocks in shadow sleep,
Undiscovered, till possession
Shows the danger of the deep,—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

Whatsoever is beginning,
That is wrought by human skill;
Every daring emanation
Of the mind's ambitious will:
Every first impulse of passion.
Gush of love or twinge of hate;
Every launch upon the waters
Wide-horizoned by our fate;
Every venture in the chances
Of life's sad, oft desperate game,
Whatsoever be our motive,
Whatsoever be our aim,—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

FRANCES BROWN.

FRAGMENT.

COLD in earth, and the deep snow piled above thee.
Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave!
Have I forgot, my only love, to love thee,
Severed at last by time's all severing wave?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover
Over the mountains on that northern shore,
Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves cover
Thy noble heart forever, evermore?

Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers
From those brown hills have melted into spring;
Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers
After such years of change and suffering.

Sweet love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee
While the world's tide is bearing me along;
Other desires and other hopes beset me,
Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong.

No later light has lightened up my heaven,
No second morn has ever shone for me;
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given;
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But when the days of golden dreams had perished,
And even despair was powerless to destroy;
Then did I learn existence could be cherished,
Strengthened and fed without the aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless passion,
Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine;
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
Down to that tomb already more than mine.

And even yet I dare not let it languish,
Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain.
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
How could I seek the empty world again?

EMILY BRONTE.

SITTING IN THE SUN.

WHEN Hope deceives, and friends betray,
And kinsmen shun me with a flout;
When hair grows white, and eyes grow dim,
And life's slow sand is nigh run out,
I'll ask no boon of any one,
But sing old songs, and sit i' the sun.

When memory is my only joy,
And all my thoughts shall backward turn;
When eyes shall cease to glow with love,
And heart with generous fire to burn,
I'll ask no boon of any one,
But sing old songs, and sit i' the sun.

When sounds grow low to deafening ears,
And suns shine not as once they did;
When parting is no more a grief,
And I do whatsoe'er they bid,
I'll ask no boon of any one,
But sing old songs, and sit i' the sun.

Then underneath a spreading elm,
That guards some little cottage door,
I'll dance a grandchild on my knee,
And count my past days o'er and o'er;
I'll ask no boon of any one,
But sing old songs and sit i' the sun.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, designed,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern, rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore;
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learned to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe;
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb arrayed,
Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend;

Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly pleasing tear.

O! gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand,
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band,
(As by the impious thou art seen,)
With thundering voice and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound, my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

THOMAS GRAY.

JOY BRINGERS.

SOME men move through life as a band of music moves down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air to every one, far and near, that can listen. Some men fill the air with their presence and sweetness, as orchards in October days fill the air with the perfume of ripe fruit. Some women cling to their own houses, like the honeysuckle over the door, yet, like it, sweeten all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness. There are trees of righteousness, which are ever dropping precious fruit around them. There are lives that shine like star-beams, or charm the heart like songs sung upon a holy day.

How great a bounty and blessing it is to hold the royal gifts of the soul, so that they shall be music to some and fragrance to others, and life to all! It would be no unworthy thing to live for, to make the power which we have within us the breath of other men's joy; to scatter sunshine where only clouds and shadows reign; to fill the atmosphere where earth's weary toilers must stand, with a brightness which they cannot create for themselves, and which they long for, enjoy and appreciate.

DAVID'S HARP.

ONE day David, the King of Israel, sat on the hill of Zion, his harp rested before him, and he leaned his head on the harp.

The Prophet Gad came to him and said, "Of what are you thinking my king?"

David answered and said, "Of my perpetually changing lot. How many hymns of thanksgiving and rejoicing, but, also, how many plaintive and mournful odes, have I sung with this harp!"

"Be thou like thy harp!" said the prophet. "What do you mean?" asked the king. "Behold" answered the man of God," thy sorrow as thy joy, elicited heavenly tones from thy harp, and animated its strings; so may sorrow and joy form thy heart and life to the heavenly harp."

Then David arose and struck the strings.

F. W. KRUMMACHER.

SMILES.

IF people will only notice, they will be amazed to find how much a really enjoyable evening owes to smiles. But few consider what an important symbol of fine intellect and fine feeling they are. Yet all smiles, after childhood, are things of education. Savages do not smile; coarse, brutal, cruel men may laugh, but they seldom smile. The affluence, the benediction, the radiance, which

Fills the silence like a speech,

is the smile of a full appreciative heart.

The face that grows finer as it listens, and then breaks into sunshine instead of

words, has a subtle, charming influence, universally felt, though very seldom understood or acknowledged. Personal and sarcastic remarks show not only a bad heart and a bad head, but bad taste also.

Now society may tolerate a bad heart and a bad head, but it will not endure bad taste; and it is in just such points as this that the conventional laws which they have made, represent and enforce real obligations. There are many who would not cease from evil speaking because it is wrong, who yet restrain themselves because it is vulgar. Lord Bacon tells of a nobleman whom he knew—a man who gave lordly entertainments, but always suffered some sarcastic personality to "mar a good dinner," adding, "Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words; for he that hath a satirical vein, making others afraid of his wit, hath need to be afraid of another's memory."

MRS. BURR.

GOING HOME.

DRAWN by horses with decorous feet,
A carriage for one went through the street,
Polished as anthracite out of the mine,
Tossing its plumes so stately and fine.
As nods to the night a Norway pine.

The passenger lay in Parian rest,
As if by the sculptor's hand caressed,
A mortal life through the marble stole,
And then till an angel calls the roll
It awaits awhile for a human soul.

He rode in state, but his carriage-fare
Was left unpaid to his only heir;
Hardly a man, from hovel to throne,
Takes to this route in coach of his own,
But borrows at last and travels alone.

The driver sat in his silent seat;
The world, as still as a field of wheat,
Gave all the road to the speechless twain,
And thought the passenger never again
Should travel that way with living men.

Not a robin held its little breath,
But sang right out in the face of death;
You never would dream, to see the sky
Give glance for glance to the violet's eye,
That aught between them could ever die.

A wain bound east met the hearse bound west,
Halted a moment, and passed abreast;
And I verily think a stranger pair
Have never met on a thoroughfare,
Or a dim by-road or anywhere:

The hearse as slim and glossy and still
As silken thread at woman's will,
Who watches her work with tears unshed,
Broiders a grief with needle and thread,
Mourns in pansies and cypress the dead;

Spotless the steeds in a satin dress,
That run for two worlds the Lord's Express,—
The wain gave a lurch, the hearse moved on,—
A moment or two, and both were gone;
The wain bound east, the hearse bound west,
Both going home, both looking for rest.
The Lord save all, and his name be blest!

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

ANGEL of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm,
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will.
Oh thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the coming day.
He walks with thee, that angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned."
Bear up, bear on, the end will tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well.

J. G. WHITTIER.

THE HAPPY HOUR.

THE life of man has wondrous hours
Revealed at once to heart and eye,
When wake all being's kindled powers,
And joy, like dew on trees and flowers,
With freshness fills the earth and sky.
With finer scent and softer tone
The breezes wind through waving leaves;
By friendlier beams new tints are thrown
On furrowed stem and mouldering stone:
The gorgeous grapes, the jewelled sheaves
To living glories turn;
And eyes that look from cottage eaves,
Through shadows grim that jasmine weaves,
With love and fancy burn.

The broad smooth river flames with waves,
Where floats the swan, an opal sprite,
And marble shapes on silent graves,
Seem starting towards the light.
The distant landscape glows serene;
The dark old tower, with tremulous sheen,
Pavilion of a seraph stands;
The mountain rude, with steeps of gold,
And mists of ruby o'er them rolled,
Up toward the evening star expands.
The ocean streaks, in distance gray,
With sapphire radiance sparkling play,
And silver sails hold on their way
To unseen fairy lands.

And those who walk within the sphere,
The plot of earth's transfigured green,
Like angels walk, so high, so clear,
With ravishment in eye and mien.
For this one hour no breath of fear,
Of shame or weakness, wandering near,
Can trusting hearts annoy:
Past things are dead, or only live
The life that hope alone can give,
And all is faith and joy.

'Tis not that beauty forces then
Her blessings on reluctant men,
But this great globe with all its might,
Its awful depth and heavenward height,
Seems but my heart with wonder thrilling,
And beating in my human breast;
My sense with inspiration filling,
Myself beyond my nature blest.

Well for all such hours who know,
All who hail, not bid them go.
If the spirit's strong pulsation
After keeps its nobler tone,
And no helpless lamentation
Dulls the heart when rapture's flown:
If the rocky field of Duty,
Built around with mountain hoar,
Still is dearer than the Beauty
Of the sky-land's colored shore.

JOHN STERLING.

THERE'S A SILVER LINING TO EVERY CLOUD.

THE poet or priest who told us this
Served mankind in the holiest way,
For it lit up the earth with the star of bliss
That beacons the soul with cheerful ray.
Too often we wander despairing and blind,
Breathing our useless murmurs aloud;
But 'tis kinder to bid us seek and find
"A silver lining to every cloud."

May we not walk in the dingle ground
Where nothing but autumn's dead leaves are seen,
But search beneath them, and peeping around
Are the young spring tufts of blue and green.
'Tis a beautiful eye that ever perceives
The presence of God in mortality's crowd;
'Tis a saving creed that thinks and *believes*
"There's a silver lining to every cloud."

Let us look closely before we condemn
Bushes that bear nor bloom nor fruit,
There may not be beauty in leaves or stem,
But virtue may dwell far down at the root;
And let us beware how we utterly spurn
Brothers that seem all cold and proud,
If their bosoms were opened, perchance we might learn
"There's a silver lining to every cloud."

Let us not cast out mercy and truth,
When guilt is before us in chains and shame.
When passion and vice have cankered youth,
And age lives on with a branded name;
Something of good may still be there,
Though its voice may never be heard aloud,
For while black with the vapors of pestilent air,
"There's a silver lining to every cloud."

Sad are the sorrows that oftentimes come,
Heavy and dull and blighting and chill,

Shutting the light from our heart and our home,
Marring our hopes and defying our will;
But let us not sink beneath the woe,
'Tis well perchance we are tried and bowed,
For be sure, though we may not oft see it below,
"There's a silver lining to every cloud."

And when stern Death, with skeleton hand,
Has snatched the flower that grew in our breast,
Do we not think of a fairer land,
Where the lost are found, and the weary at rest!
Oh, the hope of the unknown future springs
In its purest strength o'er the coffin and shroud!
The shadow is dense, but faith's spirit-voice sings
"*There's a silver lining to every cloud.*

ELIZA COOK.

THROUGH DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

AS we pass beneath the hills which have been shaken by earthquake and torn by convulsions, we find that periods of perfect repose succeed those of destruction. The pools of calm water lie clear beneath their fallen rocks, the water lilies gleam, and the reeds whisper among their shadows; the village rises again over the forgotten graves, and its church tower, while through the storm, twilight proclaims a renewed appeal to his protection in whose hand are "all the corners of the earth and the strength of the hills is his also." . . . . It is just where "the mountains falling cometh to naught, and the rocks removed out of his place," that, in the process of years, the fairest meadows bloom between the fragments, the clearest rivulets murmur from their crevices among the flowers; and the clustered cottages, each sheltered beneath some strength of mossy stone, now to be removed no more, and with their pastured flocks around them, safe from the eagle's swoop and the wolf's ravine, have written upon their fronts, in simple words, the mountaineer's faith in the ancient promise, "Neither shalt thou be afraid of destruction when it cometh, for thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field, and the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee."

JOHN RUSKIN.

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying;
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;

Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

LET BY-GONES BE BY-GONES.

LET by-gones be by-gones. If by-gones were clouded
By aught that occasioned a pang of regret,
O, let them in darkest oblivion be shrouded;
'Tis wise and 'tis kind to forgive and forget.

Let by-gones be by-gones, and good be extracted
From ill over which it is folly to fret;
The wisest of mortals have foolishly acted—
The kindest are those who forgive and forget.

Let by-gones be by-gones. O, cherish no longer
The thought that the sun of affection has set:
Eclipsed for a moment, its rays will be stronger,
If you, like a Christian, forgive and forget.

Let by-gones be by-gones. Your heart will be lighter
When kindness of yours with reception has met;
The flame of your love will be purer and brighter,
If, God-like, you strive to forgive and forget.

Let by-gones be by-gones. O, purge out the leaven
Of malice, and try an example to set
To others, who, craving the mercy of heaven.
Are sadly too slow to forgive and forget.

Let by-gones be by-gones. Remember how deeply
To heaven's forbearance we all are in debt;
They value God's infinite goodness too cheaply
Who heed not the precept, Forgive and forget.

—*Chambers Journal.*

USES OF AFFLICTION.

WHAT an interpreter of Scripture is affliction! How many stars in its heaven shine out brightly in the night of sorrow and pain which were unperceived or overlooked in the garish day of our prosperity! What an enlarger of Scripture is any other outer or inner event which stirs the depths of our hearts, which touches us near to the core and center of our lives!

Trouble of spirit, condemnation of conscience, sudden danger, strong temptation—when any of these overtake us, what veils do they take away, that we may see what hitherto we saw not; what new domains of God's word do they bring within our spiritual ken! How do promises which once fell flat upon our ears, become precious now; psalms become our own which were before aloof from us! How do we see things now with the eye which before we knew only by the hearing of the ear; which before men had told us, but now we ourselves have found! So that on these accounts also the Scripture is fitted to be our companion, and to do us good all the years of our life.

BISHOP R. C. TRENCH.

DE PROFUNDIS.

THE face which, duly as the sun,
Rose up for me with life begun,
To mark all bright hours of the day
With daily love, is dimmed away—
And yet my days go on, go on.

The tongue which, like a stream, could run
Smooth music from the roughest stone,
And every morning with "Good-day"
Made each day good, is hushed away—
And yet my days go on, go on.

The heart which, like a staff was one
For mine to lean and rest upon;
The strongest on the longest day
With steadfast love, is caught away—
And yet my days go on, go on.

And cold before my summer's done,
And deaf in Nature's general tune,
And fallen too low for special fear,
And here with hope no longer here—
While the tears drop, my days go on.

The world goes whispering to its own,
"This anguish pierces to the bone."
And tender friends go sighing round,
"What love can ever cure this wound?"
My days go on, my days go on.

The past rolls forward on the sun
And makes all night. O dreams begun,
Not to be ended! Ended bliss!
And life that will not end in this!
My days go on, my days go on.

Breath freezes on my lips to moan;
As one alone, once not alone,
I sit and knock at Nature's door,
Heart-bare, heart-hungry, very poor,
Whose desolated days go on.

I knock and cry . . . Undone, undone!
Is there no help, no comfort . . . none?
No gleaning in the wide wheat-plains
Where others drive their loaded wains?
My vacant days go on, go on.

This Nature, though the snows be down,
Thinks kindly of the bird of June.
The little red hip on the tree
Is ripe for such. What is for me,
Whose days so winterly go on?

No bird am I to sing in June,
And dared not ask an equal boon.
Good nests and berries red are Nature's
To give away to better creatures—
And yet my days go on, go on.

I ask less kindness to be done—
Only to loose these pilgrim-shoon
(Too early worn and grimed) with sweet
Cool deathly touch to these tired feet,
Till days go out which now go on.

Only to lift the turf unmown
From off the earth where it has grown,
Some cubit-space, and say "Behold,
Creep in poor heart beneath that fold,
Forgetting how the days go on."

What harm would *that* do? Green anon
The sward would quicken, overshone
By skies as blue; and crickets might
Have leave to chirp there day and night
While my new rest went on, went on.

From gracious Nature have I won
Such liberal bounty? May I run
So, lizard-like, within her side,
And there be safe, who now am tried
By days that painfully go on?

—A Voice reproves me thereupon,
More sweet than Nature's when the drone
Of bees is sweetest, and more deep,
Than when the rivers overleap
The shuddering pines, and thunder on.

God's Voice, not Nature's—night and noon
He sits upon the great white throne
And listens for the creatures' praise.
What babble we of days and days?
The Dayspring He, whose days go on.

He reigns above, He reigns alone:
Systems burn out and leave His throne:
Fair mists of seraphs melt and fall
Around Him, changeless amid all:—
Ancient of days, whose days go on!

He reigns below, He reigns alone,—
And having life in love foregone
Beneath the crown of sovran thorns,
He reigns the jealous God. Who mourns
Or rules with HIM, while days go on!

By anguish which made pale the sun,
I hear Him charge His saints that none
Among the creatures anywhere
Blaspheme against Him with despair,
However darkly days go on.

—Take from my head the thorn-wreath brown!
No mortal grief deserves that crown.
O supreme Love, chief misery,
The sharp regalia are for *Thee*
Whose days eternally go on!

For us, . . . whatever's undergone,
Thou knowest, willest what is done.
Grief may be joy misunderstood:
Only the Good discerns the good.
I trust Thee while my days go on.

Whatever's lost, it first was won:
We will not struggle nor impugn.
Perhaps the cup was broken here
That Heaven's new wine might show more clear.
I praise Thee while my days go on!

I praise Thee while my days go on;
I love Thee while my days go on!
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost
I thank Thee while my days go on!

And, having in thy life-depth thrown
Being and suffering (which are one),
As a child drops some pebble small
Down some deep well and hears it fall,
Smiling . . . so I! THY DAYS GO ON!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wing of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist;
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist;

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day:

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

For like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice;
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

MEMORIES OF THE WAY.

"THOU shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God hath led thee." ALL THE WAY—it is necessary that all the way should be remembered—the hill of difficulty as well as the valley of humiliation; the time of prosperity as well as the time of pain. Necessary for our advantage that we may understand our position, learn the lessons of providence and grace; necessary that we may construct a narrative, for every event in our history is connected and mutually interpreted; necessary that we may trace the outworkings of Jehovah's plan in the successive achievements of our lives. And if by the memory of joy you are impressed with God's beneficence, kept in cheerful piety, and saved from the foul sin of repining; and if by the memory of sorrow you are moulded into a gentler type, taught a softer sympathy, and receive a heavenward impulse, and anticipate a blessed reunion; if by the memory of sin you are reminded of your frailty and rebuked of your pride, stimulated to repentance and urged to trust in God, then it will be no irksomeness, but a heaven-sent and precious blessing that you have thus remembered the way that the Lord hath led thee in the wilderness.

WILLIAM M. PUNSHON.

GRIEVING.

SHE sat and watched the light of day
Over the blue hills fading slow,
And listened to the wind that wailed
In crooning voice of long ago.

The fire upon the hearth burned dim;
Out came night-shadows weird and wild;
And dead leaves swept across the path,
Where once the blooming roses smiled.

No word she spake, but silent sat
As white and still as sculptured stone;
The living, breathing world around
A sepulchre had sudden grown,

In which her buried life was laid,
And over-writ this epitaph:
"Alas! how soon man's fondest hopes
Are scattered to the wind as chaff."

The clouds rolled o'er the misty moon;
In gentle sobs the raindrops spoke;
Fell drop by drop the maiden's tears;
And answering sobs the stillness broke.

And through the wakening throbs of pain
She found the living world once more;
But sun and moon and stars had changed,
And shone upon a foreign shore.

Life's river ebbed in turbid waves,
That late had sparkled at her feet;
A jarred note rang through every chord
That until now had sounded sweet;

And in a darkened world her steps
Must wander, till her weary soul,
Through sorrow gaining strength, shall win
For her a fadeless aureole.

JULIA GODDARD.

THE TROUBLES OF LIFE.

SOMETIMES I compare the troubles which we have to undergo in the course of the year to a great bundle of fagots far too great for us to lift; but God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us first one stick, which we are to carry to-day, and then another, which we are to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage if we would only take the burden appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are require to bear it.

JOHN NEWTON.

SAUL had anxiously inquired, "What wouldst thou have me to do?" Our Lord sends his minister totell him, not what great thing heshall do, but what far greater thing he shall suffer.

Sufferings are, after all, the great achievements of the Christian. Where one man is permitted to effect mighty things for his Lord by carrying the words of the everlasting Gospel over the burning sands of Africa, or the frozen mountains of the north, thousands and tens of thousands are called to the high privilege of the Philippians of old, "not only to believe, but also to suffer for his name's sake." To sit on his right hand and on his left are not now to be given, but to drink of his cup of trial, and to be baptized with his baptism of affliction, are still among the choicest blessings which he bestows upon his people. Be not, then, disappointed, if, with every desire to do great things for your divine Master, you are denied the power or the opportunity. If, as it has been beautifully said, "They also serve who only stand and wait," how much more do they serve who are called upon to endure and to suffer! Yes; in the chamber of sickness, upon the bed of pain, you may as greatly glorify your Redeemer as amid the trials of the mission or the tortures of the stake; and often does it please your heavenly Father that while you are meditating what great things you shall do for Christ, he is preparing the great things you shall suffer.

FAITH.

WE will not weep: for God is standing by us,
And tears will blind us to the blessed sight:
We will not doubt, if darkness still doth try us,
Our souls have promise of serenest light.

We will not faint, if heavy burdens bind us,
They press no harder than our souls can bear;
The thorniest way is lying still behind us,
We shall be braver for the past despair.

O not in doubt shall be our journey's ending;
Sin with its fears shall leave us at the last:
All its best hopes in glad fulfillment blending,
Life shall be with us when the Death is past.

Help us, O Father! when the world is pressing
On our frail hearts, that faint without their friend;
Help us, O Father! let thy constant blessing
Strengthen our weakness—till the joyful end.

WILLIAM HENRY HURLBERT.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

So long Thy power has bless'd me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the moon those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost a while.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

SUN AND SHADOW.

AS I look from the isle, o'er its billows of green,
To the billows of foam-crested blue,
Yon bark, that afar in the distance is seen,
Half dreaming my eyes will pursue;
Now dark in the shadow, she scatters the spray
As the chaff in the stroke of the flail;
Now white as the sea-gull she flies on her way,
The sun gleaming bright on her sail.

Yet her pilot is thinking of dangers to shun,—
Of breakers that whiten and roar:
How little he cares if in shadow or sun
They see him who gaze from the shore!
He looks to the beacon that looms from the reef,
To the rock that is under his lee,
As he drifts on the blast, like a wind-wafted leaf,
O'er the gulfs of the desolate sea.

Thus drifting afar to the dim-vaulted caves
Where life and its ventures are laid,
The dreamers who gaze while we battle the waves,
May see us in sunshine or shade;
Yet true to our course, though our shadow grow dark,
We'll trim our broad sail as before,
And stand by the rudder that governs the bark,
Nor ask how we look from the shore!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE ODE OF GOOD.

ETERNAL Spring and Source
Of happiness and weal!
Indwelling and unfailing Force!
Who dost Thyself reveal
In every jocund day, and restful night;
In every dawn serenely bright;
In every tide of yearning which doth roll,
Heavenward, some growing soul!

What were life save for Thee
But pain and misery—
To have no more longing, but to be
Below the brute, below the tree,
Below the little stone, or speck of dust,
Which are themselves, and are made just.
Conforming to the law which bade them grow,
Not dreaming dreams of heaven in their estate so low!

The calm brutes live and are,
Tranquil and unafraid,
Keeping their nature only; the faint star
Pursues its orbit always though of Thee
It knows not, yet its vast periphery
Is ordered by Thy hand; by Thee were laid
The fixed foundations of the unfathomed sea;—
All these obey Thee, though they may not know
What law it is that holds them. Man alone
Sees Thee, and knowing Thee, averts his face,
And yet is higher than all for his disgrace,
Which were impossible to brute, or tree, or stone.

How shall a finite voice
Praise Thee who art too high for any praise,
Great Scheme, that by eternal, perfect ways
Farest and dost rejoice!
Thou wert before Life was, or Ill.
Thou rulest all things still;
The Governance and Regimen is Thine,
Oh Plenitude divine!
Of all the orbs that roll
Through all thy infinite space.
We are through Thee alone, each in its place,
Organic, Inorganic, great and small;
Thou dost inspire and keep us all;—
Earth, sky, and sea; herb, tree, insect, and brute;
All Thy created excellences mute,
To Man of large discourse, and the undying soul.

We know not by what Name our tongues shall call
Thee or Thy Essence, nor can Thought as yet
Gain those ineffable heights where Thou art set,

As from a watch-tower guarding all.
Thou girdest Thyself round with mystery,
As Thy great sun behind an embattled cloud,
Or some wrapt summit, never seen;
Yet thy veiled presence cheers us on our road.
With eyes bent down too much on earth and bowed,
We toil and do forget
All but our daily labor and its load;
Yet art Thou there the while, felt yet unseen,
Oh universal Good, and Thy great Will
Directs our footsteps still—
Directs them, though they come to stray
From the appointed way;
Lights them, though for a while they wander far,
Led by some feeble baleful star,
Which can allure them when the blinding fold
Of mist is on the hill side, and the cold
Clouds which make green our lives, descending, hide
Death's steeps on every side.

We know not what Thou art—
Whether the Word of some all-perfect Will
Inborn and nourished in each human heart,
Some hidden and mysterious good,
Obeyed, not understood;
Or whether the harmonious note
Of some world-symphony divine,
To which the perfect Scheme of things,
Ever advancing perfectly
To high fulfilment, sings.
We know not what Thou art, and yet we love;
We know not where Thou dwell'st, yet still above
We turn our eyes to Thee, knowing Thou wilt take
Our yearnings and wilt treasure them and make
Our little lives fulfil themselves and Thee:
And in this trust we bear to be.

Oh Light so white and pure,
Oft clouded and yet sure!
Oh inner Radiance of the heart,
That drawest all men, whatsoe'er Thou art!
Spring of the soul, that dost remove
Winter with rays of love,
And dost dispel of Thy far-working might
The clouds of Ill and Night,
For every soul which cometh to the earth;
That beamest on us at our birth,
And paling somewhat in life's grosser day,
Lightest, a pillar of fire, our evening way;
What matter by what Name
We call Thee?—still art Thou the same,
God we call Thee, or Good,—still through the strife
Unchangeable alone, of all our changeful life,
With awe-struck souls we seek Thee, we adore
Thy greatness ever more and more,
We turn to Thee with worship, till at last,
Our journey well-nigh past,
When now our day of Life draws to its end,
Looking, with less of awe and more of love,
To Thy high throne above,
We see no dazzling brightness as of old,
No kingly splendors cold,
But the sweet Presence of a heavenly Friend.

THE ODE OF EVIL.

OH, who shall sing of Life and not of Ill?
The essence of our will
Is fullest liberty to stray,
From out the green and blessed way,
Amid the desert wastes of drought and death.
This is the power that makes us free,
This of our Being is the penalty;
And maybe the Eternal Will,
Clothing itself with form to bid Creation be,
Took to itself some boundary, and awhile,
Self-limited, made vile
And subjected to Law the Majesty
Which all the universe of space did fill.

Evil is Life,
The conflict of great laws pervading space;
Evil is strife,
Which keeps the creature in its ordered place.
If any hand divine should e'er withdraw
The fixed coercive potency of Law,
Surely the universe of things would fade
And cease and be unmade.
Where Law is, there is Good,
And freedom to obey or to transgress;
Else 'twere no Law, but, weaker far and less,
If one created being might not the thing it would.

Young lives spring up and fade,
Wither and are opprest,

Toil takes the world, and pain,
And all the things that God has made
Travail and groan and fain would be at rest,
And Wrong prevails again.
And we—we lift a hopeless eye
Up to the infinite sky,
Mourning the Ill that is, and shall be yet,
Weak creatures who forget
The very law and root of Life,
That it is sown in pain and nursed in woe and strife.

The evil blight of war
Torments the race from age to age,
And man slays man through all the years that are,
And savage lust and brutal rage
Deform this glorious heritage of earth.
We shudder and grow faint,
Knowing the far fair dreams of seer and saint
Show thin and little worth.
The young life, rising, sinks in sloughs of sense,
And wanders and is lost.
Alas! for days of young-eyed innocence.
Alas! for the calm hours ere, passion-tost,
The young soul grew, a white flower sweet and pure.
Yet this is sure,
That not in tranquil zones of endless calm
Springs up the victor's palm,
But blown by circling storms which blot the sky,
Nor fitting were it to the eye
Always to look upon a cloudless sun,—
Grown blind with too much light before the journey done.

The victories of Right
Are born of strife.
There were no Day were there no Night,
Nor, without dying, Life.
There only doth Right triumph, where the Wrong
Is mightiest and most strong;
There were no Good, indeed, were there no Ill.
And when the final victory shall come,
Burst forth, oh Awful Sun, and draw Creation home!

Not within Time or Space
Lines drawn in opposite ways grow one,
But in some Infinite place
Before the Eternal throne;
There, ways to-day divergent, Right and Wrong,
Approach the nearer that they grow more long.
There at the Eternal feet,
Fused, joined, and grown complete,
The circle rounds itself, the enclosing wall
Of the Universe sinks down, and God is all in all!

ENDURANCE.

HOW much the heart may bear, and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer, and not die!
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh:
Death chooses his own time: till that is sworn,
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life,
Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal,
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill;
We seek some small escape; we weep and pray;
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still;
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life;
We hold it closer, dearer than our own:
Anon it faints and fails in deathly strife,
Leaving us stunned, and stricken, and alone;
But ah! we do not die with those we mourn,—
This also can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things—famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body—but we cannot die.
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn,
Lo, all things can be borne.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

THEY SAID.

THEY said of her, "She never can have felt
The sorrows that great, earnest natures feel,"
They said, "Her placid lips have never spelt
Hard lessons, taught by pain. Her eyes reveal
No passionate yearning, no perplexed appeal
To other eyes. Life and her heart have dealt
With her but lightly." When the Pilgrims dwelt
First by their Rock, lest savage feet should steal
To precious graves with desecrating tread,
The burial-field was with the plowshare crossed;
And there her silken curls in the light maize tossed.
With thanks those Pilgrims ate their bitter bread,
While peaceful harvests hid what they prized most:
I thought of them when this of her they said.

They of this other said, "No heart has she,
Else would she not with ready prattle smile
On all who cross her path, and merrily
The steps of child, man, bird and brute beguile
With overflow of winsome prank and wile.
How shallow must this sparkling bubbler be!"
And did you never down a hill-side see
A laughing brook go dancing, mile on mile,
Fresh from a never-failing mountain spring,
Whose depths of sweetness none might sound or guess?
The spring was the brook's heart, which sought to fling
Gleams of its hidden joy on everything.
Life's deep wells yield perennial cheerfulness.
They spake of her from their own shallowness.

LUCY LARCOM.

IF WE KNEW.

IF we knew the woe and the heart-ache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load;
Would we waste to-day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be;
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window-pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again;
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us as they do now?

Ah, these little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by and by!

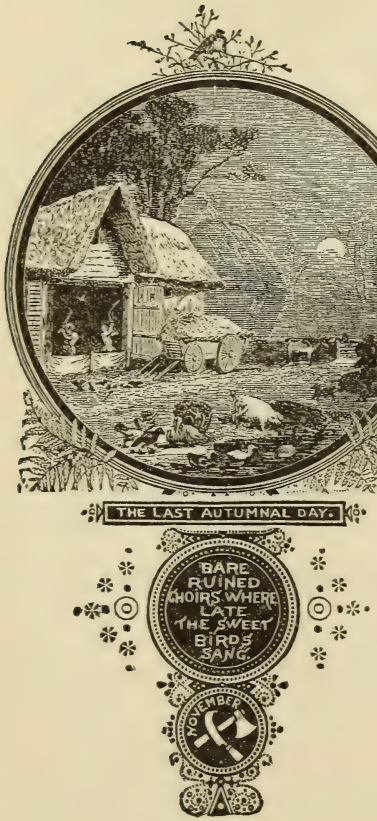
Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air!

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all along our path:
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of *to-day;*
With a patient hand removing
All the briers from our way.

L. M. R.

THE LAST AUTUMNAL DAY.



THE lengthen'd Night elaps'd, the Morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last Autumnal day;
And now the morning sun dispels the fog:
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam,
And hung on ev'ry spray, on ev'ry blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.
* * * In pensive guise
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the Woodman's toil.
Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse;
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shiv'ring sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock;
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And naught save chatt'ring discord in their note.

THOMSON.

FROM SHADOW INTO SUNSHINE AT LAST.

THERE he awaits for his release,
There in God finds perfect peace;
Till the long years end at last,
And he too at length has past,
From the sorrows and the fears,
From the anguish and the tears,
From the desolate distress
Of this world's great loneliness,
From its withering and it's blight,
From the shadows of its night,
Into God's pure sunshine bright.

BISHOP R. C. TRENCH.

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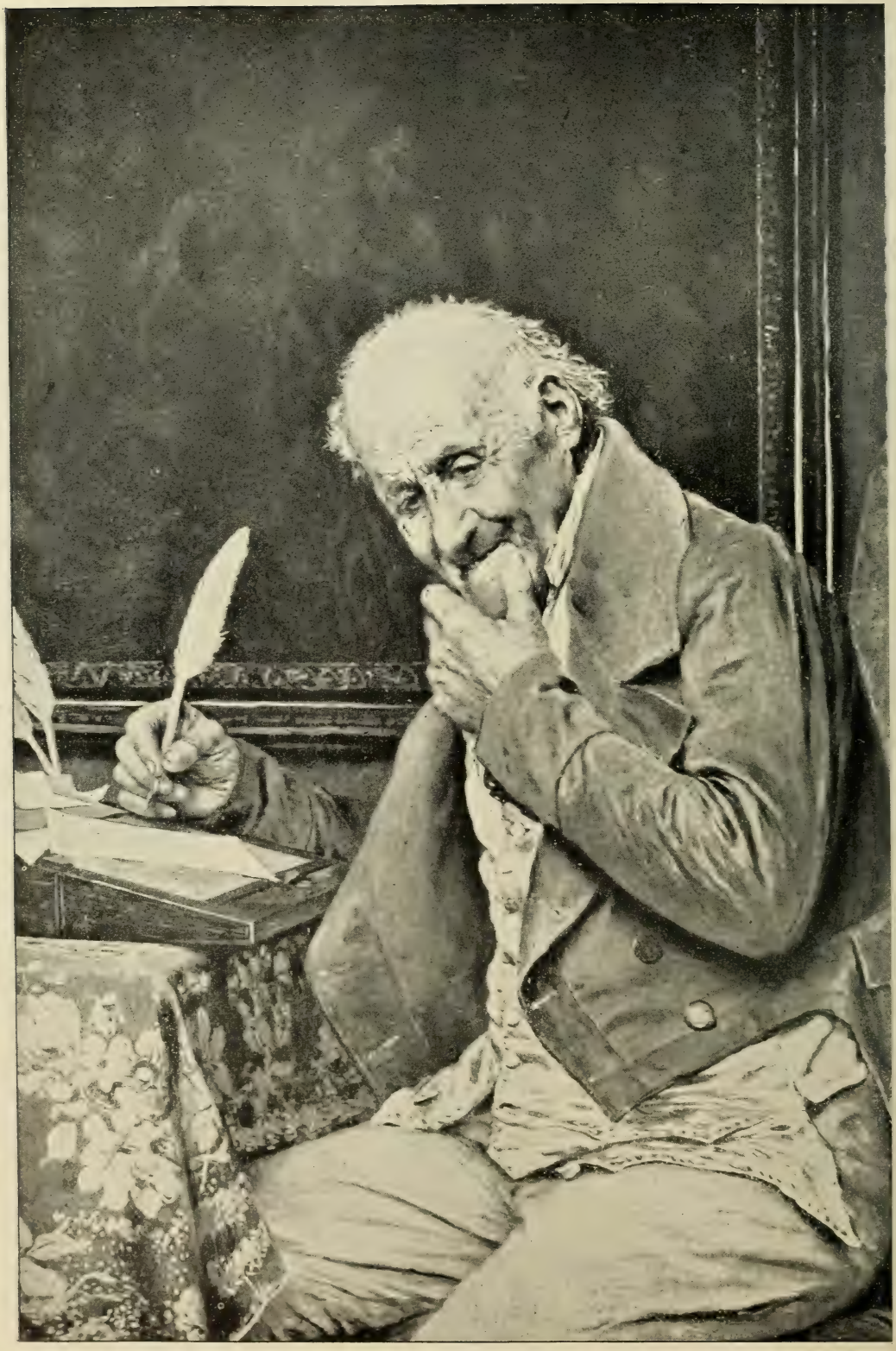
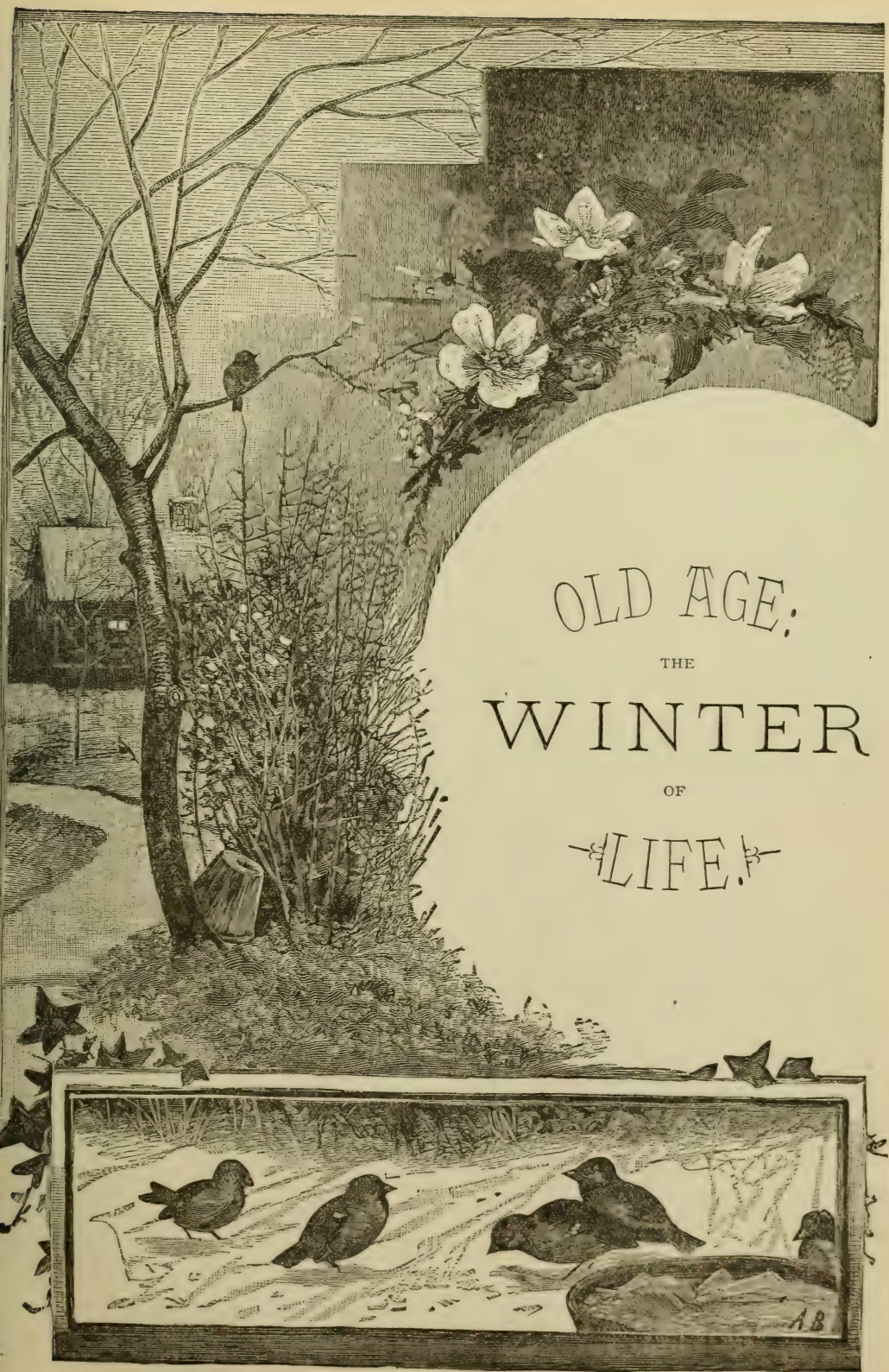


HIS LAST LOVE LETTER.



OLD AGE:

THE

WINTER

OF

LIFE.

Age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress;
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Age is not all decay; it is the ripening, the swelling of the fresh life within, that withers and bursts the husk.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

So may'st thou live till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gather'd, not parsely plucked, for death mature.

JOHN MILTON.

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.

WM. SHAKSPEARE.

I venerate old age, and love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sunset of life, when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

WM. WORDSWORTH.

A truly Christian man can look down like an eternal sun upon the autumn of his existence; the more sand has passed through the hour glass of life, the more clearly can he see through the empty glass. Earth, too, is to him a beloved spot, a beautiful meadow, the scene of his childhood's sports, and he hangs upon this mother of our first life with the love with which a bride, full of childhood's recollections, clings to a beloved mother's breast the evening before the day on which she resigns herself to the bride-groom's heart.

J. P. RICHTER.

Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth.

Oh God, Thou hast taught me from my youth; and hitherto have I declared Thy wondrous works.

Now also when I am old and gray-headed, O God, forsake me not; until I have showed strength unto this generation, and Thy power to every one that is to come.

BIBLE.

Time's current may wear wrinkles in the face, but not reach the heart.

How beautiful can time with goodness make an old man look.

DOUGLASS JERROLD.

THE ODE OF AGE.

THERE is a sweetness in autumnal days,
Which many a lip doth praise;
When the earth, tired a little and grown mute
Of song, and having borne its fruit,
Rests for a little space ere winter come.
It is not sad to turn the face towards home,
Even though it shows the journey nearly done;
It is not sad to mark the westering sun,
Even though we know the night doth come.
Silence there is, indeed, for song,
Twilight for noon;
But for the steadfast soul and strong
Life's autumn is as June.

As June itself, but clearer, calmer far;
Here come no passion-gusts to mar,
No thunder-clouds or rains to beat
To earth the blossoms and the wheat,
No high tumultuous noise
Of youth's self-seeking joys,
But a cold radiance white
As the moon shining on a frosty night.

To-morrow is as yesterday, scant change,
Little of new or strange,
No glamour of false hope to daze,
Nor glory to amaze,
Even the old passionate love of love or child
A temperate affection mild,
And ever the recurring thought
Returning, though unsought:
How strange the scheme of things! how brief a span
The little life of man!
And ever as we mark them, fleeter and more fleet,
The days and months and years, gliding with winged feet.

And ever as the hair grows grey,
And the eyes dim,
And the lithe form which toiled the live-long day,
The stalwart limb,
Begin to stiffen and grow slow,
A higher joy they know:
To spend the season of the waning year,
Ere comes the deadly chill,
In works of mercy, and to cheer
The feet which toil against life's rugged hill;
To have known the trouble and the fret,
To have known it, and to cease
In a pervading peace,
Too calm to suffer pain, too living to forget,
And reaching down a succoring hand
To where the sufferers are,
To lift them to the tranquil heights afar,
Whereon Time's conquerors stand.

And when the precious hours are done,
How sweet at set of sun
To gather up the fair laborious day!—
To have struck some blow for right
With tongue or pen;
To have smoothed the path to light
For wandering men;
To have chased some fiend of Ill away;
A little backward to have thrust
The instant powers of Drink and Lust;
To have borne down Giant Despair;
To have dealt a blow at Care!
How sweet to light again the glow
Of warmer fires than youth's, tho' all the blood runs slow!

Oh! is there any joy,
Of all that come to girl or boy
Or manhood's calmer weal and ease,
To vie with these?
Here is some fitting profit day by day,
Which none can render less;
Some glorious gain Fate cannot take away,
Nor Time depress.
Oh, brother, fainting on your road!
Poor sister, whom the righteous shun!
There comes for you, ere life and strength be done,
An arm to bear your load.
A feeble body, maybe bent, and old,
But bearing 'midst the chills of age
A deeper glow than youth's; a nobler rage;
A calm heart yet not cold.
A man or woman, withered perhaps, or bent,
To whom pursuit of gold or fame
Is as a fire grown cold, an empty name,
Whom thoughts of Love no more allure,
Who in a self-made nunnery dwell,
A cloistered calm and pure,
A beatific peace greater than tongue can tell

And sweet it is to take,
With something of the eager haste of youth
Some fainter glimpse of Truth
For its own sake;
To observe the ways of bee, or plant, or bird;
To trace in Nature the ineffable Word,
Which by the gradual wear of secular time,
Has worked its work sublime;
To have touched, with infinite gropings dim,
Nature's extremest outward rim;
To have found some weed or shell unknown before;
To advance Thought's infinite march a foot-pace more;
To make or to declare laws just and sage;
These are the joys of Age.

Or by the evening hearth, in the old chair,
With children's children at our knees,
So like, yet so unlike the little ones of old—
Some little lad with curls of gold,
Some little maid demurely fair,
To sit, girt round with ease,
And feel how sweet it is to live,
Careless what fate may give;
To think, with gentle yearning mind,
Of dear souls who have crossed the Infinite Sea;
To muse with cheerful hope of what shall be
For those we leave behind
When the night comes which knows no earthly morn;
Yet mingled with the young in hopes and fears,
And bringing from the treasure-house of years,
Some fair-set counsel long-time worn;
To let the riper days of life,
The tumult and the strife,
Go by, and in their stead
Dwell with the living past, so living, yet so dead:
The mother's kiss upon the sleeper's brow,
The little fish caught from the brook,
The dead child-sister's gentle voice and look,
The school-days and the father's parting hand;

The days so far removed, yet oh! so near,
So full of precious memories dear;
The wonder of flying Time, so hard to understand!

Not in clear eye or ear
Dwells our chief profit here.
We are not as the brutes, who fade and make no sign;
We are sustained where'er we go,
In happiness and woe,
By some indwelling faculty divine,
Which lifts us from the deep
Of failing senses, aye, and duller brain,
And wafts us back to youth again;
And as a vision fair dividing sleep,
Pierces the vasts behind, the voids before,
And opens to us an invisible gate,
And sets our winged footsteps, scorning Time and Fate,
At the celestial door.

OLD AGE COMING.

The original is such broad Scotch that I have given Mrs. L. M. Child's rendering of this quaint and beautiful piece. The beauty is not destroyed, while it is made intelligent to all.

IS that Old Age, who's knocking at the gate?
I trow it is. He sha'n't be asked to wait.
You're kindly welcome, friend! Nay, do not fear
To show yourself! You'll cause no trouble here.
I know there 're some who tremble at your name,
As though you brought with you reproach or shame;
And who of thousand lies would bear the sin,
Rather than own you for their kith and kin.
But far from shirking you as a disgrace,
Thankful I am to live to see your face.
Nor will I e'er disown you, or take pride
To think how long I might your visit hide.
I'll do my best to make you well respected,
And fear not for your sake to be neglected.
Now you have come, and, through all kinds of weather,
We're doomed from this time forth to jog together,
I'd fain make compact with you, firm and strong,
On terms of give and take, to hold out long.
If you'll be civil, I will liberal be;
Witness the list of what I'll give to thee.
First then, I here make o'er, for good and aye,
All youthful fancies, whether bright or gay.
Beauties and graces, too, might be resigned,
But much I fear they would be hard to find;
For 'gainst your daddy Time they could not stand,
Nor bear the grip of his relentless hand.
But there's my skin, which you may further crinkle,
And write your name, at length, on ev'ry wrinkle.
On my brown lock your powder you may throw,
And bleach them to your fancy, white as snow.
But look not, Age, so wistful at my mouth,
As if you longed to pull out ev'ry tooth!
Let them, I do beseech you, keep their places!
Though, if you like, you're free to paint their faces.
My limbs I yield you; and if you see meet
To clap your icy shackles on my feet,
I'll not refuse; but if you drive out gout,
Will bless you for 't, and offer thanks devout.
So much I give to you with free good-will;
But, O, I fear that more you look for still.
I know, by your stern look and meaning leers,
You want to clap your fingers on my ears.
Right willing, too, you are, as I surmise,
To cast your misty powder in my eyes.
But, O, in mercy spare my little twinklers!
And I will always wear your crystal blinkers.
Then 'bout my ears I'd fain a bargain strike,
And give my hand upon it, if you like.
Well then—would you consent their use to *share?*
'Twould serve us both, and be a bargain rare.
I'd have it thus,—When babbling fools intrude,
Gabbling their noisy nonsense for no good;
Or when ill-nature, well brushed up with wit,
With sneer sarcastic, takes its aim to hit;
Or when detraction, meanest sort of pride,
Spies out small faults, and seeks great worth to hide;
Then make me deaf as ever deaf can be!
At all *such* times, my ears I lend to thee.
But when, in social hours, you see combined
Genius and wisdom, fruits of heart and mind,
Good sense, good nature, wit in playful mood,
And candor, e'en from ill extracting good;

O, then, old friend, I *must* have back my hearing!
To want it then would be an ill past bearing.
I'd rather sit alone, in wakeful dreaming,
Than catch the sound of words without their meaning.
You will not promise? O, you're very glum!
Right hard to manage, you're so cold and dumb!
No matter.—Whole and sound I'll keep my *heart.*
Not from one crumb on 't will I ever part.
Its kindly warmth shall ne'er be chilled by all
The coldest breath that from your lips can fall.
You needn't vex yourself, old churl, nor fret!
My kindly feelings you shall never get.
And though to take my hearing you rejoice,
In spite of you, I'll still hear friendship's voice.
And though you take the rest, it shall not grieve me;
For gleams of cheerful spirits you *must* leave me.
But let me whisper in your ear, Old Age,
I'm bound to travel with you but one stage.
Be 't long or short, you cannot keep me back;
And when we reach the *end* on 't, you must pack!
Be 't soon or late, we part forever there!
Other companionship I then shall share.
This blessed change to me you're bound to bring.
You need not think I shall be loath to spring
From your poor feeble side, you churl uncouth!
Into the arms of Everlasting Youth.
All that your thieving hands have stolen away
He will, with interest, to me repay.
Fresh gifts and graces freely he'll bestow,
More than the heart has wished, or mind can know.
You need not wonder then, nor swell with pride,
That I so kindly welcomed you as guide
To one who's far your better. Now all 's told.
Let us set out upon our journey cold.
Witn no vain boasts, no vain regrets tormented,
We'll quietly jog on our way, contented.

ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

I'M GROWING OLD.

MY days pass pleasantly away;
My nights are blest with sweetest sleep;
I feel no symptoms of decay;
I have no cause to mourn nor weep;
My foes are impotent and shy;
My friends are neither false nor cold,
And yet, of late, I often sigh,
I'm growing old!

My growing talk of olden times,
My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy to rhymes,
My growing love of easy shoes,
My growing hate of crowds and noise,
My growing fear of taking cold,
All whisper, in the plainest voice,
I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff;
I'm growing dimmer in the eyes;
I'm growing fainter in my laugh;
I'm growing deeper in my sighs;
I'm growing careless of my dress;
I'm growing frugal of my gold;
I'm growing wise; I'm growing,—yes,—
I'm growing old!

I see it in my changing taste;
I see it in my changing hair;
I see it in my growing waist;
I see it in my growing heir;
A thousand signs proclaim the truth,
As plain as truth was ever told,
That, even in my vaunted youth,
I'm growing old.

Ah me! my very laurels breathe
The tale in my reluctant ears,
And every boon the Hours bequeath
But makes me debtor to the Years!
E'en Flattery's honeyed words declare
The secret she would fain withhold,
And tells in "How young you are!"
I'm growing old!

Thanks for the years!—whose rapid fligh
My sombre Muse too sadly sings;
Thanks for the gleams of golden light
That tint the darkness of their wings;
The light that beams from out the sky,
Those heavenly mansions to unfold,
Where all are blest, and none may sigh
"I'm growing old!"

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

O FOR one hour of joyful youth!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy,
Than reign a gray-beard king!

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!
Away with learning's crown!
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,
And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of fame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life all love and flame!

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And, calmly smiling, said
"If I but touch thy silvered hair,
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?"

Ah, truest soul of womanhood!
Without *thee*, what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind:
I'll take—my—precious—wife!

The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew,
"The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too!"

"And is there nothing yet unsaid,
Before the change appears?
Remember, all their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years!"

Why, yes; for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys;
I could not bear to leave them all:
I'll take—my—girl—and—boys!

The smiling angel dropped his pen,—
"Why, this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!"

And so I laughed,—my laughter woke
The household with its noise,—
And wrote my dream when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

TO HIS WIFE.

OH, don't be sorrowful, darling!
Now don't be sorrowful, pray!
For, taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling;
Time's waves they heavily run;
But, taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks now, my darling;
Our heads they are growing gray;
But, taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find the May.

We've *had* our May, my darling,
And our roses, long ago;
And the time of the year is coming, my dear,
For the long dark nights and the snow.

But God is God, my darling,
Of night, as well as of day;
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever He leads the way.

Ay, God of the night, my darling;
Of the night of death so grim.
The gate that from life leads out, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.

THE LOST BABIES.

COME, my wife, put down the Bible,
Lay your glasses on your book;
Both of us are bent and aged—
Backward, mother, let us look!
This is still the same old homestead
Where I brought you long ago,
When the hair was bright with sunshine
That is now like winter's snow.
Let us talk about the babies
As we sit here all alone,
Such a merry troop of youngsters:
How we lost them one by one.

Jack, the first of all the party,
Came to us one winter's night,—
Jack you said, should be a parson,
Long before he saw the light.
Do you see that great cathedral,
Filled, the transept and the nave,
Hear the organ grandly pealing,
Watch the silken hangings wave;
See the priest in robes of office,
With the altar at his back—
Would you think that gifted preacher
Could be our own little Jack?

Then a girl with curly tresses
Used to climb upon my knee,
Like a little fairy princess
Ruling at the age of three.
With the years there came a wedding—
How your fond heart swelled with pride
When the lord of all the county
Chose your baby for his bride!
Watch that stately carriage coming,
And the form reclining there—
Would you think that brilliant lady
Could be our own little Clare?

Then the last, a blue-eyed youngster—
I can hear him prattling now—
Such a strong and sturdy fellow,
With his broad and honest brow.
How he used to love his mother!
Ah! I see your trembling lip:
He is far off on the water,
Captain of a royal ship.
See the bronze upon his forehead,
Hear the voice of stern command—
That's the boy who clung so fondly
To his mother's gentle hand!

Ah! my wife, we've lost the babies,
Ours so long and ours alone;
Now transformed to these great people,—
Stately men and woman grown.
Seldom do we even see them;
Yes, a bitter tear-drop starts,
And we sit here in the firelight,
Lonely hearth and lonely hearts.
All their lives seem full without us;
They'll stop long enough one day
Just to lay us in the churchyard,—
Then they'll each go on their way.

OLD AGE.

"STAND in the light of the window, professor," said I. The professor took up the desired position. "You have white hairs," I said. "Had 'em any time these twenty years," said the professor. "And the crow's foot,—*pes anserinus*, rather." The professor smiled, as I wanted him to, and the folds radiated like the ridges of a half-opened fan, from the outer corner of the eyes to the temples. "And the calipers," said I. "What are the *calipers?*" he asked curiously. "Why, the parenthesis, said I. "*Parenthesis?*" said the professor, "what's that?" "Why, look in the glass when you are disposed to laugh, and see if your mouth isn't framed in a couple of crescent lines,—so, my boy ( )." "It's all nonsense," said the professor; "just look at my *biceps;*"—and he began pulling off his coat to show his arm. "Be careful," said I; "you can't bear exposure to the air, at your time of life, as you could once." "I will box with you," said the professor, "row with you, ride with you, swim with you, or sit at table with you, for fifty dollars a side." "Pluck survives *stamina*," I answered.

The professor went off, a little out of humor. A few weeks afterward he came in, looking very good-natured, and

brought me a paper, which I have here, and from which I shall read you some portions, if you don't object. He had been thinking the matter over, he said,—had read Cicero "*De Senectute*," and made up his mind to meet old age half way. These were some of his reflections that he had written down; so here you have

THE PROFESSOR'S PAPER.

There is no doubt when old age begins. The human body is a furnace which keeps in blast three-score years and ten, more or less. It burns about three hundred pounds of carbon a year (besides other fuel), when in fair working order, according to a great chemist's estimate. When the fire slackens, life declines; when it goes out, we are dead.

It has been shown by some noted French experimenters, that the amount of combustion increases up to about the thirtieth year, remains stationary to about forty-five, and then diminishes. This last is the point where old age starts from. The great fact of physical life is the perpetual commerce with the elements, and the fire is the measure of it.

About this time of life, if food is plenty where you live—for that, you know, regulates matrimony,—you may be expecting to find yourself a grandfather some fine morning; a kind of domestic felicity that gives one a cool shiver of delight to think of, as among the not remotely possible events.

I don't mind much those slipshod lines Dr. Johnson wrote to Thrale, telling her about life's declining from *thirty-five;* the furnace is in full blast for ten years longer, as I have said. The Romans came very near the mark; their age of enlistment reached from seventeen to forty-six years.

What is the use of fighting against the seasons, or the tides, or the movements of the planetary bodies, or this ebb in the wave of life that flows through us? We are old fellows from the moment the fire begins to go out. Let us always behave like gentlemen when we are introduced to new acquaintances.

HERE BEGINS THE ALLEGORY OF OLD AGE.

Old Age, this is Mr. Professor; Mr. Professor, this is Old Age.

OLD AGE.—Mr. Professor, I hope to see you well. I have known you for some time, though I think you did not know me. Shall we walk down the street together?

PROFESSOR (drawing back a little).—We can talk more quietly, perhaps, in my study. Will you tell me how it is you seem to be acquainted with everybody you are introduced to, though he evidently considers you an entire stranger?

OLD AGE.—I make it a rule never to force myself upon a person's recognition until I have known him at least *five years.*

PROFESSOR.—Do you mean to say that you have known me so long as that?

OLD AGE.—I do. I left my card on you longer ago than that, but I am afraid you never read it; yet I see you have it with you.

PROFESSOR.—Where?

OLD AGE.—There, between your eyebrows,—three straight lines running up and down; all the probate courts know that token,—"Old Age, his mark." Put your forefinger on the inner end of one eyebrow, and your middle finger on the

inner end of the other eyebrow; now separate the fingers, and you will smooth out my sign-manual; that's the way you used to look before I left my card on you.

PROFESSOR.—What message do people generally send back when you first call on them?

OLD AGE.—*Not at home.* Then I leave a card and go. Next year I call; get the same answer; leave another card. So for five or six,—sometimes ten years or more. At last, if they don't let me in, I break in through the front door or the windows.

We talked together in this way some time. Then Old Age said again,—"Come, let us walk down the street together,"—and offered me a cane, an eye-glass, a tippet, and a pair of over-shoes. No, much obliged to you, said I. I don't want those things, and I had a little rather talk with you here, privately, in my study. So I dressed myself up in a jaunty way, and walked out alone;—got a fall, caught a cold, was laid up with a lumbago, and had time to think over this whole matter.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

HOW TO GROW OLD.

FAR from the storms that are lashing the ocean,
Nearer each day to the pleasant home-light;
Far from the waves that are big with commotion,
Under full sail, and the harbor in sight:
Growing old cheerfully,
Cheerful and bright.

Past all the winds that are adverse and chilling,
Past all the islands that lured thee to rest,
Past all the currents that lured thee, unwilling,
Far from thy course to the Land of the Blest:
Growing old peacefully,
Peaceful and blest.

Never a feeling of envy or sorrow
When the bright faces of children are seen;
Never a year from the young wouldst thou borrow—
Thou dost remember what lieth between:
Growing old willingly,
Thankful serene.

Hearts at the sound of thy coming are lightened,
Ready and willing thy hand to relieve;
Many a face at thy kind word has brightened—
"It is more blessed to give than receive:"
Growing old happily,
Ceasing to grieve.

Eyes that grow dim to the earth and its glory
Have a sweet recompense youth cannot know;
Ears that grow dull to the world and its story
Drink in the songs that from Paradise flow:
Growing old graciously,—
Christian-like grow.

KEEP THE HEART YOUNG.

BUT now let me tell you this. If the time comes when you must lay down the fiddle and the bow, because your fingers are too stiff, and drop ten foot sculls because your arms are too weak, and after dallying awhile with eye-glasses, come at last to the undisguised reality of spectacles; if the time comes when that fire of life we spoke of has burned so low, that where its flames reverberated, there is only the sombre stain of regret, and where its coals glowed, only the white ashes that cover the embers of memory—don't let your heart grow cold, and you may carry cheerfulness and love with you into the teens of your second century if you can last so long.

O. W. HOLMES.

GROWING OLD.

HIRTY is the age of the gods—and the first gray hair informs you that you are at least ten or twelve years older than that. Apollo is never middle-aged, but you are. Olympus lies several years behind you. You have lived for more than half your natural term; and you know the road which lies before you is very different from that which lies behind. You have yourself changed. In the present man of forty-two you can barely recognize the boy of nineteen that once was. Hope sang on the sunny slope of life's hill as you ascended; she is busily singing the old song in the ears of a new generation—but you have passed out of the reach of her voice. You have tried your strength: you have learned precisely what you can do: you have thrown the hammer so often that you know to an inch how far you *can* throw it—at least you are a great fool if you do not. The world, too, has been looking on and has made up her mind about you. She has appraised and valued you as an auctioneer appraises and values an estate or the furniture of a house. "Once you served Prince Florizel and wore three pile," but the brave days of campaigning are over. What to you are canzonets and love-songs? The mighty passion is vapid and second-hand. Cupid will never more flutter rosily over your head; at most he will only flutter in an uninspired fashion above the head of your daughter-in-law. You have sailed round the world, seen all its wonders, and come home again, and must adorn your dwelling as best you can with the rare things you have picked up on the way. At life's table you have tasted of every dish except the Covered One, and of that you will have your share by-and-by. The road over which you are fated to march is more than half accomplished, and at every onward stage the scenery is certain to become more sombre, and in due time the twilight will fall. To you, on your onward journey, there will be little to astonish, little to delight. The Interpreter's House is behind where you first read the poets; so is also the House Beautiful with the Three Damsels where you first learned to love. As you pass onward you are attended by your henchman Memory, who may be either the cheerfullest or gloomiest of companions. You have come up out of the sweet-smelling valley-flowers; you are now on the broken granite, seamed and wrinkled, with dried up water-courses; and before you, striking you full in the face, is the broad disk of the solitary setting sun.

One does not like to be old fogie, and still less perhaps does one like to own to being one. You may remember when you were the youngest person in every company into which you entered; and how it pleased you to think how precociously clever you were, and opulent in Time. You were introduced to the great Mr. Blank—at least twenty years older

than yourself—and could not help thinking how much greater you would be than Mr. Blank by the time you reached his age. But pleasant as it is to be the youngest member of every company, that pleasure does not last forever. As years pass on you do not quite develop into the genius you expected, and the new generation makes its appearance and pushes you from your stool. You make the disagreeable discovery that there is a younger man of promise in the world than even you; then the one younger man becomes a dozen younger men; then younger men come flowing in like waves, and before you know where you are, by this impertinent younger generation—fellows who were barely breeched when you won your first fame—you are shouldered into Old Fogiedom, and your staid ways are laughed at, perhaps, by the irreverent scoundrels into the bargain. There is nothing more wonderful in youth than this wealth in Time. It is only a Rothschild who can indulge in the amusement of tossing a sovereign to a beggar. It is only a young man who can dream and build castles in the air. What are twenty years to a young fellow of twenty? An ample air-built stage for his pomps and triumphal processions. What are twenty years to a middle-aged man of forty-five? The falling of the curtain, the covering up of the empty boxes, the screwing out of the gas, and the counting of the money taken at the doors, with the notion, perhaps that the performance was rather a poor thing. It is with a feeling curiously compounded of pity and envy that one listens to young men talking of what they are going to do. They will light their torches at the sun! They will regenerate the world! They will abolish war and hand in the Millennium! What pictures they will paint! What poems they will write! One knows while one listens how it will end. But it is nature's way; she is always sending on her young generations full of hope. The Atlantic roller bursts in harmless foam among the shingle and driftwood at your feet, but the next, nothing daunted by the fate of its predecessor, comes on with threatening crest, as if to carry everything before it. And so it will be for ever and ever. The world could not go on else. My experience is of use only to myself. I cannot bequeath it to my son as I can my cash. Every human being must start untrammelled and work out the problem for himself. For a couple of thousand years now the preacher has been crying out *Vanitas vanitatum*, but no young man takes him at his word. The blooming apple must grate in the young man's teeth before he owns that it is dust and ashes. Young people will take nothing on hearsay. I remember when a lad of, Todd's *Student's Manual* falling into my hands. I perused therein a solemn warning against novel-reading. Nor did the reverend compiler speak without authority. He stated that he had read the works of Fielding, Smollet, Sir Walter Scott, American Cooper, James, and the rest, and he laid his hand on his heart and assured his young friends that in each of these works, even the best of them, were subtle snares and gilded baits for the soul. These books they were adjured to avoid as they would a pestilence, or a raging fire It was this alarming passage in the transatlantic Divine's treatise that first made a novel-reader of me. I was not content to accept *his* experience. I must see for myself. Every one must begin at the beginning, and it is just as well. If a new generation were starting with the wisdom of its elders, what would be the

consequence? Would there be any fine extravagance? Would there be any lending of money? Would there be any noble friendships such as that of Damon and Pythias, or of David and Jonathan, or even of our own Beaumont and Fletcher, who had purse, wardrobe, and genius in common? It is extremely doubtful. *Vanitas vanitatum* is a bad doctrine to begin life with. For the plant Experience to be of any worth a man must grow it for himself.

The man of forty-five or thereby is compelled to own, if he sits down to think about it, that existence is very different from what it was twenty years previously. His life is more than half spent to begin with. He is like one who has spent seven hundred and fifty pounds of his original patrimony of a thousand. Then, from his life there has departed that "wild freshness of morning" which Tom Moore sang about. In his onward journey he is not likely to encounter anything absolutely new. He has already conjugated every tense of the verb To Be. He has been in love twice or thrice. He has been married—only once let us trust. In all probability he is the father of a fine family of children. He has been ill and he has recovered; he has experienced triumph and failure; he has known what it is to have money in his purse, and what it is to want money in his purse. Sometimes he has been a debtor, sometimes he has been a creditor. He has stood by the brink of half a dozen graves, and heard the clod falling on the coffin-lid. All this he has experienced; the only new thing before him is death, and even to that he has at various times approximated. Life has lost most of the unexpectedness, its zest, its novelty, and has become like a worn shoe or a thread-bare doublet. To him there is no new thing under the sun. But then this growing old is a gradual process: and zest, sparkle, and novelty are not essential to happiness. The man who has reached five-and-forty has learned what a pleasure there is in customariness and use and wont—in having everything around him familiar, tried, confidential. Life may have become humdrum, but his tastes have become humdrum too. Novelty annoys him, the intrusion of an unfamiliar object puts him out. A pair of newly embroidered slippers would be much more ornamental than the well-worn articles which lie warming for him before the library fire; but then he cannot get his feet into them so easily. He is contented with his old friends—a new friend would break the charm of the old familiar faces. He loves the hedge rows and the fields and the brook and the bridge which he sees every day, and he would not exchange them for Alps and glaciers. By the time a man has reached forty-five he lies as comfortably in his habits as the silk-worm in its cocoon. On the whole I take it that middle age is a happier period than youth. In the entire circle of the year there are no days so delightful as those of a fine October, when the trees are bare to the mild heavens, and the red leaves bestrew the road, and you can feel the breath of winter morning and evening—no days so calm, so tenderly solemn, and with such a reverent meekness in the air. The lyrical up-burst of the lark at such a time would be incongruous. The only sounds suitable to the season are the rusty caw of the homeward-sliding rook—the creaking of the wain returning empty from the farm-yard. There is an "unrest which men miscall delight," and of that "unrest" youth is for the most part composed. From that middle age is free. The setting suns of youth are crimson and gold; the setting suns of middle age

Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.

Youth is the slave of beautiful faces, and fine eyes, and silver-sweet voices—they distract, madden, alarm. To middle age they are but the gracefullest statues, the loveliest poems. They delight but hurt not. They awake no passion, they heighten no pulse. And the imaginative man of middle age possesses after a fashion all the passionate turbulence, all the keen delights, of his earlier days. They are not dead—they are dwelling in the antechamber of memory awaiting his call; and when they *are* called they wear an ethereal something which is not their own. The Muses are the daughters of Memory: youth is the time to love, but middle age the period at which the best love-poetry is written. And middle age too—the early period of it, when a man is master of his instruments and knows what he can do—is the best season of intellectual activity. The playful capering flames of a newly-kindled fire is a pretty sight; but not nearly so effective—any housewife will tell you—as when the flames are gone and the whole mass of fuel has become caked into a sober redness that emits a steady glow. There is nothing good in this world which time does not improve. A silver wedding is better than the voice of the Epithalamium. And the most beautiful face that ever was is made yet more beautiful when there is laid upon it the reverence of silver hairs.

There is a certain even-handed justice in Time; and for what he takes away he gives us something in return. He robs us of elasticity of limb and spirit, and in its place he brings tranquility and repose —the mild autumnal weather of the soul. He takes away Hope, but he gives us Memory. And the settled, unfluctuating atmosphere of middle age is no bad exchange for the stormful emotions, the passionate crises and suspenses, of the earlier day. The constitutional melancholy of the middle-aged man is a dim back-ground on which the pale flowers of life are brought out in the tenderest relief. Youth is the time for action, middle age for thought. In youth we hurriedly crop the herbage; in middle age, in a sheltered place, we chew the ruminative cud. In youth, red-handed, red-ankled, with songs and shoutings, we gather in the grapes; in middle age, under our own fig-tree, or in quiet gossip with a friend, we drink the wine free of all turbid lees. Youth is a lyrical poet, middle age a quiet essayist, fond of recounting experiences and of appending a moral to every incident. In youth the world is strange and unfamiliar, novel and exciting, everything wears the face and garb of a stranger; in middle age the world is covered over with reminiscence as with a garment—it is made homely with usage, it is made sacred with graves. The middle-aged man can go nowhere without treading the mark of his own footsteps. And in middle age, too—provided the man has been a good and ordinarily happy one—along with his mental tranquility, there comes a corresponding sweetness of the moral atmosphere. He has seen the good and the evil that are in the world, the ups and the downs, the almost general desire of the men and the women therein to do the right thing if they could but see how—and he has learned to be uncensorious, humane; to attribute the best motives to every action, and to be chary of imputing a sweeping and cruel blame. He has a quiet smile for the vain-glorious boast; a feeling of respect for shabby-genteel virtues; a pity for the thread-bare garments proudly worn, and for the napless hat glazed into more than

pristine brilliancy from frequent brushing after rain. He would not be satirical for the world. He has no finger of scorn to point at anything under the sun. He has a hearty "Amen" for every good wish, and in the worst cases he leans to a verdict of Not Proven. And along with this pleasant blandness and charity, a certain grave, serious humor, "a smile on the lip and a tear in the eye," is noticeable frequently in middle-aged persons—a phase of humor peculiar to that period of life, as the chrysanthemum to December. Pity lies at the bottom of it, just as pity lies, unsuspected, at the bottom of love. Perhaps this special quality of humor—with its sadness of tenderness, its mirth with the heart-ache, its gaiety growing out of deepest seriousness, like a crocus on a child's grave—never approaches more closely to perfection than in some passages of Mr. Hawthorne's writings—who was a middle-aged man from earliest boyhood. And although middle-aged persons have lost the actual possession of youth, yet in virtue of this humor they can comprehend it, see all round it, enter imaginatively into every sweet and bitter of it. They wear the key Memory at their girdles, and they can open every door in the chamber of youth. And it is also in virtue of this peculiar humor that —Mr. Dicken's *Little Nell* to the contrary —it is only middle-aged persons who can, either as poets or artists, create for us a child. There is no more beautiful thing on earth than an old man's love for his granddaughter; more beautiful even—from the absence of all suspicion of direct personal bias or interest—than his love for his own daughter; and it is only the meditative, sad-hearted, middle-aged man who can creep into the heart of a child and interpret it, and show forth the new nature to us in the subtle cross lights of contrast and suggestion. Imaginatively thus, the wrinkles of age become the dimples of infancy. Wordsworth was not a very young man when he held the colloquy with the little maid who insisted, in her childish logic, that she was one of seven. Mr. Hawthorne was not a young man when he painted "Pearl" by the side of the brook in the forest; and he was middle-aged and more when he drew "Pansie," the most exquisite child that lives in English words. And when speaking of middle age, of its peculiar tranquility and humor, why not tell of its peculiar beauty as well? Men and women make their own beauty or their own ugliness. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton speaks in one of his novels of a man "who was uglier than he had any business to be;" and if we could but read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is good-looking or the reverse as that life has been good or evil. On our features the fine chisels of thought and emotion are eternally at work. Beauty is not the monoply of blooming young men and of white and pink maids. There is a slow-growing beauty which only comes to perfection in old age. Grace belong to no period of life, and goodness improves the longer it exists. I have seen sweeter smiles on a lip of seventy than I ever saw on a lip of seventeen. There is the beauty of youth, and there is also the beauty of holiness—a beauty much more seldom met; and more frequently found in the arm-chair by the fire, with grandchildren around its knee, than in the ball-room or the promenade. Husband and wife who have fought the world side by side, who have made common stock of joy and sorrow, and aged together, are not unfrequently found curiously alike in personal appearance and in pitch and tone of voice—just as

twin pebbles on the beach, exposed to the same tidal influences, are each others *alter ergo*. *He* has gained a feminine something which brings his manhood into full relief. *She* has gained a masculine something which acts as a foil to her womanhood. Beautiful are they in life, these pale winter roses, and in death they will not be divided. When Death comes, he will pluck not one, but both.

And in any case, to the old man, when the world becomes trite, the triteness arises not so much from a cessation as from a transference of interest. What is taken from this world is given to the next. The glory is in the east in the morning, it is in the west in the afternoon, and when it is dark the splendor is irradiating the realm of the under-world. He would only follow.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

EVERY YEAR.

THE spring has less of brightness
Every year;
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness
Every year;
Nor do summer flowers quicken,
Nor autumn fruitage thicken
As they once did, for they sicken
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,
Every year;
And the heart and soul grow older
Every year;
I care not now for dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing,
Love is less and less entrancing
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended
Every year;
Of the charms of friendship ended
Every year;
Of the ties that still might bind me
Until Time to Death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me
Every year.

Ah! how sad to look before us
Every year;
While the cloud grows darker o'er us
Every year;
When we see the blossoms faded,
That to bloom we might have aided
And immortal garlands braided,
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces
Every year;
As the loved leave vacant places
Every year;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us;
"Every year;
You are more alone," they tell us,
"Every year;
You can win no new affection,
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year."

Yes! the shores of life are shifting
Every year;
And we are seaward drifting
Every year;
Old pleasures, changing, fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher
Every year;
And its morning star climbs higher
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the Dawn Immortal brighter
Every year.

ALBERT PIKE

AN ACCIDENT.

GRANNY'S EYES.

"When those that look out of the windows be darkened."—Eccles. xii. 3.

RAPT in a world of long ago,
Granny sits dreaming half the day;
Life's eventide for her grows grey;
Even the sunset's lingering glow
Fades fast away.

Dear Granny! sun, and moon, and stars
For her have lost their wonted light;
The eyes that once were sparkling bright
Can see no more the golden bars,
And all is night!

Yet God is good, and with the cross
He sends such love her years to bless—
Such wealth of patient tenderness—
That day by day dear Granny's loss
Grows less and less.

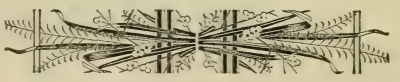
And children's children haunt the place
Where Granny sits; and, full of glee,
They clamber wildly on her knee,
And love to kiss the dear old face
That seems to see.

And one wee figure, quaintly wise,
Will linger there when others play,
And never care to run away:
"We always call her 'Granny's Eyes,'"
The children say.

For, hour, by hour, by Granny's side
The little maid will sit and read;
Or, perhaps, the tottering footsteps lead,
So that the blind, with such fond guide,
Can see indeed.

So Granny dear is glad and bright,
Fully content on earth to stay,
Till, in the Father's own good way,
The sun shall shine, and all the night
Be turned to day.

G. WEATHERLY.



WE ARE GROWING OLD.

WE are growing old—how the thought will rise
Our glance is backward cast
On some long-remembered spot that lies
In the silence of the past!
It may be the shrine of our early vows,
Or the tomb of early tears;
But it seems like a far-off isle to us,
In the stormy sea of years.

Oh wide and wild are the waves that part
Our steps from its greenness now;
And we miss the joy of many a heart,
And the light of many a brow.
For deep o'er many a stately bark
Have the whelming billows rolled,
That steered with us from that early mark—
O friends, we are growing old,—

Old in the dimness and the dust
Of our daily toils and cares;
Old in the wrecks of love and trust,
Which our burdened memory bears.
Each form may wear to the passing gaze
The bloom of life's freshness yet,
And beams may brighten our later days
Which the morning never met.

But oh, the changes we have seen
In the far and winding way;
The graves that have in our path grown green,
And the locks that have grown gray!
The winters still on our own may spare
The sable or the gold:
But we saw their snows upon brighter hair—
And, friends, we are growing old!

We have gained the world's cold wisdom now,
We have learned to pause and fear;
But where are the living founts whose flow
Was a joy of heart to hear?
We have won the wealth of many a clime,
And the lore of many a page:
But where is the hope that saw in time
But its boundless heritage?

Will it come again when the violet wakes,
And the woods their youth renew?
We have stood in the light of sunny brakes
When the bloom was deep and blue;
And our souls might joy in the spring-time then,
But the joy was faint and cold;
For it never could give us the youth again
Of hearts that are growing old.

FRANCES BROWN.

A GOOD OLD AGE.

A GOOD old age is a beautiful sight, and there is nothing earthly that is as noble,—in my eyes, at least. And so I have often thought. A ship is a fine object, when it comes up into a port, with all its sails set, and quite safely, from a long voyage. Many a thousand miles it has come, with the sun for guidance, and the sea for its path, and the winds for its speed. What might have been its grave, a thousand fathoms deep, has yielded it a ready way; and winds that might have been its wreck have been its service. It has come from another meridian than ours; it has come through day and night; it has come by reefs and banks that have been avoided, and past rocks that have been watched for. Not a plank has started, nor one timber in it proved rotten. And now it comes like an answer to the prayers of many hearts; a delight to the owner, a joy to many a sailor's family, and a pleasure to all ashore, that see it. It has been steered over the ocean, and been piloted through dangers, and now it is safe.

But still more interesting than this is a good life, as it approaches its threescore years and ten. It began in the century before the present; it has lasted on through storms and sunshine; and it has been guarded against many a rock, on which shipwreck of a good conscience might have been made. On the course it has taken, there has been the influence of Providence; and it has been guided by Christ, that day-star from on high. Yes, old age is even a nobler sight than a ship completing a long, long voyage.

On a summer's evening, the setting sun is grand to look at. In his morning beams, the birds awoke and sang, men rose for their work, and the world grew light. In his mid-day heat, wheat-fields grew yellower, and fruits were ripened, and a thousand natural purposes were answered, which we mortals do not know of. And at his setting, all things seem to grow harmonious and solemn in his light.

But what is all this to the sight of a good life, in those years that go down into the grave? In the early days of it, old events had their happening; with the light of it many a house has been brightened; and under the good influence of it, souls have grown better, some of whom are now on high. And then the closing period of such a life,—how almost awful is the beauty of it! From his setting, the sun will rise again to-morrow; and he will shine on men and their work, and on children's children and their labors. But when once finished, even a good life has no renewal in this world. It will begin again; but it will be in a new earth, and under new heavens. Yes, nobler than a ship safely ending a long voyage, and sublimer than the setting sun, is the old age of a just, a kind, and useful life.

FROM MOUNTFORD'S EUTHANASY.

LONG AGO.

THE golden sunset's last faint ray
Has faded out of sight,
'Midst lingering shadows of the day,
Comes on the wintry night;
And sitting by the fire-light's glow,
I watch the ruddy blaze,
And muse on all the long ago,
The happy by-gone days.

The past events of early youth,
Fond childhoods grief and glee,
Shine forth again with vivid truth,
Painted by Memory.
I seem to pass through life again,
To feel its hopes and fears,
To taste once more the joy and pain
Of well-nigh seventy years.

And as I watch the blazing glow,
I see myself stand there,
Just as I was long years ago,
When I was young and fair;

LONG AGO.

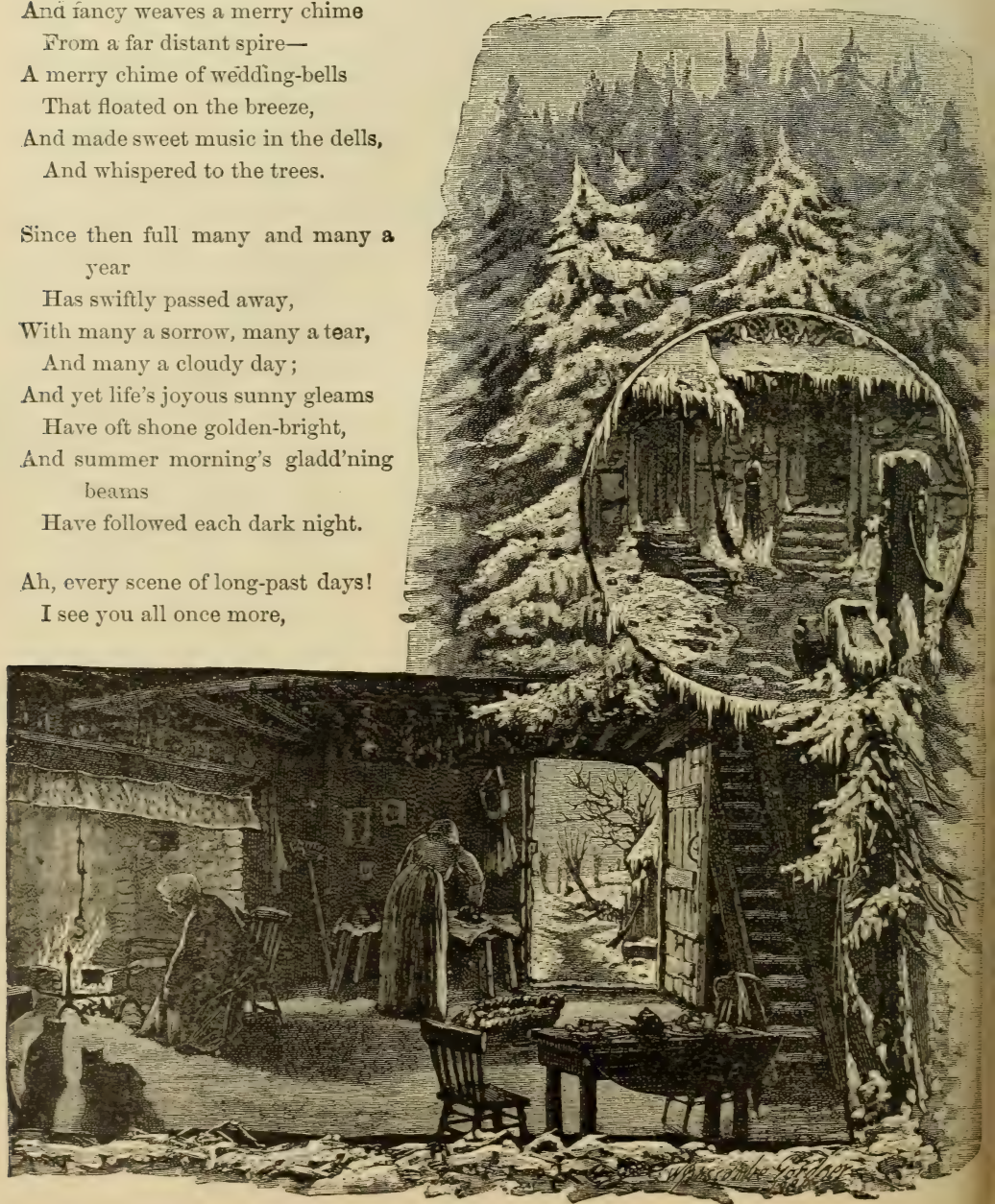
When *one* had whispered of his love,
And blushes rosy-red
Told plainly any words above
The words I left unsaid.

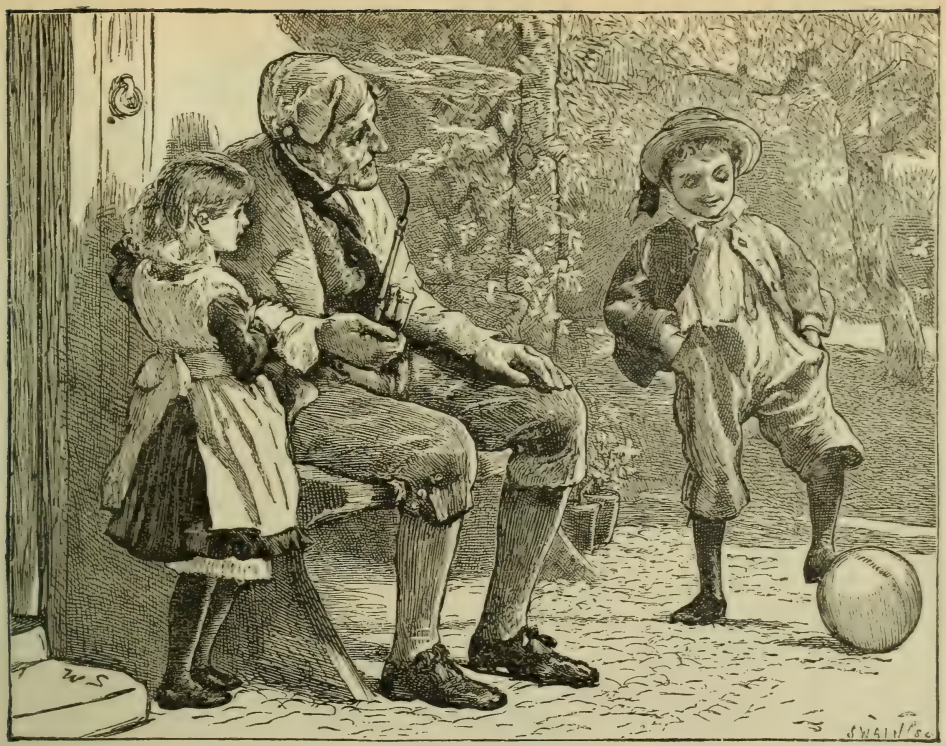
And then a happy joyous time
Gleams forth from out the fire,
And fancy weaves a merry chime
From a far distant spire—
A merry chime of wedding-bells
That floated on the breeze,
And made sweet music in the dells,
And whispered to the trees.

Since then full many and many a year
Has swiftly passed away,
With many a sorrow, many a tear,
And many a cloudy day;
And yet life's joyous sunny gleams
Have oft shone golden-bright,
And summer morning's gladd'ning beams
Have followed each dark night.

Ah, every scene of long-past days!
I see you all once more,
In the fitful fire-light's dancing blaze,
In the shadows on the floor!
Oh, memories fond and sweet to me!
I hold you very dear,
Like the notes of some soft sweet melody
Heard in a by-gone year!

G. W.





COMPANIONS.

BEFORE the porch, at close of day,
When the sun reddens through the trees,
The children love to sport and play;
And watching them where'er they stray,
Grandfather sits in restful ease.

Then, tired of play, when fades the light,
Before the porch the children stand;
And Tom will tell of schoolboy might,
Of prowess in some mimic fight,
While May holds tight the old man's hand.

Companions very dear, these three,
Knowing full well each other's worth;
Loving each other, it may be,
With half-unconscious sympathy—
They have none else to love on earth.

For only one short year ago—
The memory of it still is green—
Their heads were bowed in deepest woe,
And none but they can ever know
The bitterness of what had been.

Daughter and son had passed away
Forever from the old man's sight;
And the young children's summer day,
With parents dear to cheer the way,
In one sad hour had changed to night.

But now for all the sky grows clear—
The children, for they've youth and love;
The old man, for the time is near
When he the Father's voice will hear
Bidding him meet his bairns above.

W.

THE ODE OF DECLINE.

WITH forces well-nigh spent,
Uneasy or in pain,
Or brought to childish weakness once again,
With bodies shrunk and bent,
We come, if Fate so will, to cold decrepit age.
The book of Life lies open at its latest page.

Only fourscore of summers, and fourscore
Of winters, nothing more,
And then 'tis done.
We have spent our fruitful days beneath the sun;
We come to a cold season and a bare,
Where little is sweet or fair.
We, who a few brief years ago,
Would passionately go
Across the fields of life to meet the morn,
We are content, content and not forlorn,
To lie upon our beds, and watch the Day
Which kissed the Eastern peaks, grow gradually grey.

Great Heaven, that Thou hadst made our lives so brief
And swiftly spent!
We toil our little day and are content,
Though Time, the thief,

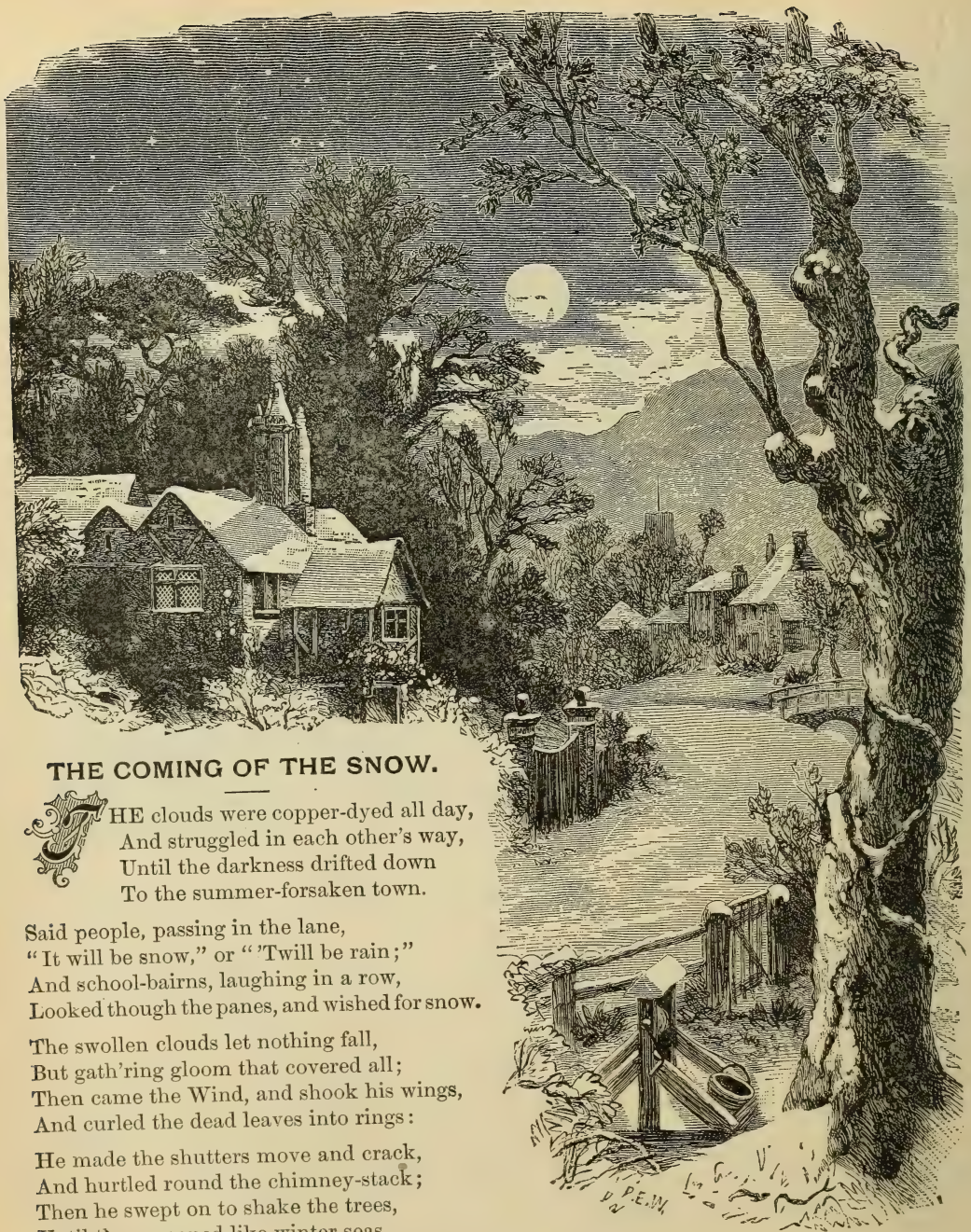
Stands at our side, and smiles his mystic smile.
We joy a little, we grieve a little while;
We gain some little glimpse of Thy great laws,
Rolling in thunder through the voids of space;
We gain to look a moment on Thy face,
Eternal Source and Cause!
And then, the night descending as a cloud,
We walk with aspect bowed,
And turn to earth and see our Life grow dark.
Was it for this the fiery spark
Of Thy Eternal Self, sown on the vast
And infinite abysses of the Past,
Revealed itself and made Creation rise
Before Thy Eternal Mind:
This little span of life, with purblind eyes
That grow completely blind;
This little force of brain,
Holding dim thoughts sublime,
Too weak to withstand the treacheries of Time;
This body bent and bowed in twain,
Soon racked by growing pain,
Which briefer far than is the life of the tree,
Springs as a flower and fades, and then must rot
And perish and be not,
Passing from mystery to mystery?

It is a pain
To move through the old fields—even though they lie
Before our eyes, we know that never again,
Where once our daily feet were used to pass
Amid the crested grass,
We any more shall wander till we die;
Nor to the old grey church, with the tall spire,
Whose vane the sunsets fire,
Where once a little child, by kind hands led,
Would spell the scant memorials of the dead—
Never again, or once alone,
When pain and Time are done.

The soaring thoughts of youth
Are dead and cold, the victories of Thought
Are no more prized or sought
By eyes which draw too near the face of Truth.
Whatever fruit or gain
Fate held in store,
To tempt the growing soul or brain,
Allures no more.
It is as the late Autumn, when the fields
Are bare of flower or fruit;
Nor charm nor profit the swept surface yields,
Sullen and mute;
So that a doubting mind might come to hold
The very soul and life were dead and cold.

But who can peer
Into another soul, or tell at all
What hidden energies befall
The aged lingering here?
When all the weary brain
Seems dull, the immeasurable fields of life
Lie open to the memory, and again
They know the youthful joys, the hurry and the strife,
And feel, but gentlier now, the ancient pain.
In the uneasy vigils of the night,
Before the tardy light;
Or, lonely days, when no young lives are by,
There come such long processions of the dead,
The buried lives and hopes of far-off years,
Spent joys and dried-up tears,
That round them stands a blessed company,
Holding high converse, though no word be said,
Till only what is past and gone doth seem
To live, and all the Present is a dream.

So may the wintry earth,
Holding her precious seeds within the ground,
Pause for the coming birth,
When like a trumpet note the Spring shall sound;
So may the roots which, buried deep
And safe within her sleep,
Whisper as 'twere, within, tales of the sun—
Whisper of leaf and flower, of bee and bird—
Till by a sudden glory stirred,
A mystic influence bids them rise,
Bursting the narrow sheath
And cerement of death,
And bloom as lilies again beneath the recovered skies.



THE COMING OF THE SNOW.

THE clouds were copper-dyed all day,
And struggled in each other's way,
Until the darkness drifted down
To the summer-forsaken town.

Said people, passing in the lane,
"It will be snow," or "'Twill be rain;"
And school-bairns, laughing in a row,
Looked though the panes, and wished for snow.

The swollen clouds let nothing fall,
But gath'ring gloom that covered all;
Then came the Wind, and shook his wings,
And curled the dead leaves into rings:

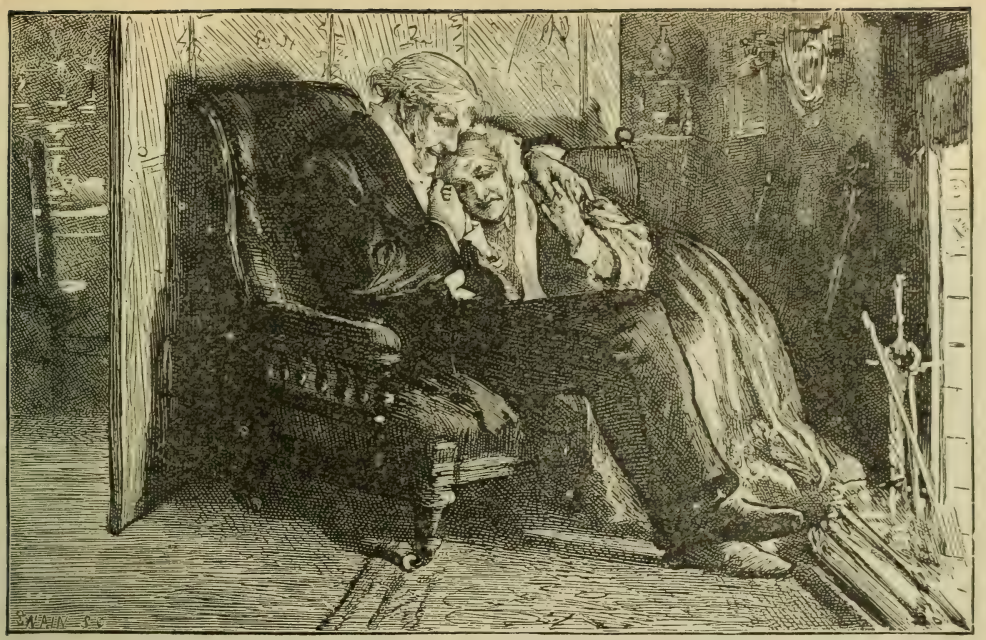
He made the shutters move and crack,
And hurtled round the chimney-stack;
Then he swept on to shake the trees,
Until they moaned like winter seas.

Soon he went whistling o'er the hill,
And all the trees again stood still;
Then, through the dark, the snow came down,
And muffled all the sleeping town.

The keen stars looked out through the night,
And flecked the boughs with flakes of light;
And moving clouds revealed the moon,
To make on earth a faery noon.

Then Winter went unto his throne,
That with a million diamonds shone;
A crown of stars was on his head,
And round him his rich robes were spread.

At morn the bairns laughed with delight,
To see the fields and hedges white;
And folk said, as they hurried past,
"Good morning—Winter's come at last."



AN OLD MAN'S LOVE SONG.

COME to the faithful arms
Longing for thee!
What are more youthful charms,
Darling, to me?
Dearer the lines of care
On thy pure brow;
Wife with the snow-white hair,
Come to me now!

Kiss, dear, the cheek that lies
Close, close to thine;
Raise, love, thy patient eyes
Fondly to mine—
Eyes that have shone so bright
Forty long years—
Now is their tender light
Faded with tears.

Sing to me sweet and low,
With thy dear voice;
Here in the fire's warm glow
Let us rejoice,
As when thou first didst come,
Brightening my life—
Angel of heart and home,
Fond little wife!

Now that their wings have grown,
Far from our nest
All the young birds have flown—
Dearest and best;
Counting the lonely hours
We two remain—
They have their crowns of flowers,
We loss and pain.

Weep out thy sacred grief
Here on my heart:
Sweet was their stay, but brief,
Soon to depart;
Still with the joy of old
Breathe each loved name—
They have but left the fold,
We did the same.

E'en though they all are gone,
Smile, darling, smile!
Think how each treasured one
Lingered awhile;
Look up, dear wife, and say,
Softly with me,
"They have but flown away,
Birds must be free!"

FANNY FORRESTER.

THE ODE OF CHANGE.

I HAVE come to the time of the failing of breath;
I have reached the cold threshold of death!

Death! there is not any death! only infinite change,
Only a place of life which is novel and strange.
Change! there is naught but change and renewal of strife,
Which make up the infinite changes we sum up in life.
Life! what is life, that it ceases with ceasing of breath?
Death! what were Life without change, but an infinite death?

As I lie on my bed, and the sun, like a furnace of fire,
Burns amid the old pines in the west ere the last rays expire,
Can I dream he will rise no more, but a fathomless night
Shall brood o'er Creation for ever, and shut out the light?
It is done, this Day of our Life; but another shall rise,
Day for ever following Day, in the infinite skies,
Day following Day for ever!

Day following day, with the starlit darkness between;
Or, maybe in a world where Dawn comes, ere our sunset has been;
Day following day for ever!
For ever! though who shall tell in what seeming or where?
In what far-off secret space of God's limitless air?
It matters nothing at all what we are or where set,

If a spark of the Infinite Light can shine on us yet.
Life following Life for ever!

Life following Life for ever! for what if the Sun
Grew chilled, and the universe cold, and the orbits undone,
And all the great globes should fall back into chaos once more;
They would wake at a glance of the Light, as they wakened before.
There is no Death for ever!

Cease! but how shall we cease while God's light shall remain?
He that hath lighted Life's flame shall light it again!
What if he take back for a while, as the sun from the sea,
Some spark of the radiance divine that bade all things to be?
We rest in Him, we are sunk, we are folded in Him, but we are
As the star which draws near to the sun is obscured, but is still a star.
There is only Change for ever!

Shall I fear that I shall be changed and no more shall be I?—
I who know not what 'tis that I am, to live or to die?
Nay, while God is, I too must be, else too weak were His hand,
The created is part of His essence—how else could the Maker stand?
There is no Death for ever!

Take me, oh infinite Cause, and cleanse me of wrong!
Take me, raise me to higher life through centuries long,
Cleanse me, by pain, if need be, through æons of days!
Take me and purge me, still I will answer with praise—
There is no Death for ever!

Shall I mourn for those who are not? Nay, while love and regret
Still linger within our souls, they live with us yet.
If we love, then the souls that we love, they exist and they are,
As memory which makes us ourselves, brings precious things from far,
Love lives and is for ever!

We are part of an Infinite Scheme,
All we that are;
Man, the high crest and crown of things that be,
The fiery-hearted earth, the cold unfathomed sea,
The central sun, the intermittent star.
Things great and small,
We are but parts of the Eternal All;
We live not in a barren, baseless dream;
No endless, ineffectual chain
Of chance successions launched in vain:
But every beat of Time,
Each sun that shines or fails to shine,
Each animate life that comes to throb or cease,
Each life of herb or tree
Which springs aloft and then has ceased to be,
Each change of strife and peace,
Each soaring thought sublime,
Each deed of wrong and blood,
Each impulse towards an unattained good—
All with a sure, unfaltering, working tend
To our Ineffable Beatific End.
Oh, hidden Scheme, perfect Thyself, and take
Our petty lives, and mould them as Thou wilt!
All things that are, are only for Thy sake,
And not to obey Thee is our only guilt!
Perfect Thyself, and be fulfilled, oh great
Unfathomed Will, who art our Life and Fate!

There is hope, but nothing of fear,
Naught but a patient mind,
For him who waits with conscience clear
And soul resigned
Whate'er the mystic coming change
Shall bring of new and strange.
He looks back once upon the fields of life,
The good and evil locked in strife,
The happy and the unhappy days,
The Right we always love, the oft-triumphant Wrong.
And all his being to a secret song
Sings with a mighty and unfaltering voice—
"I have been; Thou hast done all things well;
I am glad; I give thanks; I rejoice!"

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

IT only seems like yesterday:
Yet fifty years have passed away
Since at the altar, side by side,
I stood with you, my happy bride.

And now our children's children stand,
Close gathered round, an eager band;
Whilst we recall, with smiles and tears,
The joy and grief of fifty years.

For we have known the cares of life,
Sweetheart, since we were man and wife:
Yet have not loved each other less,
Through fifty years of happiness.

When clouds have threatened storm and rain,
The skies have always cleared again,
And fifty years have come and passed,
And brought us sunshine at the last.

And now that we are old and grey,
We trust in Him, our guide and stay,
Our constant and unchanging Friend,
To lead us to the journey's end.

J. R. EASTWOOD.

TOGETHER.

A SAPLING oak, with clinging ivy bound,
So that in common, on their leaves entwined,
The warm sun shines, or blows the wintry wind;
Together both grow upward, and are crowned
With all the glory in perfection found,
And then together in old age decay,
Until at last there comes a stormy day,
That bears them, still twined closely, to the ground.

Two loving hearts, firm-bound in early youth,
That pass together down the vale of years,
Through sunny joys, through cloudy griefs and fears,
So closely knit in bonds of love and truth,
That when old age comes on, still hand in hand,
They both pass onward to the Better Land.

G. WEATHERLY.

AUNT KINDLY.

MISS KINDLY is aunt to everybody, and has been, for so long a time, that none remember to the contrary. The little children love her; and she helped their grandmothers to bridal ornaments threescore years ago. Nay, this boy's grandfather found that the way to college lay through her pocket. Generations not her own rise up and call her blessed. To this man's father her patient toil gave the first start in life. When that great fortune was a seed, it was she who carried it in her hand. That wide river of reputation ran out of the cup which her bounty filled. Now she is old, very old. The little children, who cling about her, with open mouth and great round eyes, wonder that anybody should ever be so old; or ask themselves whether Aunt Kindly ever had a mother to kiss her mouth. To them she is coeval with the sun, and, like that, an institution of the country. At Christmas, they think she is the wife of St. Nicholas himself, such an advent is there of blessings from her hand.

Her hands are thin, her voice is feeble, her back is bent, and she walks with a staff, which is the best limb of the three. She wears a cap of antique pattern, yet of her own nice make. She has great round spectacles, and holds her book away off the other side of the candle when she reads. For more than sixty years she has been a special providence to the family. How she used to go forth, the very charity of God, to heal and soothe and bless! How industrious are her hands! How thoughtful and witty that fertile mind! Her heart has gathered power to love in all the eighty-six years of her toilsome life. When the birth-angel came to a related house, she was there to be the mother's mother; ay, mother also to the new-born baby's soul. And when the wings of death flapped in the street and shook a neighbor's door, she smoothed the pillow for the fainting head; she soothed and cheered the spirit of the waiting man, opening the curtains of heaven, that he might look through and see the welcoming face of the dear Infinite Mother; nay, she puts the wings of her own strong, experienced piety under him, and sought to bear him up.

Now, these things are passed by. No, they are not passed by; for they are in the memory of the dear God, and every good deed she has done is treasured in her own heart. The bulb shuts up the summer in its breast, which in winter will come out a fragrant hyacinth. Stratum after stratum, her good works are laid up, imperishable, in the geology of her character.

It is near noon, now; and she is alone. She has been thoughtful all day, talking inwardly to herself. The family notice it, but say nothing. In her chamber, she takes a little casket from her private drawer; and from thence a book, gilt-edged and clasped; but the clasp is worn, the gilding is old, the binding faded by long use. Her hands tremble as she opens it. First she reads her own name, on the fly-leaf; only her Christian name, "Agnes," and the date. Sixty-eight years ago, this day, that name was written there, in a clear, youthful, clerkly hand, with a little tremble in it, as if the heart beat over quick. It opens of its own accord, at the fourteenth chapter of St. John. There is a little folded paper there; it touches the first verse and the twenty-seventh. She *sees* neither; she reads both

out of her *soul.* "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." "Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth, give I unto you." She opens the paper. There is a little brown dust in it, the remnant of a flower. She takes the precious relic in her hand, made cold by

emotion. She drops a tear on it, and the dust is transfigured before her eyes: it is a red rose of the spring, not quite half blown, dewy fresh. She is old no longer. She is not Aunt Kindly now; she is sweet Agnes, as the maiden of eighteen was, eight and sixty years ago, one day in May, when all nature was woosome and winning, and every flower-bell rung in the marriage of the year. Her lover had just put that red rose of the spring into her hand, and the good God put another on her cheek, not quite half-blown, dewy fresh. The young man's arm is around her; her brown curls fall on his shoulder; she feels his breath on her face, his cheek on hers; their lips join, and like two morning dew-drops in that rose, their two loves rush into one.

But the youth must wander away to a far land. She bids him take her Bible. They will think of each other as they look at the North Star. He saw the North Star hang over the turrets of many a foreign town. His soul went to God;—there is as straight a road thither from India as from any other spot. His Bible came back to her; the Divine love in it, without the human lover; the leaf turned down at the blessed words of St. John, first and twenty-seventh verse of the fourteenth chapter. She put the rose there to mark the spot; what marks the thought holds now the symbol of their youthful love. To-day, her soul is with him; her maiden soul with his angel-soul; and one day the two, like two dew drops, will rush into one immortal wedlock, and the old age of earth shall become eternal youth in the kingdom of heaven.

THEODORE PARKER.

THE EVERGREEN OF OUR FEELINGS.

I OPPOSE, as I would every useless fear in men, the lamentation that our feelings grow old with the lapse of years. It is the narrow heart alone which does not grow; the wide one becomes larger. Years shrivel the one, but they expand the other. Man often mistakes concerning the glowing depths of his feelings; forgetting that they may be present in all their energy, though in a state of repose. In the wear and tear of daily life, amid the care of providing support, perchance under misdemeanors, in comparing one child with another, or in daily absences, thou mayest not be conscious of the fervent affection smoldering under the ashes of every-day life, which would at once blaze forth into a flame, if thy child were suffering innocently, or condemned to die. Thy love was already there, prior to the suffering of thy child and thyself. It is the same in wedlock and friendship. In the familiarity of daily presence, the heart beats and glows silently; but in the hours of meeting and parting, the beautiful radiance of a long-nurtured flame reveals itself. It is on such occasions that man always most pleases me. I am then reminded of the glaciers, which beam forth in rosy-red transparency only at the rising and setting of the sun, while throughout the day they look gray and dark.

A golden mine of affection, of which the smallest glimmer is scarcely visible, lies buried in the breast until some magic

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO GET IT?

word reveals it, and then man discovers his ancient treasure. To me, it is a delightful thought that, during the familiarity of constant proximity, the heart gathers up in silence the nutriment of love, as the diamond, even beneath water, imbibes the light it emits. Time, which deadens hatred, secretly strengthens love; and in the hour of threatened separation its growth is manifested at once in radiant brightness.

Another reason why man fancies himself chilled by old age, is that he can then feel interested only in higher objects than those which once excited him. The lover of nature, the preacher, the poet, the actor, or the musician, may, in declining years, find themselves slightly affected by what delighted them in youth; but this need produce no fear that time will mar their sensibility to nature, art, and love. Thou, as well as I, may indeed weep less frequently than formerly, at the theatre or at concerts; but give us a truly excellent piece, and we cannot suppress the emotion it excites. Youth is like unbleached wax, which melts under feeble sun-beams, while that which has been whitened is scarcely warmed by them. The mature or aged man avoids those tears which youth invites; because in him they flow too hot, and dry too slowly.

Select a man of my age, and of my heart, with my life-long want of highland scenery, and conduct him to the valley of the Rhine! Bring him to that long, attractive, sea-like river, flowing between vine-clad hills on either side, as between two regions of enchantment, reflecting only scenes of pleasure, creating islands for the sake of clasping them in its arms; let also a reflection of the setting sun glow upon its waters; and surely youth would again be mirrored in the old man, and that still ocean of infinity, which in the true and highest heaven permits us to look down.

Memory, wit, fancy, acuteness, cannot grow young again in old age; but the *heart* can. In order to be convinced of this, we need only remember how the hearts of poets have glowed in the autumn and winter seasons of life. He who in old age can do without love, never in his youth possessed the right sort, over which years have no power. During winter, it is the withered branches, not the living germs, that become encrusted with ice. The loving heart will indeed often bashfully conceal a portion of its warmth behind children and grandchildren; so that last love is perhaps as coy as the first. But if an aged eye, full of soul, is upraised, gleaming with memories of its spring-time, is there anything in that to excite ridicule? Even if it were silently moistened, partly through gladness, and partly through a feeling of the past, would it not be excusable? Might not an aged hand presume to press a young hand, merely to signify thereby, I, too, was once in Arcadia, and within me Arcadia still remains? In the better sort of men love is an interior sentiment, born in the soul; why should it not continue with the soul to the end? It is a part of the attraction of tender and elevated love that its consecrated hours leave in the heart a gentle, continuous, distinct influence; just as, sometimes, upon a heavenly spring-evening, fragrance, exhaled from warm blossoms in the surrounding country penetrates every street of a city that has no gardens.

I would exhort men to spare every true affection, and not to ridicule the overflowings of a happy heart with more license than they would the effusions of a sorrowing one. For the youth of the soul is everlasting, and eternity is youth.

Extracts from the German of J. P. RICHTER.

THE OLD FOLKS.

IF you would make the aged happy, lead them to feel that there is still a place for them where they can be useful. When you see their powers failing, do not notice it. It is enough for them to feel it without a reminder. Do not humiliate them by doing things after them. Accept their offered services, and do not let them *see you* taking off the dust their poor eye-sight has left undisturbed, or wiping up the liquid their trembling hands have spilled; rather let the dust remain, and the liquid stain the carpet, than rob them of their self-respect by *seeing you* cover their deficiencies. You may give them the best room in your house, you may garnish it with pictures, and flowers, you may yield them the best seat in your church-pew, the easiest chair in your parlor, the highest seat of honor at your table; but if you *lead* or *leave*, them to feel that they have passed their usefulness, you plant a thorn in their bosom that will rankle there while life lasts. If they are capable of doing nothing but preparing your kindlings, or darning your stockings, indulge them in those things, but never let them feel that it is because they can do nothing else; rather that they do this so well.

Do not ignore their taste and judgment. It may be that in their early days, and in the circle where they moved, they were as much sought and honored as you are now; and until you arrive at that place, you can ill imagine your feelings should you be considered entirely void of these qualities, be regarded as essential to no one, and your opinions be unsought, or discarded if given. They *may* have been active and successful in the training of children and youth in the way they should go; and will they not feel it keenly, if no attempt is made to draw from this rich experience?

Indulge them as far as possible in their old habits. The various forms of society in which they were educated may be as dear to them as yours are now to you; and can they see them slighted or disowned without a pang? If they relish their meals better by turning their tea into the saucer, having their butter on the same plate with their food, or eating with both knife and fork, do not in word or deed imply to them that the customs of their days are obnoxious in good society; and that they are stepping down from respectability as they *descend* the hill-side of life. Always bear in mind that the customs of which you are now so tenacious may be equally repugnant to the next generation.

In this connection I would say, do not notice the pronunciation of the aged. They speak as they were taught, and yours may be just as uncourtly to the generations following. I was once taught a lesson on this subject, which I shall never forget while memory holds its sway. I was dining, when a father brought his son to take charge of a literary institution. He was intelligent, but had not received the early advantages which he had labored hard to procure for his son; and his language was quite a contrast to that of the cultivated youth. But the attention and deference he gave to his father's quaint though wise remarks, placed him on a higher pinnacle in my mind, than he was ever placed by his world-wide reputation as a scholar and writer.

CICERO'S ESSAY ON OLD AGE.

The following extracts are from a discourse "De Senectute," by Cicero, the world-renowned Roman orator, who was born one hundred and six years before Christ. He is one among many pleasant proofs that God never leaves Himself without a witness in the hearts of men, in any age or country. Cicero says: "I have represented these reflections as delivered by the venerable Cato; but in delivering *his* sentiments, I desire to be understood as fully declaring *my own*."

THOSE who have no internal resources of happiness will find themselves uneasy in every stage of human life; but to him who is accustomed to derive happiness from within himself, no state will appear as a real evil into which he is conducted by the common and regular course of Nature; and this is peculiarly the case with respect to old age. I follow Nature, as the surest guide, and resign myself with implicit obedience to her sacred ordinances. After having wisely distributed peculiar and proper enjoyments to all the preceding periods of life, it cannot be supposed that she would neglect the last, and leave it destitute of suitable advantages. After a certain point of maturity is attained, marks of decay must necessarily appear; but to this unavoidable condition of his present being every wise and good man will submit with contented and cheerful acquiescence.

Nothing can be more void of foundation than the assertion that old age necessarily disqualifies a man for taking part in the great affairs of the world. If an old man cannot perform in business a part which requires the bodily strength and energy of more vigorous years, he can act in a nobler and more important character. Momentous affairs of state are not conducted by corporeal strength and activity; they require cool deliberation, prudent counsel, and authoritative influence; qualifications which are strengthened and improved by increase of years. Few among mankind arrive at old age; and this suggests a reason why the affairs of the world are not better conducted; for age brings experience, discretion, and judgment, without which no well-formed government could have been established, or can be maintained. Appius Claudius was not only old but blind, when he remonstrated in the Senate, with so much force and spirit, against concluding a peace with Pyrrhus. The celebrated General Quintus Maximus led our troops to battle in his old age, with as much spirit as if he had been in the prime and vigor of life. It was by his advice and eloquence, when he was extremely old, that the Cincian law concerning donatives was enacted. And it was not merely in the conspicuous paths of the world that this excellent man was truly great. He appeared still greater in the private and domestic scenes of life. There was a dignity in his deportment, tempered with singular politeness and affability; and time wrought no alteration in his amiable qualities. How pleasing and instructive was his conversation! How profound his knowledge of antiquity and the laws! His memory was so retentive, that there was no event of any note, connected with our public affairs, with which he was not well acquainted. I eagerly embraced every opportunity to enjoy his society, feeling that after his death I should never again meet with so wise and improving a companion.

But it is not necessary to be a hero or a statesman, in order to lead an easy and agreeable old age. That season of life may prove equally serene and pleasant to

him who has passed his days in the retired paths of learning. It is urged that old age impairs the memory. It may have that effect on those in whom memory was originally infirm, or who have not preserved its native vigor by exercising it properly. But the faculties of the mind will preserve their power in old age, unless they are suffered to become languid for want of due cultivation. Caius Gallus employed himself to the very last moments of his long life in measuring the distances of the heavenly orbs, and determining the dimensions of this our earth. How often has the sun risen on his astronomical calculations! How frequently has night overtaken him in the same elevated studies! With what delight did he amuse himself in predicting to us, long before they happened, the several lunar and solar eclipses! Other ingenious applications of the mind there are, though of a lighter nature, which may greatly contribute to enliven and amuse the decline of life. Thus Nœvius, in composing his poem on the Carthaginian war, Plautus, in writing his two last comedies, filled up the leisure of their latter days with wonderful complacency and satisfaction. I can affirm the same of our dramatic poet Livius, whom I remember to have seen in his old age; and let me not forget Marcus Cethegus, justly styled the soul of eloquence, whom I likewise saw in his old age, exercising even his oratorical talents with uncommon force and vivacity. All these old men I saw pursuing their respective studies with the utmost ardor and alacrity. Solon, in one of his poems, written when he was advanced in years, glories that he learned something every day he lived. Plato occupied himself with philosophical studies, till they were interrupted by death at eighty-one years of age. Isocrates composed his famous discourse when he was ninety-four years old, and he lived five years afterward. Sophocles continued to write tragedies when he was extremely old. Gray hair proved no obstacle to the philosophic pursuits of Pythagoras, Zeno, Cleanthes, or the venerable Diogenes. These eminent persons persevered in their studies with undiminished earnestness to the last moment of their extended lives. Leontinus Gorgias, who lived to be one hundred and seven years old, pursued his studies with unremitting assiduity to the last. When asked if he did not wish to rid himself of the burden of such prolonged years, he replied, "I find no reason to complain of old age."

The statement that age impairs our strength is not without foundation. But, after all, imbecility of body is more frequently caused by youthful irregularities than by the natural and unavoidable consequences of long life. By temperance and exercise, a man may secure to his old age no inconsiderable degree of his former spirit and activity. The venerable Lucius Metellus preserved such a florid old age to his last moments, as to have no reason to lament the depredations of time. If it must be acknowledged that time inevitably undermines physical strength, it is equally true that great bodily vigor is not required in the decline of life. A moderate degree of force is sufficient for all rational purposes. I no more regret the absence of youthful vigor, than when young I lamented because I was not endowed with the strength of a bull or an elephant. Old age has, at least, sufficient strength remaining to train the rising generation, and instruct them in the duties to which they may hereafter be called; and certainly there cannot be a more important or a more honorable occupation. There is satisfaction in com-

municating every kind of useful knowledge; and it must render a man happy to employ the faculties of his mind to so noble and beneficial a purpose, how much soever time may have impaired his bodily powers. Men of good sense, in the evening of life, are generally fond of associating with the younger part of the world, and, when they discover amiable qualities in them, they find it an alleviation of their infirmities to gain their affection and esteem; and well-inclined young men think themselves equally happy to be guided into the paths of knowledge and virtue by the instructions of experienced elders. I love to see the fire of youth somewhat tempered by the sobriety of age, and it is also pleasant to see the gravity of age enlivened by the vivacty of youth. Whoever combines these two qualities in his character will never exhibit traces of senility in his mind, though his body may bear the marks of years.

As for the natural and necessary inconveniences attendant upon length of years, we ought to counteract their progress by constant and resolute opposition. The infirmities of age should be resisted like the approaches of disease. To this end we should use regular and moderate exercise, and merely eat and drink as much as is necessary to repair our strength, without oppressing the organs of digestion. And the intellectual faculties, as well as the physical, should be carefully assisted. Mind and body thrive equally by suitable exercise of their powers; with this difference, however, that bodily exertion ends in fatigue, whereas the mind is never wearied by its activity.

Another charge against old age is that it deprives us of sensual gratifications. Happy effect, indeed, to be delivered from those snares which allure youth into some of the worst vices! "Reason," said Archytas, "is the noblest gift which God or Nature has bestowed on men. Now nothing is so great an enemy to that divine endowment as the pleasures of sense; for neither temperance, nor any of the more exalted virtues, can find a place in that breast which is under the dominion of voluptuous passions. Imagine to yourself a man in the actual enjoyment of the highest gratifications mere animal nature is capable of receiving; there can be no doubt that during his continuance in that state it would be utterly impossible for him to exert any one power of his rational faculties." The inference I draw from this is, that if the principles of reason and virtue have not proved sufficient to inspire us with proper contempt for mere sensual pleasures, we have cause to feel grateful to old age for at least weaning us from appetites it would ill become us to gratify; for voluptuous passions are utter enemies to all the nobler faculties of the soul; they hold no communion with the manly virtues; and they cast a mist before the eye of reason. The little relish which old age leaves us for enjoyments merely sensual, instead of being a disparagement to that period of life, considerably enhances its value. If age renders us incapable of taking an equal share in the flowing cups and luxurious dishes of wealthy tables, it thereby secures us from painful indigestion, restless nights, and disordered reason.

But though his years will guard an old man from excess, they by no means exclude him from enjoying convivial gratifications in a moderate degree. I always took singular satisfaction in the anniversaries of those little societies called Confraternities. But the gratification I received from their entertainments arose much less from the pleasures of the palat-

than from the opportunities they afforded for enjoying the company and conversation of friends. I derive so much pleasure from hours devoted to cheerful discourse, that I love to prolong my meals, not only when the company is composed of men of my own years, few of whom indeed are now remaining, but also when it chiefly consists of young persons. And I acknowledge my obligations to old age for having increased my passion for the pleasures of conversation, while it has abated it for those which depend solely on the palate; though I do not find myself disqualified for that species of gratification, also.

The advantages of age are inestimable, if we consider it as delivering us from the tyranny of lust and ambition, from angry and contentious passions, from inordinate and irrational desires; in a word, as teaching us to retire within ourselves, and look for happiness in our own souls. If to these moral benefits, which naturally result from length of days, be added the sweet food of the mind, gathered in the fields of science, I know of no season of life that is passed more agreeably than the learned leisure of a virtuous old age. Can the luxuries of the table, or the amusements of the theatre, supply their votaries with enjoyments worthy to be compared with the calm delights of intellectual employments? And, in minds rightly formed and properly cultivated, these exalted delights never fail to improve and gather strength with years.

From the pleasures which attend a studious old age, let us turn to those derived from rural occupations, of which I am a warm admirer. Pleasures of this class are perfectly consistent with every degree of advanced years, as they approach more nearly than any others to those of a purely philosophical kind. They are derived from observing the nature and properties of our earth, which yields ready obedience to the cultivator's industry, and returns, with interest, whatever he places in her charge. But the profit arising from this fertility is by no means the most desirable circumstance of the farmer's labors. I am principally delighted with observing the powers of Nature, and tracing her processes in vegetable productions. How wonderful it is that each species is endowed with power to continue itself; and that minute seeds should develop so amazingly into large trunks and branches! The orchard, the vegetable garden, and the parterre diversify the pleasures of farming; not to mention the feeding of cattle and the rearing of bees. Among my friends and neighbors in the country are several men far advanced in life, who employ themselves with so much activity and industry in agricultural business, that nothing important is carried on without their supervision. And these rural veterans do not confine their energies to those sorts of crops which are sown and reaped in one year. They occupy themselves in branches of husbandry from which they know they cannot live to derive any advantage. If asked why they thus expend their labor, they might well reply, "We do it in obedience to the immortal gods. By their bountiful providence we received these fields from our ancestors, and it is their will that we should transmit them to posterity with improvements." In my opinion there is no happier occupation than agriculture; not only on account of its great utility to mankind, but also as the source of peculiar pleasures. I might expatiate on the beauties of verdant groves and meadows, on the charming landscape of olive-trees and vineyards; but to say all in one word, there cannot be a more

pleasing, or a more profitable scene than that of a well-cultivated farm. And where else can a man in the last stages of life more easily find warm sunshine, or a good fire in winter, or the pleasure of cooling shades and refreshing streams in summer?

It is often argued that old age must necessarily be a state of much anxiety and disquietude, on account of the near approach of death. That the hour of dissolution cannot be far distant from an aged man is undoubtedly true. But every event that is agreeable to the course of nature ought to be regarded as a real good; and surely nothing can be more natural than for the old to die. It is true that youth also is exposed to dissolution; but it is a dissolution obviously contrary to Nature's intentions, and in opposition to her strongest efforts. Fruit, before it is ripe, cannot be separated from the stalk without some degree of force; but when it is perfectly mature, it drops of itself: so the disunion of the soul and body is effected in the young by violence, but in the old it takes place by mere fulness and completion of years. This ripeness for death I perceive in myself with much satisfaction; and I look forward to my dissolution as to a secure haven, where I shall at length find a happy repose from the fatigues of a long voyage.

With regard to the consequences of our final dissolution, I will venture to say that the nearer death approaches, the more clearly do I seem to discern its real nature. When I consider the faculties with which the human mind is endowed, its amazing celerity, its wonderful power in recollecting past events, and its sagacity in discerning the future, together with its numberless discoveries in arts and sciences, I feel a conscious conviction that this active, comprehensive principle cannot possibly be of a mortal nature. And as this unceasing activity of the soul derives its energy from its own intrinsic and essential powers, without receiving it from any foreign or external impulse, it necessarily follows that its activity must continue forever. I am induced to embrace this opinion, not only as agreeable to the best deductions of reason, but also in deference to the authority of the noblest and most distinguished philosophers.

I am well convinced that my dear departed friends are so far from having ceased to live, that the state they now enjoy can alone with propriety be called life. I feel myself transported with impatience to rejoin those whose characters I have greatly respected and whose persons I have loved. Nor is this earnest desire confined alone to those excellent persons with whom I have been connected. I ardently wish also to visit those celebrated worthies of whom I have heard or read much. To this glorious assembly I am speedily advancing; and I would not be turned back on my journey, even on the assured condition that my youth should be again restored. The sincere truth is, if some divinity would confer on me a new grant of life, I would reject the offer without the least hesitation. I have wellnigh finished the race, and have no disposition to return to the starting-point. I do not mean to imitate those philosophers who represent the condition of human nature as a subject of just lamentation. The satisfactions of this life are many; but there comes a time when we have had a sufficient measure of its enjoyments, and may well depart contented with our share of the feast. I am far from regretting that this life was bestowed on me; and I have the satisfaction of thinking that I

have employed it in such a manner as not to have lived in vain. In short, I consider this world as a place which Nature never intended for my permanent abode; and I look on my departure from it, not as being driven from my habitation, but simply as leaving an inn.

OLD CHUMS.

IS it you, Jack? Old boy, is it really you?
I shouldn't have known you but that I was told
You might be expected;—pray, how do you do?
But what, under heaven, has made you so old?

Your hair! why, you've only a little gray fuzz!
And your beard's white! but that can be beautifully dyed;
And your legs aren't but just half as long as they was;
And then—stars and garters! your vest is so wide!

Is this your hand? Lord, how I envied you that
In the time of our courting,—so soft, and so small,
And now it is callous inside, and so fat,—
Well, you beat the very old deuce, that is all.

Turn round! let me look at you! isn't it odd,
How strange in a few years a fellow's chum grows!
Your eye is shrunk up like a bean in a pod,
And what are these lines branching out from your nose?

Your back has gone up and your shoulders gone down,
And all the old roses are under the plough;
Why, Jack, if we'd happened to meet about town,
I wouldn't have known you from Adam, I vow!

You've had trouble, have you? I'm sorry; but, John,
All trouble sits lightly at your time of life.
How's Billy, my namesake? You don't say he's gone
To the war, John, and that you have buried your wife?

Poor Katherine! so she has left you,—ah me!
I thought she would live to be fifty, or more,
What is it you tell me? She *was* fifty-three!
Oh no, Jack! she wasn't so much by a score!

Well, there's little Katy,—was that her name, John?
She'll rule your house one of these days like a queen,
That baby! good Lord! is she married and gone?
With a Jack ten years old! and a Katy fourteen!

Then I give it up! Why, you're younger than I
By ten or twelve years, and to think you've come back
A sober old graybeard, just ready to die!
I don't understand how it is,—do you, Jack?

I've got all my faculties yet, sound and bright;
Slight failure my eyes are beginning to hint;
But still, with my spectacles on, and a light
'Twixt them and the page, I can read any print.

My hearing *is* dull, and my leg is more spare,
Perhaps, than it was when I beat you at ball;
My breath gives out, too, if I go up a stair,—
But nothing worth mentioning, nothing at all!

My hair is just turning a little, you see,
And lately I've put on a broader-brimmed hat
Than I wore at your wedding, but you will agree,
Old fellow, I look all the better for that.

I'm sometimes a little rheumatic, 'tis true,
And my nose isn't quite on a straight line, they say;
For all that, I don't think I've changed much, do you?
And I don't feel a day older, Jack, not a day.

ALICE CARY.

EVERLASTING YOUTH.

OLD age, in some of its aspects, is a most interesting and solemn mystery, though to the outward eye it is merely the gradual waning and extinction of existence. All the faculties fold themselves up to a long, last sleep. First, the senses begin to close, and lock in the soul from the outward world. The hearing is generally the first to fail, shutting off the mind from the tones of affection and of melody. The sight fails next; and the pictures of beauty, on the canvas spread round us morning and evening, become blurred. The doors and windows are shut toward the street. The invasion keeps on steadily toward the seat of life. The images of the memory lose their outline, run together, and at last melt away into darkness. Now and then, by a special effort, rents are made in the clouds, and we see a vista opening through the green glades of other years. But the edges of the cloud soon close again. It settles down more densely than ever, and all the past is blotted out. Then the reason fails, and the truths it had elaborated flicker and are extinguished. Only the affections remain. Happy for us, if these also have not become soured or chilled. It is our belief, however, that these *may* be preserved in their primitive freshness and glow; and that in the old age where the work of regeneration is consummating, the affections are always preserved bright and sweet, like roses of Eden, occupying a charmed spot in the midst of snows. In old age, men generally seem to have grown either better or worse. The reason is, that the internal life is then more revealed, and its spontaneous workings are more fully manifested. The intellectual powers are no longer vigilant to control the expression of the internal feelings, and so the heart is generally laid open. What we call the moroseness and peevishness of age is none other than the real disposition, no longer hedged in, and kept in decency, by the intellect, but coming forth without disguise. So again, that beautiful simplicity and infantile meekness, sometimes apparent in old age, beaming forth, like the dawn of the coming heaven, through all the relics of natural decay, are the spontaneous effusions of santified affections. There is, therefore, a good and a bad sense, in which we speak of the second childhood. Childhood is the state of spontaneity. In the first childhood, before the intellect is formed, the heart answers truly to all impressions from without; as the Æolian harp answers to every touch of the breeze. In the second childhood, after the intellect is broken down, the same phenomenon comes round again; and in it you read the history of all the intervening years. What those years have done for the regeneration of the soul will appear, now that its inmost state is translucent, no longer concealed by the expediences learned of intellectual prudence. When the second childhood is true and genial, the work of regeneration approaches its consummation; and the light of heaven is reflected from silver hairs, as if one stood nearer to Paradise, and caught reflections of the resurrection glories.

But alas! is this *all* that is left of us, amid the memorials of natural decay? Senses, memory, reason, all blotted out, in succession, and instinctive affection left *alone* to its spontaneous workings, like a solitary flower breathing its fragrance upon snows? And how do we know but *this*, too, will close up its leaves, and fall before the touch of the invader? Then the last remnant of the man is no more. Or, if otherwise, must so many souls enter

upon their immortality denuded of everything but the heart's inmost and ruling love?

How specious and deceptive are natural appearances! What *seemed* to the outward eye the waning of existence, and the loss of faculties, is only locking them up successively, in order to keep them more secure. Old age, rather than death, answers strictly to the analogies of *sleep*. It is the gradual folding in and closing up of all the voluntary powers, after they have become worn and tired, that they may wake again refreshed and renovated for the higher work that awaits them. The psychological evidence is pretty full and decisive, that old age is sleep, but not decay. The reason lives, though its eye is temporarily closed; and some future day it will give a more perfect and pliant form to the affections. Memory remains, though its functions are suspended for a while. All its chambers may be exhumed hereafter, and their frescoes, like those of the buried temples at Meroe, will be found preserved in unfading colors. The *whole* record of our life is laid up *within* us; and only the overlayings of the physical man prevent the record from being always visible. The years leave their *debris* successively upon the spiritual nature, till it seems buried and lost beneath the layers. On the old man's memory every period seems to have obliterated a former one; but the life which he has lived can no more be lost to him, or destroyed, than the rock-strata can be destroyed by being buried under layers of sand. In those hours when the bondage of the senses is less firm, and the life within has freer motion; or, in those hours of self-revelation, which are sometimes experienced under a clearer and more pervading light from above,—the past withdraws its veil; and we see, rank beyond rank, as along the rows of an expanding amphitheatre, the images of successive years, called out as by some wand of enchantment. There are abundant facts, which go to prove that the decline and forgetfulness of years are nothing more than the hardening of the mere *envelopment* of the man, shutting in the inmost life, which merely waits the hour to break away from its bondage.

De Quincey says: "I am assured that there is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind. A thousand circumstances may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions of the mind; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains forever; just as the stars *seem* to withdraw from the common light of day; whereas, we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them, as a veil, and that they are waiting to be revealed, when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn."

The resurrection is the exact inverse of natural decay; and the former is preparing ere the latter has ended. The affections, being the inmost life, are the nucleus of the whole man. They are the creative and organific centre, whence are formed the reason and the memory, and thence their embodiment in the more outward form of members and organs. The whole interior mechanism is complete in the chrysalis, ere the wings, spotted with light, are fluttering in the zephyrs of morning. St. Paul, who, in this connection, is speaking specially of the resurrection of the just, presents three distinct points of contrast between the natural body and the spiritual. One is weak, the other is strong. One is corruptible, the other is incorruptible. One is without honor, the other is glorious. By saying that one is natural, and the other spiritual, he certainly implies that one is better adapted than the other to do the functions of spirit, and more perfectly to organize and manifest its powers. How clearly conceivable then is it that when man becomes free of the coverings of mere natural decay, he comes into complete

possession of all that he is, and all that he has ever lived; that leaf after leaf in our whole book of life is opened backward, and all its words and letters come out in more vivid colors!

In the other life, therefore, appears the wonderful paradox that the oldest people are the youngest. To grow in age is to come into everlasting youth. To become old in years is to put on the freshness of perpetual prime. We drop from us the *debris* of the past, we breathe the ether of immortality, and our cheeks mantle with eternal bloom.

REV. EDMUND H. SEARS.

THE BOYS.

HAS there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—show him the door!
"Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! *white*, if we please;
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close,—you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed,—
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old:
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge;"—
It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker,"—the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend" What's his name?—don't make me laugh!

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the ROYAL SOCIETY thought it was *true!*
So they chose him right in,—a good joke it was too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's "The Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith,—
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith,
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing?—You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or with pen;
And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drop smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, THE BOYS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

MY FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

I USED to think, when I, a child,
Played with the pebbles on the shore,
Of the clear river, rippling wild,
That rolled before my father's door,
How long, how very long 't would be
Ere I could live out fifty years;
To think of it oft checked my glee,
And filled my childish heart with fears.

I looked at grandma as she sat,
Her forehead decked with silvery rime,
And thought "When I'm as old as that,
Must I darn stockings all the time?
Must I sit in an arm-chair so,
A white frilled cap around my face,
With dull drab strings, and ne'er a bow,
And keep things always in their place?"

The lines of care, the sigh of pain,
The "Hush" her lips so oft let fall,
Made me wish o'er and o'er again,
I never might grow old at all.
Yet she was ever cheerful, and
Would ofttimes join our sports and mirth;
And many a play by her was planned
Around the winter evening hearth.

But then she played not by the brook,
She did not gather pretty flowers,
She did not sing with merry look,
Nor make a spring-time of the hours.
So, when she said, one sunny morn,
"You will be old, like me, some day,"
I wept like one of hope forlorn,
And threw my playthings all away.

Be old! like grandma, and not roam
The glen in spring, for violets blue,
Or bring the bright May blossoms home,
Or pick the strawberries 'mong the dew!
Be old! and in the summer time
Take weary naps in mid-day hours,
And fail the Chandler trees to climb,
And shake the ripening fruit in showers!

Be old! and have no nutting-bees
Upon the hillside, rustling brown,
Or hang upon the vine-clad trees,
And shout the rich ripe clusters down!
Be old! and sit round wintry fires!
Be fifty! have no sliding spree!
And hush away all wild desires!
I thought 't were better not to be.

But two-score years have glided by,
With summer's heat and winter's cold,
With sunny hours and clouded sky,
Till now I'm fifty—now I'm old.
The sun-burnt locks are silvery now,
That used to dangle in the wind;
And eyes are dim, and feet move slow,
That left my playmates all behind.

* * * * * * *

But life has pleasures holier still
Than childhood's play with all its zest,
That, as we journey down the hill,
Make each succeeding year the best.
Now stalwart men are at my hearth,
And "bonny lassies" laughing free,
That had not lived on this good earth,
To love, and labor, but for me.

And shall I pine for childhood's joys,
For woodland walks and violets blue,
While round me merry girls and boys
Are doing what I used to do?
My days of toil, my years of care,
Have never chilled my spirit's flow,
Or made one flower of life less fair
Than in the spring-time long ago.

The paths I trod were sometimes rough,
And sharp and piercing to my feet;
Yet they were daisied walks enough
To make it all seem smooth and sweet.
Friends that I loved have passed from sight
Before me to my spirit home;
But in the day that knows no night,
I know they'll greet me when I come.

Hopes that I cherished, too, were vain;
But I have lived to feel and know
That were life to live o'er again,
'Twere better that it should be so.
At every winding of the way
I've sought for love, and love have given;
For love can cheer the darkest day,
And make the poorest home a heaven.

Oh, ye who're passing down, like me
Life's autumn side, be brave and strong
And teach the lisper at your knee
That fifty years is not *so long;*
That if they would be ever young,
And free from dolorous pain and care,
The life-harp must be ever strung
With love of duty everywhere.

As violins in foreign lands,
Broken and shattered o'er and o'er,
When mended and in skilful hands,
Make sweeter music than before;
So, oft the heart, by sorrow torn,
Gives forth a loftier, clearer song
Than that which greeted us at morn,
When it was new, and brave, and strong.

Father, I thank thee for them all,
These fifty years, which now are passed;
Oh! guide me, guard me, till the fall
Of death my form shall hide at last.
Let me in love and kindness still
Live on, and ne'er grow hard and cold;
Bend me and break me to thy will,
But may my spirit ne'er grow old!

FRANCES D. GAGE.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

MORE pleasant seem their own surroundings,
Though quaint and old,
Than newer homes, with their aboundings
Of marble, silk, and gold.
For 't is the heart inspires home-feelings,
In hut or hall,
Where memory, with its fond revealings,
Sheds a tender light o'er all.

They love the wonted call to meeting,
By their old bell;
They love the old familiar greeting
From friends who know them well.
Their homesick hearts are always yearning,
When they're away;
And ever is their memory turning
To scenes where they used to stay.

LYDIA M. CHILD.

THE SUNSET HOUR OF LIFE.

THE stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
And flowers are sweetest at the eventide,
And birds most musical at close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is holy, but a holier charm
Lies folded close in evening's robes of balm,
And weary man must ever love her best,
For morning calls to toil, but night to rest.

She comes from Heaven, and on her wings doth bear
A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer;
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
To shut the weary eyes of day in peace.

All things are hushed before her as she throws
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose;
There is a calmer beauty and a power
That morning knows not, in the evening hour.

Until the evening we must weep and toil—
Plow life's stern furrow, dig the weedy soil—
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burden of the day.

Oh! when our sun is setting may we glide,
Like summer evening down the golden tide;
And leave behind us, as we pass away,
Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay.

A GOOD OLD AGE.

A GOOD old man is the best antiquity; one whom time hath been thus long a working, and, like winter fruit, ripened when others are shaken down. He looks over his former life as a danger well past, and would not hazard himself to begin again. The next door of death saps him not, but he expects it calmly, as his turn in nature. All men look on him as a common father, and on old age, for his sake, as a reverent thing. He practises his experience on youth, without harshness or reproof, and his council is good company. You must pardon him if he likes his own times better than these, because those things are follies to him now, that were wisdom then; yet he makes us of that opinion, too, when we see him, and conjecture those times by so good a relic.

BISHOP EARLE.

THE PLEASURE VOYAGE.

I WISH I could as merry be
As when I set out this world to see;
Like a boat filled with good companie,
On some gay voyage sent.
There Youth spread forth the broad, white sail,
Sure of fair weather and full gale,
Confiding life would never fail,
Nor time be ever spent.

And Fancy whistled for the wind,
And if ever Memory looked behind,
'Twas but some friendly sight to find,
And gladsome wave her hand.
And Hope kept whispering in Youth's ear,
To spread more sail and never fear,
For the same sky would still be clear
Until they reached the land.

Health, too, and Strength, tugged at the oar,
Mirth mocked the passing billow's roar,
And Joy, with goblet running o'er,
Drank draughts of deep delight;
And Judgment at the helm they set—
But Judgment was a child as yet,
And lack-a-day! was all unfit
To guide the boat aright.

Bubbles did half her thoughts employ;
Hope she believed; she played with Joy,
And Fancy bribed her with a toy
To steer which way he choose;
But still they were a merry crew,
And laughed at dangers as untrue,
Till the dim sky tempestuous grew,
And sobbing south winds rose.

Then Prudence told them all she feared,
And Youth awhile his messmates cheered,
Until at length he disappeared,
Though none knew how he went.
Joy hung his head, and Mirth grew dull,
Health faltered, Strength refused to pull,
And Memory, with her soft eyes full,
Backward her glance still bent—

To where upon the distant sea,
Bursting the storm's dark canopy,
Light from the sun none now could see,
Still touched the whirling wave.
And though Hope, gazing from the prow,
Turns oft—she sees the shore—to vow,
Judgment, grown older now, I trow,
Is silent, stern, and grave.

And though she steers with better skill,
And makes her fellows do her will,
Fear says, the storm is rising still,
And day is almost spent.
Oh! that I could as merry be
As when I set out this world to see;
Like a boat filled with good companie,
On some gay voyage bent.

J. P. R. JAMES.

BEAUTY OF OLD AGE.

THE scathed and leafless tree may seem
Old age's mournful sign,
Yet on its bark may sunshine gleam,
And moonlight softly shine.

Thus on the cheek of age shall rest
The light of days gone by,
Calm as the glories of the West,
When night is drawing nigh.

As round the scathed trunk fondly clings
The ivy green and strong,
Repaying, by the grace it brings,
The succor granted long,

So round benevolent old age
May objects yet survive,
Whose greenness can the heart engage,
And keep the soul alive.

BERNARD BARTON.

BE KIND UNTO THE OLD.

BE kind unto the old, my friend;
They're worn with this world's strife,
Though bravely once perchance they fought
The stern, fierce battle of life.

They taught our youthful feet to climb
Upwards life's rugged steep;
Then let us lead them gently down,
To where the weary sleep.

THE HOARY HEAD A CROWN OF GLORY.

WHILE we call old age the Winter of Life, we must beware lest we derogate from the bounty of our Maker, and disparage those of our blessings which he accounts precious, among which old age is none of the meanest.

Had he not put that value upon it, would he have honored it with his own style, calling himself the "Ancient of Days"? Would he have set out this mercy as a reward of obedience to himself, "I would fulfil the number of thy days?" and of obedience to our parents, "To live long in the land?" Would he have promised it as a marvelous savor to restored Jerusalem, now become a city of Truth, that "there shall yet old men and old women dwell in the streets of Jerusalem, and every man with his staff in his hand for every age?" Would he else have denounced it as a judgment to over-indulgent Eli, "There shall not be an old man in thy house forever?" Far be it from us to despise that which God doth honor, and to turn his blessing into a curse.

Yea, the same God who knows best the price of his own favors, as he makes no small estimation of age himself, so he hath thought fit to call for a high respect to be given to it, out of a holy awe to himself: "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man, and fear thy God. I am the Lord." Hence it is that he hath pleased to put together the "ancient" and the "honorable," and has told us that a hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness; and, lastly, makes it an argument of the deplored estate of Jerusalem that "they favored not the elders."

JOSEPH HALL.

APPROACH OF WINTER.

NATURE now calls to supper, to refresh
The Spirits of the flesh;
The toiling ploughman drives his thirsty teams,
To taste the slipp'ry streams:
The droiling swineherd knocks away, and feasts
His hungry whining guests:
The boxbill ouzle, and the dappled thrush,
Like hungry rivals meet at their beloved bush.

And now the cold autumnal dews are seen
To cobweb every green?
And by the low-shorn rowans doth appear
The fast-declining year:
The sapless branches doff their summer suits
And wain their winter fruits;
And stormy blasts have forced the quaking trees
To wrap their trembling limbs in suits of mossy frieze.

Our wasted taper now hath brought her light
To the next-door to Night;

Her sprightless flame, grown with great snuff, doth turn
Sad as her neighb'ring urn:
Her slender inch, that yet unspent remains,
Lights but to further pains,
And in a silent language bids her guest
Prepare his weary limbs to take eternal rest.

Now careful Age hath pitched her painful plough
Upon the furrowed brow;
And snowy blasts of discontented care
Have blanched the falling hair;
Suspicious envy mixed with jealous spite
Disturbs his weary night:
He threatens Youth with Age; and now, alas!
He owns not what he is, but vaunts the Man he was.

LIFE ENDEARED BY AGE.

AGE, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigor of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind; and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me, by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity, and sensation assures me that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness, in long perspective, still beckons me to pursue, and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardor to continue the game.

Whence, my friend, this increased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence at a period when it becomes scarcely worth the keeping? Is it that nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination in the spoil? Life would be insupportable to an old man who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigor of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand to terminate the scene of misery; but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could be only prejudicial, and life acquires an imaginary value in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us increases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. "I would not choose," says a French philosopher, "to see an old post pulled up with which I had been long acquainted." A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance. Hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession; they love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its ad-

A DANCING LESSON.

vantages, not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

Chinvang, the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison during the preceding reigns should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows: "Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and in darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet, dazzled with the splendor of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me, then, O Chinvang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace; I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed—in that prison from which you were pleased to release me."

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to earth, and embitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases, yet for all this it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise, yet still we love it; destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it; husband the wasting treasure with increased frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave—an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king, his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasures before him, and promised a long succession of future happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was disgusted even in the beginning. He professed an aversion to living, was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. "If life be in youth so displeasing," cried he to himself, "what will it appear when age comes on? if it be at present indifferent, surely it will then be execrable." This thought embittered every reflection; till at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprized that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would then have faced old age without shrinking; he would have boldly dared to live, and served that society by his future assiduity which he basely injured by his desertion.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

THE CONSOLATIONS OF AGE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

FROM all I have narrated concerning my good and evil days, some may infer that I have been on the whole a favorite of fortune; that I may very well be philosophic, and maintain a rosy good-humor, since, with the exception of a few self-torments of the fancy, I have seldom or never experienced a misfortune. But indeed I *have* met with what men usually style great misfortunes, or evils, though I never so named them. Like every mortal, I have had my share of what is called human misery. The weight of a sudden load has sometimes, for a moment, staggered me and pressed me down, as is the case with others. But, with renewed buoyancy of spirit, I have soon risen again, and borne the burden allotted to me, without discontent. Nay, more than this, though some may shake their heads incredulously, it is a fact that worldly suffering has often not been disagreeable to me. It has weaned me from placing my trust in transitory things. It has shown me the degree of strength and self-reliance I could retain, even at that period of life when the passions reign. I am fully convinced that there is no evil in the world but sin. Nothing but consciousness of guilt spins a dark thread, which reaches through the web of all our days, even unto the grave. God is not the author of calamity, but only man, by his weakness, his over-estimate of pompous vanities, and the selfish nurture of his appetites. He weeps like a child because he cannot have his own way, and even at seventy years of age is not yet a man. He bewails himself, because God does not mind him. Yet every outward misfortune is in truth as worthy a gift of God as outward success.

In common with others, I have met with ingratitude from many; but it did not disquiet me; because what I had done for them was not done for thanks. Friends have deceived me, but it did not make me angry with them; for I saw that I had only deceived myself with regard to them. I have endured misapprehension and persecution with composure, being aware of the unavoidable diversity of opinions, and of the passions thereby excited. I have borne the crosses of poverty without a murmur; for experience had taught me that outward poverty often brings inward wealth. I have lost a moderate property, which I had acquired by toil, but such losses did not imbitter me for a single day; they only taught me to work and spare. I have been the happy father of happy children. Twelve sons and one daughter I have counted; and I have had to sit, with a bleeding heart, at the death-bed of four of those sons. As they drew their last breath, I felt that divine sorrow which transforms the inner man. My spirit rested on the Father of the universe, and it was well with me. My dead ones were not parted from me. Those who remained behind drew the more closely to one another, while eagerly looking toward those who had gone before them to other mansions of the Great Father. It was our custom to think of the deceased as still living in the midst of us. We were wont to talk about their little adventures, their amusing sallies, and the noble traits of their characters. Everything noteworthy concerning *them*, as well as what related to the *living* members of the family, was recorded by the children in a chronicle they kept in the form of a newspaper, and was thus preserved from oblivion. Death is something festal, great, like all

the manifestations of God here below. The death of my children hallowed me; it lifted me more and more out of the shows of earth, into the divine. It purified my thoughts and feelings. I wept, as a child of the dust *must* do; but in spirit I was calm and cheerful, because I knew to whom I and mine belonged.

At the beginning of old age, I could indeed call myself a happy man. On my seventieth birthday, I felt as if I were standing on a mountain height, at whose foot the ocean of eternity was audibly rushing; while behind me, life, with its deserts and flower-gardens, its sunny days and its stormy days, spread out green, wild, and beautiful. Formerly, when I read or heard of the joylessness of age, I was filled with sadness; but I now wondered that it presented so much that was agreeable. The more the world diminished and grew dark, the less I felt the loss of it; for the dawn of the next world grew ever clearer and clearer.

Thus rejoicing in God, and with him, I advance into the winter of life, beyond which no spring awaits me on this planet. The twilight of my existence on earth is shining round me; but the world floats therein in a rosy light, more beautiful than the dawn of life. Others may look back with homesickness to the lost paradise of childhood. That paradise was never mine. I wandered about, an orphan, unloved, and forsaken of all but God. I thank him for this allotment; for it taught me to build my paradise within. The solemn evening is at hand, and it is welcome. I repent not that I have lived. Others, in their autumn, can survey and count up their collected harvests. This I cannot. I have scattered seed, but whither the wind has carried it I know not. The good-will alone was mine. God's hand decided concerning the success of my labor. Many an unproductive seed I have sown; but I do not, on that account, complain either of myself or Heaven. Fortune has lavished on me no golden treasurers; but contented with what industry has acquired, and my economy has preserved, I enjoy that noble independence at which I have always aimed; and out of the little I possess I have been sometimes able to afford assistance to others who were less fortunate.

I'M SIXTY TO-DAY.

IN the far away past, when with me life was new,
The dim, distant future arose to my view,
And the years seemed like mile-stones arranged on my way,
But I've passed fifty-nine and reached sixty to-day.

Looking forward, the youth scarce the path can discern,
But the eye glancing back sees each crook and each turn;
And now I see oft where my steps went astray,
But I would not retrace them though sixty to-day.

Though fortune her favors to me seldom sends,
I have wealth without stint in the love of my friends;
While my locks are yet brown with scarce one thread of gray,
And my step is elastic, though sixty to-day.

The past of my life often seems like a dream,
As I've mourned over loved ones that crossed the dark stream,
But the Comforter whispers, they're not far away,
I soon shall rejoin them; I'm sixty to-day.

The morning of life brought its sunshine and flowers,
The midday its labors and oft-needed showers,

But high noon is passed, and I watch down the way,
Knowing soon 'twill be sunset; I'm sixty to-day.

Yet I'll try while the day lasts to make others glad,
I'll help those in trouble and cheer them when sad,
I'll weep with the mourner and laugh with the gay,
And I'll keep my heart young though I'm sixty to-day.

THREESCORE AND TEN.

THREESCORE and ten! How the tide rolls on,
Nearing the limitless sea;
Bearing the voyager over life's flood
To boundless eternity,
On, through the childhood's sunny hours,
On, through youth with its golden flowers,
On, through manhood's ripened powers,
Till age appears,
With its crown of years,
And the time-worn mariner, sighing for rest,
Anchors at last in the port of the blest.

Threescore and ten! How the rolling years
Are checkered with sunshine and shade!
The calm chased away by the pitiless storm,
Earth's joy into sorrow must fade,
Spring with its bloom and perfume sped,
Fruit-laden summer quickly fled,
Autumn come with weary tread,
Bent with the load,
Of treasured food,
And then stern winter, with frosty breath,
Throws over the fields the pall of death.

Threescore and ten! And if we shall reach
The bound to life that here is set,
How few of the comrades of early years
Around us will linger yet!
Father and mother, their journey is o'er;
Brothers and sisters, we greet them no more;
Our loved ones stand thronging
The futher shore.
They beckon us on,
They point to the crown,
And with longing hearts they wait,
To lead us through the pearly gate.
Threescore and ten! and the snows of years
Are resting upon that brow;
But, as backward we glance o'er the way we have trod,
Before God our Father we bow,
And joyous we bring Him our song of praise.
His mercies have cheered us through all our days,
And we fervently pray that life's setting rays
Through love divine
May cloudless shine—
Melting away in purer light
That illumines the land which knows no night.

Threescore and ten! Stand firm in thy lot,
Faithful and true to the end;
Bending thine ear to catch every word
Of the message the Master doth send;
Wakeful thine eye, for far spent is the night;
Burnished thine armor, thou soldier of light;
Ready to march, for the day-star is bright;
Bold in the fight
For truth and right!
Thou a conqueror shalt stand
With the exulting blood-bought band.

Threescore and ten! And what shall we add
To measure the earthly strife?
How many sands are left in the glass,
Counting the years of life?
One by one they silently fall,
One by one till have fallen all,
One by one till thy God shall call:
"Thy race is run,
Servant, well done!
Faithful in thy Lord's employ,
Enter now into His joy!"

LIFE'S WEST WINDOWS.

WE stand at life's west windows,
And think of the days that are gone;
Remembering the coming sunset,
We too must remember the morn;
But the sun will set, the day will close,
And an end will come to all our woes.

As we watch from the western casements,
Reviewing our happy youth,
We mourn for its vanished promise
Of honor, ambition, and truth;
But hopes will fail and pride decay,
When we think how soon we must away.

We stand at life's west windows,
And turn not sadly away,
To watch on our children's faces
The noontide of sparkling day;
But our sun must set, our lips grow dumb,
And to look from our windows our children come.

Still looking from life's west windows;
And we know we would not again
Look forth from the eastern lattice,
And live over all life's pain;
Though life's sunlight be brilliant, its sunset is sweet,
Since it brings longed-for rest to our weary feet.

OLD AGE.

HAIL, blest Old Age! when life well-spent is crowned
With years and honors, loved, revered, renowned;
Earth's noblest state, where all ripe virtues blend,
And life's best hopes in rich fruition end.
So the round year, its hoarded labors won,
Basks 'midst its stores, 'neath autumn's golden sun.
And when white locks and venerable years
Are crowned with holy piety, that cheers
Life's slow decline, and o'er its closing days,
Then Time's supremest gift to man is given,
And doubly crowned, he tastes both earth and heaven.

How glorious stood earth's patriarchs of old
While ages lapsed, and centuries unrolled
The long and labored tapestry of time
Thick-wrought with wisdom's golden love sublime.
See Noah, prophet of the elder world
Great sire of tribes whose standards, far unfurled,
Three continents explore; yet age on age
Return with homage to the awful sage
Whose heaven-inspired benign, paternal sway
Gilds realms on realms that love, revere, obey.
Blest day divine when heavenly strangers trod
The plain where dwelt in peace the friend of God!
At his tent's door, while passed the sultry hours,
The patriarch breathed the balm of Hebron's bowers
When he and Sarah, save one wish, content,
In thankful, pious love life's evening spent:
That wish heaven hears, they clasp their infant boy,
And Isaac fills God's goodness and their joy.

How blest was Jacob when he saw in truth
Through age-dimmed eyes his Joseph lost in youth;
When Egypt's lord with pride his sire avowed,
And Egypt's king to crave his blessing bowed;
When on his seer-like soul in vision rose
His countless race, triumphant o'er their foes,
Till Zion's glory fired his passing soul,
And Shiloh's coming dawned from pole to pole!

So Moses, graced, not bent, with six-score years
Time's matchless son, in fadeless prime appears!
On Nebo's dome, with eyes undimmed and bright,
From Hor's brown crags to Hermon's snow-crowned height,
From Syria's sands to ocean's far-off shore,
He views the long-sought country o'er and o'er,
What wondrous ways his pilgrim feet have trod
Since, scorning Egypt's crown for Israel's God,
Through four-score years Jehovah's grace and power
Have led him safe, to life's last glorious hour!
Before his eyes the hills of promise glow;
Freed, taught by him, a nation camps below;
Proud Egypt slumbers where the sea-waves moan;
Nations unborn earth's noblest law shall own;
Jehovah's name adored by man once more—
God's glory here, immortal life before!

What honor crowned great Samuel's parting hours;
And mighty David's, mourned by Gentile powers;
How great Elijah's lightning soul o'ercame
Age, sorrow, death, and leapt to God in flame!
How aged Paul, the good fight fought, the faith
Proclaimed and kept, could mock the grave and death!
How John, beneath a century's spotless snows,
Still breathed that love which through the seraphs glows!
O, Tully, noblest soul of sovereign Rome,
Whose golden periods down the centuries roam,
Mellifluous, matchless, how thy honied page,
Where virtuous Cato praises pure Old Age,
Culling such lives as grace my humble line,
Had dropped with nectared sweetness quite divine!

But lo, beyond time's bounds Heaven's crystal throne
In glory looms, and like a sardine stone
Or ruddy jasper, He who fills it glows:—
Around his feet, redeemed from sin's dark woes,
Sit four and twenty Elders, mortal forms,
Hoary and white with time's wild years and storms;
Old men from Earth, who, 'mid that heavenly throng,
Sit next the Lamb whose faith they kept so long:
Sages and seers and bards and prophets old,
Priests, patriarchs, kings, apostles, martyrs bold,
Heads of the Church, who lead her hosts through time,
And now sit next the throne in rest sublime!
What were immortal youth to age like this,
Throned, crowned, revered through heaven's long years of bliss!

Great Father, hear thy child's adoring prayer:
I ask not age, but if thy wisdom spare
This life, bestowed by thee, to lengthened years,
Oh make them pure and peaceful, free from fears,
Useful and wise! When passions' fires are past,
Let nobler flames burn quenchless to the last;
Valor for right, high scorn of base control,
And eagle ardor kindle still my soul.
Let Christ-like goodness, humble charity,
God's gifts alone, take root, bear fruit in me;
And when at last, I sleep beneath the sod,
May it be said, He loved both man and God.

G. L. TAYLOR.

OUR PILGRIMAGE.

WE are passing toward final rest. Do not regret it if the eyes grow dim. You will see better by-and-by. If the ear is growing heavy, do not be sorry. If your youth is passing, and your beauty fading, do not mourn. If your hand trembles, and your foot is unsteady with age, be not depressed in spirit. With every impediment, with every sign of the taking down of this tabernacle, remember that it is the striking of the tent that the march may begin, and when next you pitch your tabernacle it shall be on an undisturbed shore, and that there, with eyes unwet with tears, through an atmosphere undimmed by clouds, and before a God unveiled, and never to be wrapped in darkness any more —that there, looking back upon this world of ignorance, and suffering, and trouble, and upon the hardships of the way, you will, with full and discerning reason, lift up your voice, and give thanks to God and say, "There was not one trouble too much; there was not one sorrow too piercing." And you will thank God in that land for the very things that wring tears from your eyes in this. Look, then, to that better land, out of all the trouble of the way—sigh for it, pray for it, prepare for it, and enter into it.

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.

MATURE age is a hill from which one may look in opposite directions—backward and forward. It is a kindly arrangement of Providence by which the aged are not only inclined to look backward to early life, but the scenes of childhood and youth are made unusually distinct. When the faculties are so much impaired or clouded that memory loses the impression of recent events, the scenes of early life are recalled and retained with wonderful freshness and vividness. Persons who could not retain in mind what they had seen or heard five minutes before, can repeat with accuracy whole pages of hymns, the odes of Horace, Cowper's poems, which they committed to memory when they were boys. That which is intrusted to memory in childhood is like the casting of plaster when it is fresh and liquid; it sets, and every line and edge is permanently preserved. If the young did but know it, what they are saying, and thinking, and reading, and doing is fresco-painting, the colors striking through the fresh mortar, and hardening into permanent forms by the progress of time. The review of life by the aged gives a peculiar pleasure. The little annoyances which were felt day by day in earlier life drop out of view. Children have their own griefs and trials. These are largely forgotten as time goes on, and the pleasant things of childhood remain like a bright picture before the dim eye of the aged. The first home, father and mother, the fireside and the barn, the brook and the meadow, school and vacation, the trees, the birds and the animals, the seasons, spring, summer, autumn, and winter, how clear and distinct they are! It is as if they were all back again, and this to relieve the burdens, cheer the loneliness, and comfort the infirmities of age. How much of thankfulness is diffused through the heart by these pleasant memories of early life! By means of them, age is often toned down into ineffable sweetness, so that not unfrequently old men and little children are the closest and happiest companions.

Some things there are in the review of every life which are to be regretted. Happy is he who recalls but few of them associated with remorse. This is the sharpness of that remorse—the acts by which it is excited can not be changed or obliterated. The unkind word, the undutiful act toward an affectionate parent! Would that this parent were now alive, to be soothed by our confession and augmented tenderness. But now the wrong which we did, stands like an oak or a rock, against which we brace ourselves, and strain, only to become conscious of our inability to move it. Nothing crumbles—nothing can be removed from the honest past. It stands. As we look at it, what occasion have we to make use of the prayer which inspiration has made ready for us, "Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions; according to thy mercy, remember thou me for thy goodness' sake, O Lord!" (Psalm xxv., 7.) So much of imagination mingles with all anticipations of the young that one is apt to be deceived in regard to his probable character and

conduct; the past is simple, real fact, and so much of defect and unworthiness are associated with it all, that an honest mind must feel its need of divine forgiveness, resting more and more implicitly on the abounding grace of Jesus Christ.

Threescore years and ten! In prospect how remote! in retrospect how brief! How long appears the journey when setting out! how short when it has been accomplished!

> "Time in advance behind him hides his wings,
> And seems to creep decrepit with his age.
> Behold him when passed by: what then is seen
> But his broad pinions, swifter than the wind."

Each day has two twilights, that of the morning and that of the evening. The latter darkens into night, the former brightens into day. "The way of the wicked is as darkness; they know not at what they stumble. But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Here is a phenomenon which can be explained only by the comforts and promises of the Gospel of Chist. Cicero wrote a treatise on old age which has come down into our hands. It contains much—we might say all of the wisdom of the world. The utmost which it pretends to teach is how to grow old, and be old, with somewhat of resignation and gracefulness. The Gospel of our Redeemer, bringing life and immortality to light, teaches man how to advance in life, and terminate life with cheerfulness, gladness, and joy. It continually presents, what nothing else ever did or can, the sure method by which one may always, even to the very last day of life, be confident *that the best part of existence is yet to come.* It supplies man with what is better than all memory, even with an unfailing object of hope. Bright and pleasant was life's morning. Gratitude is enkindled by recalling all that was so happy in childhood and youth. But faith assures us that our greatest happiness is not receding, but approaching. Thanks for the way in which God has led us thus far; but, turning to that which is before us, what is it? Gloom, fear, nothingness? Oh no. We have a sure word of the Lord, which reveals and promises what is permanent, blessed, and divine. True life is before us, not behind us. Our best and happiest youth is yet to come. God has promised his adopted children perpetual rejuvenescence. "The outward man perisheth, but the inward man is *renewed* day by day." How often is this realized in the experience of Christian believers! When the eye has lost its lustre, and the ear its quickness—when the frame is bowed, and the silvered head droops, peace becomes like a river, and joy as the waves of the sea. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint."

Those far advanced in life are in danger of regarding themselves as useless in the world, because incapable of active service after the manner of younger life. Many are saddened by the mistaken thought that they are cumbering the ground. The contrary is true decidedly, emphatically, of the aged found in the way of righteousness. The simple, quiet, trustful continuance of such is a public benefit. The hoary head, with its glory of true Christian faith, is a testimony in honor of religion which can never be gainsaid or silenced. At no time is passive goodness so potent. It is, indeed, light at eventide. It is a proof of our faith when one who is bereft of all which the world esteems, like a tree stripped of its foliage, can, in his old age, look forward with comfort and cheer-

fulness to that better life which is promised by his divine and faithful Redeemer. Talk of the beauty of childhood!—it is of its own kind. But there is another beauty—old age, leaning happily on Christ, and looking forward, without fear, without gloom, without doubt, to that glory which is YET TO BE REVEALED.

WILLIAM ADAMS.

THE OLD WIFE'S KISS.

THE funeral services were ended; and, as the voice of prayer ceased, tears were hastily wiped from wet cheeks, and long-drawn sighs relieved suppressed and choking sobs, as the mourners prepared to take leave of the corpse. It was an old man who lay there, robed for the grave. More than three-score years had whitened those locks, and furrowed that brow, and made those stiff limbs weary of life's journey, and the more willing to be at rest where weariness is no longer a burden.

The aged have few to weep for them when they die. The most of those who would have mourned their loss have gone to the grave before them; harps that would have sighed sad harmonies are shattered and gone; and the few that remain are looking cradleward, rather than to life's closing goal; are bound to, and living in, the generation rising, more than the generation departing. Youth and beauty have many admirers while living,—have many mourners when dying,—and many tearful ones bend over their coffined clay, many sad hearts follow in their funeral train; but age has few admirers, few mourners.

This was an old man, and the circle of mourners was small: two children, who had themselves passed the middle of life, and who had children of their own to care for and be cared for by them. Beside these, and a few friends who had seen and visited him while he was sick, and possibly had known him for a few years, there were none others to shed a tear, except his old wife; and of this small company, the old wife seemed to be the only heart-mourner. It is respectful for his friends to be sad a few moments, till the service is performed and the hearse out of sight. It is very proper and suitable for children, who have outgrown the fervency and affection of youth, to shed tears when an aged parent says farewell, and lies down to quiet slumber. Some regrets, some recollection of the past, some transitory griefs, and the pangs are over.

The old wife arose with difficulty from her seat, and went to the coffin to look her last look—to take her last farewell. Through the fast falling tears she gazed long and fondly down into the pale, unconscious face. What did she see there? Others saw nothing but the rigid features of the dead; she saw more. In every wrinkle of that brow she read the history of years; from youth to manhood, from manhood to old age, in joy and sorrow, in sickness and health, it was all there; when those children, who had not quite outgrown the sympathies of childhood, were infants lying on her bosom, and every year since then—there it was. To others, those dull, mute monitors were unintelligible; to her they were the alphabet of the heart, familiar as household words.

Then the future: "What will become of me? What shall I do now?" She did not say so, but she felt it. The prospect of the old wife is clouded; the home circle is broken, never to be reunited; the visions of the hearth-stone are scattered forever. Up to that hour there was a home to which the heart always turned with fondness. That magic is now sundered, the key-stone of that sacred arch has fallen, and home is nowhere this side of heaven! Shall she gather up the scattered fragments of the broken arch, make

them her temple and her shrine, sit down in her chill solitude beside its expiring fires, and die? What *shall* she do now?

They gently crowded her away from the dead, and the undertaker came forward, with the coffin-lid in his hand. It is all right and proper, of course, it must be done; but to the heart-mourner it brings a kind of shudder, a thrill of agony. The undertaker stood for a moment, with a decent propriety, not wishing to manifest rude haste, but evidently desirous of being as expeditious as possible. Just as he was about to close the coffin, the old wife turned back, and stooping down, imprinted one long, last kiss upon the cold lips of her dead husband, then staggered to her seat, buried her face in her hands, and the closing coffin hid him from her sight forever!

That kiss! fond token of affection, and of sorrow, and memory, and farewell! I have seen many kiss their dead, many such seals of love upon clay-cold lips, but never did I see one so purely sad, so simply heart-touching and hopeless as that. Or, if it had hope, it was that which looks beyond coffins, and charnel houses, and damp, dark, tombs, to the joys of the home above. You would kiss the cold cheek of infancy; there is poetry; it is beauty hushed; there is romance there, for the faded flower is still beautiful. In childhood the heart yields to the stroke of sorrow, but recoils again with elastic faith, buoyant with hope; but here was no beauty, no poetry, no romance.

The heart of the old wife was like the weary swimmer, whose strength has often raised him above the stormy waves, but now, exhausted, sinks amid the surges. The temple of her earthly hopes had fallen, and what was there left for her but to sit down in despondency, among its lonely ruins, and weep and die! or, in the spirit of a better hope, await the dawning of another day, when a Hand divine shall gather its sacred dust, and rebuild for immortality its broken walls!

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I LOVE to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet gray;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore years,
And they say that I am old—
That my heart is ripe for the reaper Death,
And my years are well-nigh told.
It is very true—it is very true—
I am old, and I "bide my time;"
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.

Play on! play on! I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come
And I shall be glad to go—
For the world, at best, is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low;
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness
To see the young so gay.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

AND there truly is nothing which should keep your desires from heaven. No; not that delightful circle of home where the parent's eye may glisten as he looks upon his child, and the child may smile with joy because it gazes on its father; or, more loving still, when it looks upon its mother—there is naught even there which can abstract the desires from heaven; and the only modification of that desire should be that children, and parents, and brethren, and sisters should all meet in heaven. No; there is nothing, when here we meet round the table of the Lord, and Christian comes by Christian to taste the bread and wine which shows forth the Lord's death till he comes—till we all meet as by one electric impulse upon the spirit—till we all blend together in one, being members of his body, and his flesh, and his bone—there is nothing here that can abstract the desires from heaven; the only modification of that desire must be that those who break the bread and drink the wine may have fulfilled at last the glorious promise, "Verily, I will no more taste of the fruit of the vine until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom." Onward and onward still, from year to year, and from day to day, must the Christian spirit press in its desire toward heaven. It will be, my brethren, but a little longer, and then that desire shall be fulfilled, and mortality will be swallowed up in life. The portal shall be entered, and the spirit shall gaze round on the wonders of its completed salvation. What pearly gates are there? What jasper walls are these? What golden streets are these? What splendid palaces are these? What immortal trees are these? What crystal streams are these? What amaranthine bowers are these? These are the spirits of the just, and I see my parents, my partner, and my children, and they beckon to the entrance. There is Jesus, whom my soul hath loved, and now I behold him with the glory of his Godhead. And there is the overshadowing splendor of everlasting happiness, which breathes blessings on all beneath it. And this—*this* is heaven! Earth, I have nothing to do with thee, with thy dull days and thy nights of darkness. I have left thee, with thy storms and tempests—with thy distressing temptations and thy polluting scenes. I have left thee with thy sorrows, thy bereavements, thy diseases, and thy destinies. This—*this* is heaven! Am I come there? Then redemption and immortality are mine. Oh, brethren, in the body or out of the body, can we tell? Have not your desires expanded and extended till even now you listen to the song, and inhale the atmosphere of heaven? We must come back again to earth till the will of God removes us; but as we descend to the world of mortality, and of sorrow, and of sin, in which we must breathe a little longer, we can not but send our desires to him who has gone before us, "When shall I come and appear before God?" "Oh that I had the wings of a dove, then I would flee away and be at rest!"

JAMES PARSONS.

NEARER HEAVEN.

Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.—Romans xiii., 11.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I've ever been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;

Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burden down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying daily between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the deep and unknown stream
That leads at last to the light.

Jesus, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the band of my faith;
Let me feel Thee near when I stand
On the edge of the shore of death;

Feel Thee near when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think.

PHŒBE CARY.

NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

NO night shall be in heaven; no gathering gloom
Shall o'er that glorious landscape ever come;
No tears shall fall in sadness o'er those flowers
That breathe their fragrance through celestial bowers.

No night shall be in heaven; forbid to sleep,
These eyes no more their mournful vigils keep;
Their fountains dried, their tears all wiped away,
They gaze undazzled on eternal day.

No night shall be in heaven; no sorrow reign,
No secret anguish, no corporeal pain,
No shivering limbs, no burning fever there,
No soul's eclipse, no winter of despair.

No night shall be in heaven, but endless noon;
No fast declining sun, no waning moon;
But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light
'Mid pastures green and waters ever bright.

No night shall be in heaven; no darkened room,
No bed of death, nor silence of the tomb,
But breezes ever fresh with love and truth
Shall brace the frame with an immortal youth.

No night shall be in heaven, but night is here,
The night of sorrow, and the night of fear;
I mourn the ills that now my steps attend,
And shrink from others that may yet impend.

No night shall be in heaven. Oh, had I faith
To rest in what the faithful witness saith,
That faith should make these hideous phantoms flee,
And leave no night henceforth on earth to me.

NO SORROW THERE.

THIS earthly life has been fitly characterized as a pilgrimage through a vale of tears. In the language of poetry, man himself has been called a pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear. Everything in this world is characterized by imperfection. The best people have many faults. The clearest mind only sees through a glass darkly. The purest heart is not without spot. All the intercourse of society, all the transactions of business, all our estimates of human conduct and motive must be based upon the sad assumption that we cannot wholly trust either ourselves or our fellow-men. Every heart has its grief, every house has its skeleton, every character is marred with weakness and imperfection. And all these aimless conflicts of our minds and unanswered longings of our hearts should lead us to rejoice the more in the divine assurance that a time is coming when night shall melt into noon, and the mystery shall be clothed with glory.

DANIEL MARCH, D. D.

HAPPY OLD AGE.

NOTHING so smooths out wrinkles from the brow as a sound Christian experience. When the heart is full of peace, the face is apt to be full of smiles. The countenance, as a faithful index of the soul, can not do otherwise than manifest the joy which reigns within. The best way to make a good face is to cultivate a good heart. It is one of the compensations for the decay of nature, that age can derive a serenity and lustre from the radiant spirit of piety which renders it so attractive as to forbid all thought of diminished power and every feeling of repulsion. "Every thing is beautiful in its time. If the glory of young men is their strength, the beauty of old men is the gray head." "The gray head is a crown of glory when it is found in the way of righteousness." All things young and tender draw by their sweetness and promise—innocence is associated with them, and there is a charm in original freshness for the hardest nature; hence, all men delight in young children and young animals; but equally, age which is ripened by large and healthful experiences, mellowed by happy and generous views of God and humanity, is an object of universal recognition and pleasure. The happy old man is never envied or hated, but always congratulated and loved. Having passed the rivalries and strifes of life, he usually receives the full measure of consideration which is his due.

I say the happy aged man is never envied; yet truly if any man's state is to be coveted, it is his. "Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof." A journey safely ended, a work well finished, a battle fought and the victory won: surely to end a life with a good conscience, to arrive at advanced years with a character unimpeached, a faith undimmed, and a spirit unbroken—this is a consummation of all others most to be desired. We look at a child, and while we are drawn toward its simplicity, and are impressed with its promise, yet a cold shudder creeps over us as we think of the possibilities of evil which the little nature compresses within it. What an uncertain path it must tread! To how many dangers it must be exposed! So that, in the presence of the joy inspired by childhood, there obtrudes the terrible misgiving as to its future and ultimate safety. But no such doubts come when we look into the calm eyes of the veteran Christian, whose habits of goodness have become so fixed as to make his final salvation almost if not wholly a moral certainty. We would think it a great privilege to see angels who have been in heaven. Angels are all about us. These aged saints of God, who, if they have not already been there, are quite as sure to be as if their feet had already touched the pavements of gold, and the crowns of glory had already pressed their victorious brows. One of God's best gifts to his Church is, that he allows such to linger among his people in every community, whose names are household words, synonyms of piety, and whose presence is a holy fragrance in the congregation and in the home.

If there is a peculiar satisfaction in contemplating age purified and gladdened by piety, there is an equally intense pain in looking at an old person who is destitute of the comforts of religion. It is bad enough when such a one, however

amiable and thoughtful, is indifferent to spiritual truth: to see an aged man, whose days are few, insensible to its claims, is a sad sight; but to see him not only insensible, but wicked and frivolous, is both painful and pitiable. There is something so far removed from good sense, as well as good religion, for a person under the weight of years to attempt to cheat himself and everybody else by assuming, in the very shadow of the grave, a light and trifling manner, that one scarcely knows how to restrain contempt. Respect for gray hairs and a sorrow which over-balances all other feelings alone check and hold it back. How such hate to grow old! to what tricks do they resort to stave off the approach of decay! They try to light a fire on the outside which should be lighted within. Their experience is, in many things, very pleasant, but it is not the experience which worketh hope—the Christian hope. The flowers of the heart lie withered in a dead past, which can never return: no buds of promise, looking out toward the sunlight of the sky, swell in their souls. The past is gone, and there is no future of immortal life to beckon the heart away. The eye catches no lustre from the radiance of heaven, the brightness of the adorable Lamb, and now is dim indeed, both from infirmity and despondency. While the aged believer is like the mariner who, as he nears the end of his voyage to the Spice Islands, is already regaled with the sweet odors of the clime he seeks, the aged irreligious man is as one sailing toward the frozen seas, with whom the chilly breath is felt long before the seas are reached. The cheerlessness of an old man whose heart knows nothing of the warmth of divine love and Christian faith is indescribable. It is, however, a grateful thought, that through the hard crust of inveterate habits of impiety, grace can and does often penetrate. The aged sinner need not despair, for even his wilted heart may revive with all the freshness of a spiritual joy, which is the foretaste and pledge of eternal bliss.

H. B. RIDGAWAY.

FINISH THY WORK.

FINISH thy work, the time is short—
The sun is in the west,
The night is coming down—till then,
Think not of rest.

Yes, finish all thy work, THEN rest;
Till then, rest never:
The rest prepared for thee above
Is rest forever.

Finish thy work, then wipe thy brow:
Ungird thee from thy toil;
Take breath, and from each weary limb
Shake off the soil.

Finish thy work, then sit thee down
On some celestial hill,
And of its strength-reviving air
Take thou thy fill.

Finish thy work, then go in peace;
Life's battle fought and won,
Hear from the throne the Master's voice,
"Well done! well done!"

Finish thy work, then take thy harp,
Give praise to God above;
Sing a new song of endless joy
And everlasting love.

Give thanks to Him who held thee up
In all thy path below;
Who made thee faithful unto death,
And crowns thee now!

THE HAPPIEST TIME.

A OLD man sat in his chimney-seat,
As the morning sunbeam crept to his feet;
And he watched the Spring light as it came
With wider ray on his window frame.
He looked right on to the Eastern sky,
But his breath grew long in a trembling sigh,
And those who heard it wondered much
What Spirit hand made him feel its touch.

For the old man was not one of the fair
And sensitive plants in earth's parterre;
His heart was among the senseless things,
That rarely are fanned by the honey-bee's wings;
It bore no film of delicate pride,
No dew of emotion gathered inside;
O, that old man's heart was of hardy kind,
That seemeth to heed not the sun or the wind.

He had lived in the world as millions live,
Ever more ready to take than give;
He had worked and wedded, and murmured and blamed,
And just paid to the fraction what honesty claimed;
He had driven his bargains and counted his gold,
Till upwards of threescore years were told;
And his keen blue eye held nothing to show
That feeling had ever been busy below.

The old man sighed again, and hid
His keen blue eye beneath its lid;
And his wrinkled forehead, bending down,
Was knitting itself in a painful frown.

"I've been looking back," the old man said,
"On every spot where my path has laid,
Over every year my brain can trace,
To find the happiest time and place."

"And where and when," cried one by his side,
"Have you found the brightest wave in your tide?
Come tell me freely, and let me learn,
How the spark was struck that yet can burn.
Was it when you stood in stalwart strength,
With the blood of youth, and felt that at length
Your stout right arm could win its bread?"
The old man quietly shook his head.

"Then it must have been when love had come,
With a faithful bride to glad your home;
Or when the first-born cooed and smiled,
And your bosom cradled its own sweet child;
Or was it when that first-born joy,
Grew up to your hope,—a brave, strong boy,—
And promised to fill the world in your stead?"
The old man quietly shook his head.

"Say, was it then when fortune brought
The round sum you had frugally sought?
Was the year the happiest that beheld
The vision of poverty all dispelled?
Or was it when you still had more,
And found you could boast a goodly store
With labor finished and plenty spread?"
The old man quietly shook his head.

"Ah, no! ah, no! it was longer ago,"
The old man muttered,—sadly and low!
"It was when I took my lonely way
To the lonely woods in the month of May,
When the Spring light fell as it falleth now,
With the bloom on the sod and the leaf on the bough;
When I tossed up my cap at the nest in the tree;
O, that was the happiest time for me.

"When I used to leap and laugh and shout,
Though I never knew what my joy was about;
And something seemed to warm my breast,
As I sat on a mossy bank to rest.
That was the time; when I used to roll

On the blue-bells that covered the upland knoll,
And I never could tell why the thought should be,
But I fancied the flowers talked to me.

"Well I remember climbing to reach
A squirrel brood rocked on the top of a beech;
Well I remember the lilies so sweet,
That I toiled with back to the city street;
Yes, *that* was the time,—the happiest time,—
When I went to the woods in their May-day prime."

And the old man breathed with a longer sigh,
And the lid fell closer over his eye.

O, who would have thought this hard old man
Had room in his heart for such rainbow span?
Who would have deemed that wild copse flowers
Were tenderly haunting his latest hours?
But what did the old man's spirit tell,
In confessing it loved the woods so well?
What do we learn from the old man's sigh,
But that *Nature and Poetry* cannot die?

ELIZA COOK.

THE LONG AGO.

EYES, which can but ill define
Shapes that rise about and near,
Through the far horizon's line
Stretch a vision free and clear;
Memories, feeble to retrace
Yesterday's immediate flow,
Find a dear familiar face
In each hour of Long-ago.

Follow yon majestic train
Down the slopes of old renown;
Knightly forms without disdain,
Sainted heads without a frown;
Emperors of thought and hand
Congregate, a glorious show,
Met from every age and land
In the plains of Long-ago.

As the heart of childhood brings
Something of eternal joy
From its own unsounded springs,
Such as life can scarce destroy;
So, remindful of the prime,
Spirits wandering to and fro
Rest upon the resting time
In the peace of Long-ago.

Youthful Hope's religious fire,
When it burns no longer leaves
Ashes of impure desire
On the altars it bereaves;
But the light that fills the past
Sheds a still diviner glow,
Ever farther it is cast
O'er the scenes of Long-ago.

Many a growth of pain and care,
Cumbering all the present hour,
Yields, when once transplanted there,
Healthy fruit or pleasant flower.
Thoughts that hardly flourish here,
Feelings long have ceased to blow,
Breathe a native atmosphere
In the world of Long-ago.

On that deep-retiring shore,
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion-waves of yore
Fiercely beat and mounted high;
Sorrows—that are sorrows still—
Lose the bitter taste of woe;
Nothing's altogether ill
In the griefs of Long-ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines,
Ghastly tenements of tears,
Wear the look of happy shrines
Through the golden mist of years;

WINTER.

Death, to those who trust in good,
Vindicates his hardest blow;
Oh! we would not if we could,
Wake the sleep of Long-ago.

Though the doom of swift decay
Shocks the soul where life is strong;
Though for frailer hearts the day
Lingers sad and overlong—
Still the weight will find a leaven,
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
While the future has its Heaven,
And the past its Long-ago.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.
(Lord Houghton.)

THE OLD MAN GOES TO SCHOOL.

I KNOW I'm too old to learn, wife; my lessons and tasks are done!
The dews of life's evenin' glisten in the light of life's settin' sun.
To the grave by the side of my fathers they'll carry me soon away;
But I wanted to see how the world had grown, so I hobbled to school to-day.

I couldn't a told 'twas a school-house; it towered up to the skies;
I gazed on the noble structure till dimmer grew these old eyes.
My thoughts went back to the log-house—the school-house of long ago,
Where I studied and romped with the merry boys who sleep where the daisies grow.

I was startled out of my dreamin' by the tones of its monstrous bell;
On these ears that are growin' deaf the sweet notes rose and fell.
I entered the massive door, and sat in the proffered chair—
An old man, wrinkled and gray, in the midst of the young and the fair.

Like a garden of bloomin' roses, the school-room appeared to me—
The children were all so tidy, their faces so full of glee;
They stared at me when I entered, then broke o'er the whisperin' rule,
And said, with a smile, to each other, "The old man's a-comin' to school."

When the country here was new, wife—when I was a scholar-lad,
Our readin' and writin' and spellin' were 'bout all the studies we had.
We cleared up the farm through the summer, then traveled through woods and snow
To the log-house in the openin', the school-house of years ago.

Now boys go to school in a palace, and study hard Latin and Greek;
They are taught to write scholarly essays; they are drilled on the stage to speak;
They go into the district hopper, but come out of the college spout;
And this is the way the schools of our land are grindin' our great men out.

Let 'em grind! let 'em grind, dear wife! the world needs the good and the true;
Let the children out of the old house and trot 'em into the new.
I'll cheerfully pay my taxes, and say to this age of mine,
All aboard! all aboard! go ahead! if you leave the old man behind!

Our system of common schools is the nation's glory and crown;
May the arm be palsied, ever, that is lifted to tear it down,
If bigots cannot endure the light of our glowin' skies,
Let them go to oppression's shore, where Liberty bleeds and dies.

I'm glad I've been to-day to the new house, large and grand;
With pride I think of my toils in this liberty-loving land;
I've seen a palace arise where the old log school-house stood,
And gardens of beauty bloom where the shadow fell in the wood.

To the grave by the side of my fathers they'll carry me soon away,
Then I'll go to a higher school than the one I've seen to-day;
Where the Master of masters teacheth—where the scholars never grow old—
From glory to glory I'll climb to the beautiful college of gold.

JOHN H. YATES.

GRANDMOTHER'S PATCHWORK.

A GENEROUS basket piled to the brim
With odds and ends so quaint and queer,
Bright from the past, or age-worn and dim;
For they're gathered away from year to year.

As over them all her fancies rove—
These scraps of garments from friends and kin—
Like faces they seem which appear in a dream;
Ah, there's much unseen of life and love
With grandmother's patchwork knitted in.

For each has some precious story to tell
To the dear old eyes reading them o'er;
A tale of its own, that she knows full well,
Borne back to the hallowed days of yore.

The children will crowd about her knee,
With eager ear for each history;
These old-time relics which oft they see
Are full of meaning and mystery.

They know just which is the piece of pink
Their father wore—her baby John;
The old lady smiles; "Only to think
How sweet and cunning he looked with it on."

And one, they know, is all upon earth
To tell of the little girl who died;
How oft they have gazed, and hushed their mirth,
And over its tender story sighed!

And here is something that's handed down
To tell what she in her prime has done;
The fine checked linen of blue and brown—
The piece *she* "colored, and wove, and spun."

There's Willie's apron, and mother's dress;
And the soldier-coat of brother Ben,
Who marched away from each loved caress,
But, alas! did not march home again.

This, you know, is a piece of the gown
Which grandmother wore on her wedding-day;
The children spread it reverently down—
"Please tell us about it again," they say.

For that is the tale they love the best—
How she started out on her bridal tour
To find a home in the great, wild West,
Where the wolves came howling around her door.

How they almost starved for the lack of food—
Then swam the ford for a bit of corn;
How they tracked the deer through the pathless wood,
And o'er the hills in the purple morn.

Then she sees herself with rose-wreathed brow,
In bridal robes a young girl fair;
The silver that lies on her forehead now,
In long dark ringlets of silken hair.

If, in her dreams, her dim eyes shed,
Over her needle, sometimes a tear,
'Tis not in sadness; but joy instead,
That God is so good, and heaven so near.

So over them all her fancies rove—
These scraps of garments from friends and kin—
For there's much unseen of life and love
With grandmother's patchwork quilted in.

ADELE MACDONALD.

AN OLD MAN'S IDYL.

BY the waters of life we sat together,
Hand in hand, in the golden days
Of the beautiful early summer weather,
When skies were purple and breath was praise,
When the heart kept tune to the carol of birds,
And the birds kept tune to the songs which ran
Through shimmer of flowers on grassy swards,
And trees with voices Æolian.

By the rivers of life we walked together,
I and my darling, unafraid;
And lighter than any linnet's feather
The burdens of being on us weighed;
And Love's sweet miracles o'er us threw
Mantles of joy outlasting time,
And up from the rosy morrows grew
A sound that seemed like a marriage chime.

In the gardens of Life we strayed together,
And the luscious apples were ripe and red,
And the languid lilac and honeyed heather
Swooned with the fragrance which they shed:
And under the trees the angel walked,
And up in the air a sense of wings
Awed us tenderly while we talked
Softly in sacred communings.

In the meadows of Life we strayed together,
Watching the waving harvests grow,
And under the benison of the Father
Our hearts, like the lambs, skipped to and fro;
And the cowslips hearing our low replies,
Broidered fairer the emerald banks,
And glad tears shone in the daisies' eyes,
And the timid violet glistened thanks.

Who was with us, and what was round us,
Neither myself nor my darling guessed;
Only we knew that something crowned us
Out from the heavens with crowns of rest;
Only we knew that something bright
Lingered lovingly where we stood,
Clothed with the incandescent light
Of something higher than humanhood.

Oh, the riches love doth inherit!
Oh, the alchemy which doth change
Dross of body and dregs of spirit
Into sanctities rare and strange!
My flesh is feeble, and dry, and old,
My darling's beautiful hair is gray;
But our elixir and precious gold
Laugh at the footsteps of decay.

Harms of the world have come unto us,
Cups of sorrow we yet shall drain:
But we have a secret which doth show us,
Wonderful rainbows in the rain,
And we hear the tread of the years move by,
And the sun is setting behind the hills;
But my darling does not fear to die,
And I am happy in what God wills.

So we sit by our household fires together,
Dreaming the dreams of long ago;
Then it was balmy, sunny weather,
And now the valleys are laid in snow.
Icicles hang from the slippery eaves,
The wind blows cold—'tis growing late;
Well, well! we have garnered all our sheaves,
I and my darling, and we wait.

RICHARD REALF.

THE FAST MAIL.

GRANDMOTHER'S OPINION.

LETTERS? Four times a day,
And the postman never gets tired,
A rappin' an' tappin' an' handin' 'em in—
Aye, it's for that he is hired,
Susan an' Eleanor watchin',
An' allers they've time to stop,
Whatever they're doin' to read 'em—
Letters, fresh from the shop.

A letter's no consequence now.
You heerd from Jonathan's wife,
Ye tell me, to-day? What then?
Ye hear every week o' your life,
An' she at t'other end o' the
Continent. *I* want to know
Where *she* gets the stuff to put in 'em;
That's what bothers me so.

A letter's no consequence now.
They say that there's millions a day
A flyin' hither an' yon,
Thick as the robins in May;
A flyin' hither and yon,
Like the snowflakes out o' the sky,
An' meltin' away as quick—
Gone with the breath o' a sigh.

I tell you when I was young—
A slip o' a thing like Sue—
When this faded hair was brown,
An' these dimmin' eyes were blue,
An' up in the mountain land
Your gran'ther was courtin' me,
A letter was worth its weight—
Worth waitin' a bit to see.

Writ with a strong quill pen, an'
Writ from a thoughtful heart,
Not flashed from a point o' steel,
As sharp an' cold as a dart;
An' it told the neighborhood news,

Whose names had been called in church,
Whose barn had been sot on fire,
Whose will folks were tryin' to search.

It began with an "Honored Sir,"
Or a "Much Respected Miss,"
An' it didn't dare allude,
Even distantly to a kiss;
But it hoped it found you well,
An' it spoke in guarded phrase,
An' a solemn sort o' style,
Like the minister, when he prays.

"Formal an' frigid," Susan?
Is that what you're pleased to say?
Let me have my word, my dear,
My time is passin' away
Before these fast-mail days—
Oh, you needn't begin to blush!
Neither males nor females, child,
Were given to so much gush.

Robert, he went to the pines one
Spell—it was bitter cold—
Oh, those hunter-men were giants,
Believe me, stalwart an' bold;
He was six months gone, an' I only
Had one letter all that time,
An' I kep' it safe in my Bible,
An' larned it off like rhyme.

What's that? the postman again,
A rappin' an' tappin'? Pray
What is Willie a writin' for?
Two letters from him to-day.
Is it Katie is sick? Scarlet fever?
Dear lamb, I'm afraid, I'm afraid;
I have set my heart on my love,
On the darling, the sweet little maid.

We'll hear once more before night,
Oh, thanks to the Lord for His ways,
They are better, for some things, now,
Than they were in my early days.
When your soul is dark with suspense,
And your cheek with fear turns pale,
Then you lift up a song o' praise
For the hope o' the good Fast Mail.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

AN OLD MAN'S VALENTINE.

"GIVE me a Valentine, Youth"—
And the old man's cheeks were aglow,
Though a staff was in his hand
And his hair was white as snow—
"Give me a Valentine—something nice;
The girl I love is beyond a price.

"One of the old-fashioned kind,
All sweet with the perfume of flowers;
With dear little simple rhymes,
And two lovers in rosy bowers;
With a timid hope and a thought of tears—
That has been my style for fifty years.

"This one will suit her, I think,
Her eyes, as these blossoms, are blue,
White as these lilies her hair,
Like this dove, she is tender and true.
Just such a Valentine—smiles and fears—
As I've sent her now for fifty years.

"No need for laughing, young men!
But laugh when you're seventy years old,
If the girl you love to-day
Is beloved of you seventy-fold;
Laugh if you've had, through fifty years' strife,
The wonderful joy of a faithful wife.

"Send her a Valentine, then,
As I'm sending my wife to-day;
Send her one every year,
For that is a true Lover's way.
God give you, young men, a wife like mine,
And you'll send her, I know, a Valentine!"

MARY AMELIA BURR.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

WHEN we are young our boys are sweet,
They climb our knees and lie at our feet;
When we are old they are hard to please,
Cold as the rock and wild as the breeze;
They kiss us kindly and speak us fair,
But we know their hearts are otherwhere.
Oh, my son's my son till he gets him a wife,
But my daughter's my daughter all my life.

When we are young our days are bright,
And full of hope from morn till night;
When we are old we sit alone,
And think of pleasant days long gone,
When the house was full of the children's noise,
The wilful girls and naughty boys.
Oh, my son's my son till he gets him a wife,
But my daughter's my daughter all my life.

GRANDFATHER'S REVERIE.

GRANDFATHER is old. His back is bent. In the street he sees crowds of men looking dreadfully young, and walking fearfully swift. He wonders where all the *old* folks are. Once when a boy, he could not find people young enough for him, and sidled up to any young stranger he met on Sundays, wondering why God made the world so old. Now he goes to Commencement to see his grandson take his degree, and is astonished at the youth, of the audience. "This is new," he says: "it did not use to be so fifty years ago." At meeting, the minister seems surprisingly young, and the audience young. He looks round, and is astonished that there are so few venerable heads. The audience seem not decorous. They come in late, and hurry off early, clapping the doors after them with irreverent bang. But grandfather is decorous, well mannered, early in his seat; if jostled, he jostles not again; elbowed, he returns it not; crowded, he thinks no evil. He is gentlemanly to the rude, obliging to the insolent and vulgar; for grandfather is a gentleman; not puffed up with mere money, but edified with well grown manliness. Time has dignified his good manners.

It is night. The family are all abed. Grandfather sits by his old-fashioned fire. He draws his old-fashioned chair nearer to the hearth. On the stand which his mother gave him are the candlesticks, also of old time. The candles are three quarters burnt down; the fire on the hearth also is low. He has been thoughtful all day, talking half to himself, chanting a bit of verse, humming a snatch of an old tune. He kissed his pet granddaughter more tenderly than common, before she went to bed. He takes out of his bosom a little locket; nobody ever sees it. Therein are two little twists of hair. As Grandfather looks at them, the outer twist of hair becomes a whole head of ambrosial curls. He remembers stolen interviews, meetings by moonlight. He remembers how sweet the evening star looked, and how he laid his hand on another's shoulder, and said, "*You* are my evening star."

The church-clock strikes the midnight hour. He looks in his locket again. The other twist is the hair of his first-born son. At this same hour of midnight, once, many years ago, he knelt and prayed, when the long agony was over—"My God, I thank thee that, though I am a father, I am still a husband, too! What am I, that unto me life should be given and another spared!" Now he has children, and children's children, the joy of his old age. But for many a year his wife has looked to him from beyond the evening star. She is still the evening star herself, yet more beautiful; a star that never sets; not mortal wife now, but angel.

The last stick on his andirons snaps asunder, and falls outward. Two faintly smoking brands stand there. Grandfather lays them together, and they flame up; the two smokes are united in one flame. "Even so let it be in heaven," says Grandfather.

THEODORE PARKER.

(From his sermon on "Old Age.")

MOVING ONWARD.

"ON he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world is past."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

The German custom of observing a festival called the Silver Wedding, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of marriage, and a Golden Wedding on the fiftieth anniversary, have now become familiar to us by their frequent observance in this country. The following description of such an anniversary in Sweden is from the graceful pen of Fredrika Bremer, in her work entitled "The Neighbors."

THERE was a patriarch and wife, and only to see that ancient, venerable couple made the heart rejoice. Tranquility was upon their brows, cheerful wisdom on their lips, and in their glance one read love and peace. For above half a century this ancient couple have inhabited the same house and the same rooms. There they were married, and there they are soon to celebrate their golden nuptials. The rooms are unchanged, the furniture the same it has been for fifty years; but everything is clean, comfortable and friendly, as in a one-year-old dwelling, though much more simple than the houses of our time. I know not what spirit of peace and grace it is which breathes upon me in this house! Ah! in this house fifty years have passed as a beautiful day. Here a virtuous couple have lived, loved, and worked together. Many a pure joy has blossomed here; and when sorrow came, it was not bitter, for the fear of God and mutual love illuminated the dark clouds. Hence has emanated many a noble deed, and many a beneficent influence. Happy children grew up. They gathered strength from the example of their parents, went out into the world, built for themselves houses, and were good and fortunate. Often do they return to the parental home, to bless and to be blessed.

A long life of integrity, industry, and beneficence has impressed itself on the father's expansive forehead, and on his frank, benevolent deportment. His figure is yet firm, and his gait steady. The lofty crown is bald, but the venerable head is surrounded by silver-white locks, like a garland. No one in the city sees this head without bowing in friendly and reverential greeting. The whole country, as well as the city, loves him as their benefactor, and venerates him as their patriarch. He has created his own fortune, and sacrificed much for the public good; and notwithstanding much adversity and loss, he has never let his spirit sink. In mind and conversation he is still cheerful, full of jest and sprightliness. But for several years his sight has failed him greatly; and at times the gout troubles his temper. But an angel moves round the couch to which suffering confines him; his feet are moved and enwrapped by soft white hands; the sick-chamber and the countenance of the old man grow bright before his orphan grandchild, Serena.

In the aged countenance and bowed form of the mother you see an old woman. But show her something beautiful, speak to her of something worthy of love, and her mien, her smile, beams from the eternal youth which dwells immortal in her sensitive spirit. Then you involuntarily exclaim, "What beautiful age!" If you sit near her, and look into her mild, pious eyes, you feel as if you could open your whole soul, and believe in every word she speaks, as in the Gospel. She has lived through much and experienced much; yet she still says she will live in order to learn. Truly we must all learn from *her*. Her tone and manner betoken true polite-

ness, and much knowledge of life. She alone has educated her childen, and she still thinks and acts both for children and children's children.

Will you see in one little circumstance a miniature picture of the whole? Every evening the old man himself roasts two apples; every evening, when they are done, he gives one of them to his "handsome old wife," as he calls her. Thus for fifty years have they divided everything with each other.

. . . . . .

And now the day for their Golden Wedding has arrived. The whole city and country take an interest in it. It is as if all the people in the place were related to the old Dahls. The young people come from east and west,—Dahls here, Dahls there, brave men and handsome children. A swarm of cousins encounter one another at every step. Brotherships and friendships are concluded.

If you wish to learn the true value of marriage,—if you wish to see what this union may be for two human hearts, and for life,—then observe, not the wedded ones in their honeymoon, nor by the cradle of their first child; not at a time when novelty and hope yet throw a morning glory over the young and new-born world of home; but survey them, rather, in the more remote years of manhood, when they have proved the world and each other; when they have conquered many an error, and many a temptation, in order to become only the more united to each other; when labors and cares are theirs; when, under the burden of the day, as well as in hours of repose, they support one another, and find that they are sufficient for each other. Or survey them still farther in life. See them arrived at that period when the world, with all its changes and agitations, rolls far away from them; when every object around becomes more dim to them; when their house is still; when they are solitary, yet they stand there hand in hand, and each reads in the other's eyes only love: when they, with the same memories and the same hopes, stand on the boundaries of another life, into which they are prepared to enter, of all desires retaining only the one that they may die on the same day. Yes, then behold them! And, on that account, turn now to the patriarchs, and to their Golden Wedding.

There is, indeed, something worth celebrating, thought I, when I awoke in the morning. The sun seemed to be of the same opinion, for it shone brightly on the snow-covered roof of the aged pair. I wrapped myself in my cloak, and went forth to carry my congratulations to the old people, and to see if I could be helpful to Serena. The aged couple sat in the ante-room, clad in festal attire, each in their own easy-chair. A large bouquet of fresh flowers and a hymn-book were on the table. The sun shone in through snow-white curtains. It was peaceful and cheerful in the room. The patriarch appeared, in the sunny light, as if surrounded by a glory. I offered my congratulations with emotion, and was embraced by them, as by a father and mother. "A lovely day, Madame Werner," said the old gentleman, as he looked toward the window. "Yes, beautiful indeed," I answered. "It is the feast of love and truth on the earth." The two old people smiled, and clasped each other's hands.

There was great commotion in the hall, caused by the arrival of troops of children and grandchildren, who all, in holiday garb, and with joyous looks, poured in to bring their wishes of happiness to the venerable parents. It was charming

to see these groups of lovely children cling round the old people, like young saplings round aged stems. It was charming to see the little rosy mouths turned up to kiss, the little arms stretching to embrace them, and to hear the clamor of loving words and exulting voices.

I found Serena in the kitchen, surrounded by people, and dealing out viands; for to-day the Dahls made a great distribution of food and money to the poor. Serena accompanied the gifts with friendly looks and words, and won blessings for her grandparents.

. . . . . .

At eight in the evening, the wedding guests began to assemble. In the street where they lived the houses were illuminated in honor of the patriarchs, and lamps burned at the corners. A great number of people, with glad countenances, wandered up and down the street, in the still, mild winter evening. The house of the Dahls was thrown into the shade by the brilliancy of those in the neighborhood; but there was light within.

Serena met me at the door of the saloon. She wore a white garland in her light-brown hair. How charming she was in her white dress, with her kindly blue eyes, her pure brow, and the heavenly smile on her lips! She was so friendly, so amiable, to everybody! Friends and relatives arrived; the rooms became filled. They drank tea, ate ices, and so on; and then there fell at once a great silence. The two old people seated themselves in two easy-chairs, which stood near each other in the middle of the saloon, on a richly embroidered mat. Their children and their children's children gathered in a half-circle round them. A clergyman of noble presence stepped forward, and pronounced an oration on the beauty and holiness of marriage. He concluded with a reference to the life of the venerable pair, which was in itself a better sermon on the excellence of marriage, for the human heart, and for life, than was his speech, though what he said was true and touching. There was not a dry eye in the whole company. All were in a solemn, affectionate mood.

Meantime, preparations for the festival were completed in the second story, to which the guests ascended. Here *tableaux* were presented, whose beauty and grace exceeded everything I had anticipated. The last one consisted of a well-arranged group of all the descendants of the Dahls, during the exhibition of which a chorus was sung. The whole exhibition gave great and general pleasure. When the chorus ceased, and the curtain fell, the doors of the dance-saloon flew open; a dazzling light streamed thence, and lively music set all the hearts and feet of the young people in lively motion.

We sat talking pleasantly together, till supper was served, on various little tables, in three rooms. Lagman Hok raised his glass, and begged permission to drink a toast. All were attentive. Then, fixing a mild, confident gaze on the patriarchs, he said, in a low voice: "Flowers and Harps were woven into the mat on which our honored friends this evening heard the words of blessing pronounced over them. They are the symbols of Happiness and Harmony; and these are the Penates of this house. That they surround you in this festive hour, venerable friends, we cannot regard as an accident. I seemed to hear them say, 'During your union you have so welcomed and cherished us, that we are at home here, and can never forsake you. Your age shall be like your youth!'"

THE WORN WEDDING RING.

YOUR wedding ring wears thin, dear wife.
Ah summers not a few,
Since I put it on your finger first, have
passed o'er me and you.
And, love, what changes we have seen! what
cares and pleasures too!
Since you became my own dear wife, when
this old ring was new.

O blessings on that happy day, the happiest
of my life,
When, thanks to God, your low, sweet "Yes"
made you my loving wife!
Your heart will say the same, I know; that
day's as dear to you,
The day that made me yours, dear wife, when
this old ring was new.

How well do I remember now your young,
sweet face that day!
How fair you were, how dear you were, my
tongue could hardly say;
Nor how I doted on you. Ah, how proud
I was of you!
But did I love you more than now, when this
old ring was new?

No! No! no fairer were you then, than at this
hour, to me;
And dear as life to me this day, how could
you dearer be?
As sweet your face might be that day as now
it is, 't is true;
But did I know your *heart* as well, when this
old ring was new?

O partner of my gladness, wife, what care,
what grief, is there
For me you would not bravely face? with me
you would not share?
O, what a weary want had every day, if want-
ing *you!*
Wanting the love that God made mine when
this old ring was new!

Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife,—
small voices that are here,
Small faces round our fire that make their
mother's yet more dear,
Small, loving hearts, your care each day
makes yet more like to you,
More like the loving heart made mine when
this old ring was new.

And, blessed be God, all He has given are
with us yet: around
Our table every little life lent to us still is found;
Though cares we've known, with hopeful hearts
the worst we've struggled through;
Blessed be His name for all His love since
this old ring was new.

The past is dear; its sweetness still our mem-
ories treasure yet;
The griefs we've borne, together borne, we
would not now forget.
Whatever, wife, the future brings, heart unto
heart still true,
We'll share, as we have shared all else, since
this old ring was new.

And if God spare us, 'mongst our sons and
daughters to grow old,
We know His goodness will not let your heart
or mine grow cold,
Your aged eyes will see in mine all they've
still shown to you;
And mine in yours all they have seen since
this old ring was new.

And O, when death shall come at last to bid
me to my rest,
May I die looking in those eyes, and resting
on that breast!
O, may my parting gaze be blessed with the
dear sight of you!
Of those fond eyes,—fond as they were when
this old ring was new.

W. C. BENNETT.

THE GOOD OLD GRANDMOTHER.

WHO DIED AGED EIGHTY.

O SOFTLY wave the silver hair
From off that aged brow!
That crown of glory, worn so long,
A fitting crown is now.

Fold reverently the weary hands,
That toiled so long and well;
And while your tears of sorrow fall,
Let sweet thanksgivings swell.

That life-work, stretching o'er long years,
A varied web has been;
With silver strands by sorrow wrought,
And sunny gleams between.

These silver hairs stole softly on,
Like flakes of falling snow,

That wrap the green earth lovingly,
When autumn breezes blow.

Each silver hair, each wrinkle there,
Records some good deed done;
Some flowers she cast along the way,
Some spark from love's bright sun.

How bright she always made her home!
It seemed as if the floor
Was always flecked with spots of sun,
And barred with brightness o'er.

The very falling of her step
Made music as she went;
A loving song was on her lip,
The song of full content.

And now, in later years, her word
Has been a blessed thing
In many a home, where glad she saw
Her children's children spring.

Her widowed life has happy been
With brightness born of heaven;
So pearl and gold in drapery fold
The sunset couch at even.

O gently fold the weary hands
That toiled so long and well;
The spirit rose to angel bands,
When off earth's mantle fell.

She's safe within her Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
O pray that thus such rest may come,
Dear heart, to thee and me!

GRANDMOTHER—A PORTRAIT.

A FACE on which the years lie gently,
Softening ever as they go,
As a stone is smoothed and brightened
By the river's ceaseless flow.

Eyes to which tears are no strangers,
For she often tears hath shed
Over burdens born by others,
Which she fain would bear instead.

And her hair is silver woven,
As though light were falling down
From the city she is nearing,
Just foreshadowing the crown.

And her feet, they ne'er seem weary
When they other's steps can spare;
And her hands are very busy
Lightening others' load of care.

And her smile, it cometh gently,
Like the moonlight falling clear
On some still, sequestered water,
Pure and sparkling, heaven near.

And her thoughts, they seem too holy,
And her gentle love too pure,
To see crime and guilt in others
Unless seeing, she can cure.

Oh, dear heart; the toilsome journey
Now is mostly overpast;
And the glimpse of heaven you give us
Will be part of heaven at last. G. E. S.

"DIE LIEBE WINTERT NICHT."

"NO winter-time in love!"
The little child we kissed in years agone
It went to sleep one eve,
And woke not when the morning touched its cheek,
Ne'er woke again to grieve.
It wears the wild-rose tint in its soft cheek,
It keeps its rings of gold
Above the pure-veined forehead, white as snow;
It ne'er to us grew old.

"No winter-time in love!"
The earth wears different blossoms every month,
And it is even so
With her who sits beside me, in her heart
New graces bloom and grow.
She is more patient than in years agone;
In place of the lush rose,
Deep-hearted lilies over "pearls" of peace
On quiet waters close.

"No winter-time in love!"
One hinted gently of the white hoarfrost
That gleamed upon our hair:
We smiled as one who keeps his secret well.
Oh, heart,, how young you are!
How full of tender pulses, leaping quick
At thrill of any bird,
And answering to the patter of small feet.

"No winter-time in love!"
We call it winter when some cheek is cold,
Some cheek we loved to press;
Only a moment, then we lift our eyes
And tenderly we bless
Th' one who, walking in the garden of the heart,
Made an eternal spring—
There is no winter and there cannot be
After love's entering.

ADELAIDE STOUT.

A Story for Grandfather.

ONCE upon a time, a good many years ago, there was a traveller, and he set out upon a journey. It was a magic journey, and was to seem very long when he began it, and very short when he got half-way through.

He travelled along a rather dark path for some little time, without meeting anything, until at last he came to a beautiful child. So he said to the child, "What do you here?" And the child said, "I am always at play. Come and play with me!"

So, he played with that child the whole day long, and they were very merry. The sky was so blue, the sun was so bright, the water was so sparkling, the leaves were so green, the flowers were so lovely, and they heard such singing-birds, and saw so many butterflies, that everything was beautiful. This was in fine weather. When it rained, they loved to watch the falling drops and to smell the fresh scents. When it blew, it was delightful to listen to the wind, and fancy what it said, as it came rushing from its home—where was that, they wondered!—whistling and howling, and driving the clouds before it, bending the trees, rumbling in the chimneys, shaking the house, and making the sea roar in fury. But when it snowed, that was the best of all; for they liked nothing so well as to look up at the white flakes falling fast and thick, like down from the breasts of millions of white birds; and to see how smooth and deep the drift was, and to listen to the hush upon the paths and roads.

They had plenty of the finest toys in the world, and the most astonishing picture-books, all about scimitars and slippers and turbans, and dwarfs and giants, and genii, and fairies, and blue-beards and bean-stalks, and riches, and caverns and forests, and Valentines and Orsons: and all new and all true.

But one day, of a sudden, the traveller lost the child. He called to him over and over again, but got no answer. So, he went upon his road, and went on for a little while without meeting anything, until at last he came to a handsome boy. So, he said to the boy, "What do you here?" And the boy said, "I am always learning. Come and learn with me."

So he learned with that boy about Jupiter and Juno, and the Greeks and the Romans, and I don't know what, and learned more than I could tell—or he either; for he soon forgot a great deal of it. But they were not always learning; they had the merriest games that ever were played. They rowed upon the river in summer, and skated on the ice in winter; they were active afoot, and active on horseback; at cricket, and all games at ball; at prisoners' base, hare and hounds, follow my leader, and more sports than I can think of; nobody could beat them. They had holidays, too, and Twelfth cakes, and parties where they danced all night till midnight, and real theatres, where they saw palaces of real gold and silver rise out of the real earth, and saw all the wonders of the world at once. As to friends, they had such dear friends, and so many of them, that I want the time to reckon them up. They were all young, like the handsome boy, and were never to

be strange to one another all their lives through.

Still, one day, in the midst of all these pleasures, the traveller lost the boy, as he had lost the child, and, after calling on him in vain, went on upon his journey. So he went on for a little while without seeing anything, until at last he came to a young man. So, he said to the young man, "What do you here?" And the young man said, "I am always in love. Come and love with me."

So, he went away with that young man, and presently they came to one of the prettiest girls that ever was seen—just like Fanny in the corner there—and she had eyes like Fanny, and hair like Fanny, and dimples like Fanny's, and she laughed and colored just as Fanny does while I am talking about her. So, the young man fell in love directly—just as Somebody I won't mention, the first time he came here, did with Fanny. Well! He was teased sometimes—just as Somebody used to be by Fanny; and they quarrelled sometimes—just as Somebody and Fanny used to quarrel; and they made it up, and sat in the dark, and wrote letters every day, and never were happy asunder, and were always looking out for one another, and pretending not to, and were engaged at Christmas time, and sat close to one another by the fire, and were going to be married very soon—all exactly like Somebody I won't mention and Fanny!

But the traveller lost them one day, as he had lost the rest of his friends, and, after calling to them to come back, which they never did, went on upon his journey. So, he went on for a little while without seeing anything, until at last he came to a middle-aged gentleman. So, he said to the gentleman, "What are you doing here?" And his answer was, "I am always busy. Come and be busy with me!"

So, then he began to be very busy with that gentleman, and they went on through the wood together. The whole journey was through a wood, only it had been open and green at first, like a wood in spring; and now began to be thick and dark, like a wood in summer; some of the little trees that had come out earliest were even turning brown. The gentleman was not alone, but had a lady of about the same age with him, who was his wife: and they had children, who were with them, too. So, they all went on together through the wood, cutting down the trees, and making a path through the branches and the fallen leaves, and carrying burdens, and working hard.

Sometimes they came to a long green avenue that opened into deeper woods. Then they would hear a very little distant voice crying, "Father, father, I am another child! Stop for me!" And presently they would see a very little figure, growing larger as it came along, running to join them. When it came up, they all crowded round it, and kissed and welcomed it; and then they all went on together.

Sometimes they came to several avenues at once; and then they all stood still, and one of the children said, "Father, I am going to sea"; and another said, "Father, I am going to India"; and another, "Father, I am going to seek my fortune where I can"; and another, "Father, I am going to heaven!" So, with many tears at parting, they went, solitary, down those avenues, each child upon its way; and the child who went to heaven, rose into the golden air and vanished.

Whenever these partings happened, the traveller looked at the gentleman, and saw him glance up at the sky above the trees, where the day was beginning to decline, and the sunset to come on. He saw, too,

that his hair was turning gray. But they never could rest long, for they had their journey to perform, and it was necessary for them to be always busy.

At last, there had been so many partings that there were no children left, and only the traveller, the gentleman, and the lady went upon their way in company. And now the wood was yellow; and now brown; and the leaves, even of the forest-trees, began to fall.

So they came to an avenue that was darker than the rest, and were pressing forward on their journey without looking down, when the lady stopped.

"My husband," said the lady, "I am called."

They listened, and they heard a voice a long way down the avenue say, "Mother, mother!"

It was the voice of the first child who had said, "I am going to heaven!" and the father said, "I pray not yet. The sunset is very near. I pray not yet."

But the voice cried, "Mother, mother!" without minding him, though his hair was now quite white, and tears were on his face.

Then, the mother, who was already drawn into the shade of the dark avenue, and moving away with her arms still around his neck, kissed him and said, "My dearest, I am summoned, and I go!" And she was gone. And the traveller and he were left alone together.

And they went on and on together, until they came to very near the end of the wood; so near, that they could see the sunset shining red before them through the trees.

Yet, once more, while he broke his way among the branches, the traveller lost his friend. He called and called, but there was no reply, and when he passed out of the wood and saw the peaceful sun going down upon a wide purple prospect, he came to an old man sitting upon a fallen tree. So, he said to the old man, "What do you here?" And the old man said, with a calm smile, "I am always remembering. Come and remember with me."

So, the traveller sat down by the side of the old man, face to face with the serene sunset; and all his friends came softly back and stood around him. The beautiful child, the handsome boy, the young man in love, the father, mother, and children: every one of them was there, and he had lost nothing. So, he loved them all, and was kind and forbearing with them all, and was always pleased to watch them all, and they all honored and loved him. And I think the traveller must be yourself, dear grandfather, because it is what you do to us, and what we do to you.

CHARLES DICKENS.

DREAMING AT FOURSCORE.

SHE sits in the gathering twilight
In her well-worn rocking-chair,
With the snow of life's long winter
In the meshes of her hair.
She dreams of the little children
Who left her long ago,
And listens for their footsteps
With the longing mothers know.

She hears them coming, coming!
And her heart is all elate
At the patter of little footsteps
Down by the garden gate.
The clatter of children's voices
Comes merrily to her ears,
And she cries in her quivering treble,
"You are late, my little dears!"

And then, they are here beside her
As she had them long ago—
Susie, and Ben, and Mary,
And Ruthie, and little Joe.
And her heart throbs high with rapture
As each fond kiss is given,
And the night is filled with music
Sweet as her dreams of heaven.

Such wonderful things they tell her!
A nest in the apple-tree:
And the robin gave them a scolding
For climbing up to see!
A wee white lamb in the pasture—
A wild rose on the hill—
And such a great ripe strawberry
As Joe found by the mill!

She listens to all their prattle,
Her heart abrim with rest.
She's queen in a little kingdom,
Each child a royal guest.
Queen? 'Tis an empty title!
More than a queen is she:
Mother of young immortals
Who gather at her knee.

She brings their welcome supper,
And they sit down at her feet
Tired, and hungry, and happy,
And she laughs to see them eat.
Then she smooths the yellow tangles
With a mother's patient hand,
While she tells some wonderful story
Of the children's fairy-land.

Then the little knotted shoe-strings
Are patiently untied,
And the children in their night-gowns
Kneel at their mother's side
Their voices are low and sleepy
Ere their simple prayers are said,
And the good-night kiss is given
By each waiting little bed.

Then a quiet comes about her,
Solemn and still and deep,
And she says in her dreamy fancies,
"The children are fast asleep."
Yes, fast asleep, poor mother,
In their beds so low and green,
Daisies and clover blossom
Each face and the sky between.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

WAY down upon de
Swannee Ribber,
Far, far away—
Dare's wha my heart is
turning ebber—
Dare's wha de old
folks stay.
All up and down de
whole creation
Sadly I roam;
Still longing for de old
plantation,
And for de old folks at home.
All de world am sad and dreary
Eb'rywhere I roam;
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home!

All 'round de little farm I wander'd
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squander'd—
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder!
Dare let me live and die!
All de world am sad and dreary
Eb'rywhere I roam;
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home!

One little hut among de bushes—
One dat I love—
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming
Down in my good old home?
All de world am sad and dreary
Eb'rywhere I roam:
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home!

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

THE THREE WARNINGS.

THE tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbor Dodson's wedding-day
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room,
And, looking grave, "You must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
"With you! and quit my Susan's side?
With you!" the hapless husband cried;
"Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared:
My thoughts on other matters go;
This is my wedding-day, you know."

What more he urged I have not heard,
His reasons could not well be stronger;
So Death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
"Neighbor," he said, "farewell! no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;
And further, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you're summoned to the grave;
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve,
In hopes you'll have no more to say,
But when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave."

To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,
The willing muse shall tell:
He chaffered then, he bought and sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near:

His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.
But while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.
And now, one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,
The unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.

Half killed with anger and surprise,
"So soon returned!" Old Dodson cries.
"So soon, d'ye call it!" Death replies;
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!
Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore."

"So much the worse," the clown rejoined;
"To spare the aged would be kind:
However, see your search be legal;
And your authority—is't regal?
Else you are come on a fool's errand,
With but a secretary's warrant.
Beside, you promised me three warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings;
But for that loss of time and ease
I can recover damages."

"I know," cries Death, "that at the best
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least:
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable:

Your years have run to a great length;
I wish you joy, though, of your strength!"

"Hold," says the farmer, "not so fast!
I have been lame these four years past."
"And no great wonder," Death replies:
"However, you still keep your eyes;
And sure, to see one's loves and friends
For legs and arms would make amends."
"Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might,
But latterly I've lost my sight."
"This is a shocking tale, 'tis true;
But still there's comfort left for you:
Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news."
"There's none," cries he; "and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear."
"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoined,
"These are unjustifiable yearnings:
If you are lame and deaf and blind,
You've had your three sufficient warnings;
So come along, no more we'll part,"
He said, and touched him with his dart.
And now, Old Dodson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

HESTER LYNCH THRALE.

LETTER TO AN AGED PERSON.

MUCH HONORED SIR:—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you. I beseech you, sir, by the salvation of your precious soul, and the mercies of God, make good and sure work of your salvation, and try upon what ground-stone you have builded. Worthy and dear sir, if ye be upon sinking sand, a storm of death and a blast will loose Christ and you, and wash you off the rock! Oh! for the Lord's sake, look narrowly to the work. Read over your life with the light of God's daylight and sun. It is good to look to your compass and all you have need of ere you take shipping, for no wind can blow you back again. Remember, when the race is ended, and the flag either won or lost, and you are in the utmost circle and border of time, and put your foot within the march of eternity, all your good things of this short nightdream shall seem to you like the ashes of a blaze of thorns or straw, and your poor soul shall be crying, "Lodging, lodging, for God's sake!" Then shall your soul be more glad at one of your Lord's lovely smiles than if you had the charters of three worlds for all eternity. Let pleasures and gain, will and desires of this world, be put over in God's hands as arrested goods that you cannot claim. Now, when you are drinking the grounds of your cup, and are upon the utmost ends of the last link of time, and old age, like death's long shadow, is casting a covering upon your days, it is no time to court this vain life, and to set love and heart upon it. It is near after supper; seek rest and ease for your soul in God through Christ. Come in, come in to Christ, and see what you want, and find it in him. He is the short cut, as we used to say, and the nearest way to an outgate of all your burdens. I dare avouch you shall be dearly welcome to him. Angels' pens, angels' tongues, nay, as many worlds of angels as there are drops of water in all the seas, and fountains, and rivers of the earth, cannot paint him out to you. I think his sweetness, since I was a prisoner, has swelled upon me to the greatness of two heavens. Oh, for a soul as wide as the utmost circle of the highest heaven, that containeth all, to contain his love!

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

EVENING OFTEN PLEASANTER THAN MORNING.

OFTENTIMES we look forward with forebodings to THE TIME OF OLD AGE, forgetful that at eventide it shall be light. To many saints, old age is the choicest season of their lives. A balmier air fans the mariner's cheek as he nears the shores of immortality, fewer waves ruffle his sea, quiet reigns—deep, still, and solemn. From the altar of age the flashes of the fire of youth are gone, but the more real flame of earnest feeling remains. The pilgrims have reached the land Beulah, that happy country whose days are as the days of heaven upon

A DECORATION.

earth. Angels visit it, celestial gales blow over it, flowers of Paradise grow in it, and the air is filled with seraphic music. Some dwell here for years, and others come to it but a few hours before their departure, but it is an Eden upon earth. We may well long for the time when we shall recline in its shady groves, and be satisfied with hope until the time of fruition comes. The setting sun seems larger than when aloft in the sky, and a splendor of glory tinges all the clouds which surround his going down. Pain breaks not the calm of the sweet twilight of age, for strength made perfect in weakness bears up with patience under it all. Ripe fruits of choice experience are gathered as the rare repast of life's evening, and the soul prepares itself for rest. The Lord's people shall also enjoy light in THE HOUR OF DEATH. Unbelief laments; the shadows fall, the night is coming, existence is ending. Ah! no, cries faith, the night is far spent, the true day is at hand. Light is come—the light of immortality, the light of a Father's countenance. Gather up thy feet in the bed; see the waiting band of spirits! Angels waft thee away. Farewell, beloved one; thou art gone; thou wavest thine hand. Ah! now it is light. The pearly gates are open, the golden streets shine in the jasper light. We cover our eyes, but thou beholdest the unseen. Adieu, brother; thou hast light at eventide, such as we have not yet.

CHARLES SPURGEON.

PIETY IN OLD AGE.

They shall still bring forth fruit in old age.—Psalm xcii, 14.

AST naught of beauty's tint
nor loving charm
Been treasured 'neath
the furrows years
have made?
Have youthful thoughts
like gems all dimmed
and worn,
In the dark lap of time
been joyless laid?

It may be so in a long
lifetime spent
Grasping the tinseled
show of earthly good,
Where all the powers that heaven had kindly
lent,
Served but the body—gave the soul no food.

But go with me to yon old mansion fair,
Where comfort sits in robe of ample fold,
And sweet contentment like a beauteous star,
Her loving vigils o'er its inmates hold.

And there an aged man, whose placid brow,
Hath the wild storms of fourscore winters
met,
But calm as peaceful summer evenings now,
With signet seal of heaven all glorious set.

And by his side with meek and trusting heart,
The dear companion who in early youth
Chose the sweet lot of "Mary's better part,"
And in her waning days still proves its truth.

Oft when their welcome, happy guest, I've felt
My heart grow stronger, sweetly fled my
cares,
As by that aged pair I've meekly knelt,
And caught the inspiration of their prayers.

And when the dewy eve comes soothingly
To lull earth's weary children to repose,
Again I seem to list the harmony,
Which from that sacred altar sweetly rose.

O sanctified old age! low at thy feet
I'd sit and precious drops of wisdom gain,
While in thy spirit's light soft beauties meet,
Which lift the soul above earth, age and pain.

And calmly fades thy even, as on ye move
Towards the shadowy vale of life's last ray,
Still tending the sweet hours of hope and love
That brightly cheered thy path in earlier day.

O, I will deem thy silvery hairs more blest
Than golden locks to youthful beauty given!
For soon, O soon, thou'lt gain thy glorious rest,
And wear the crown awaiting thee in
heaven

MRS. S. K. FURMAN.

SIN FORGIVEN IN OLD AGE.

Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow.—Isaiah i., 18.

OH ye that lean wearily on your staff, the support of your old age, have ye not sins still clinging to your garments? Are your lives as white as the snowy hair that crowns your head? Do you not still feel that transgression besmears the skirts of your robe and mars its spotlessness? How often are you now plunged into the ditch till your own clothes do abhor you? Cast your eyes over the sixty, the seventy, the eighty years during which God hath spared your lives, and can ye for a moment think it possible that ye can number up your innumerable transgressions, or compute the weight of the crimes which you have committed? Oh ye stars of heaven! the astronomer may measure your distance and tell your height, but, oh ye sins of mankind! ye surpass all thought. Oh ye lofty mountains, the home of the tempest, the birthplace of the storm! man may climb your summits and stand wonderingly upon your snows, but, ye hills of sin! ye tower higher than our thoughts; ye chasms of transgressions! ye are deeper than our imagination dares to dive. Do you accuse me of slandering human nature? It is because you know it not. If God had once manifested your heart to yourself, you would bear me witness that, so far from exaggerating, my poor words fail to describe the desperateness of our evil. Oh! if we could each of us look into our hearts to-day—if our eyes could be turned within so as to see the iniquity that is graven as with the point of the diamond upon our stony hearts, we should then say to the minister, that however he may depict the desperateness of guilt, yet can he not by any means surpass it. How great, then, beloved, must be the ransom of Christ when he saved us from all these sins! The men for whom Jesus died, however great their sin, when they believe, are justified from all their transgressions. Though they may have indulged in every vice and every lust which Satan could suggest and which human nature could perform, yet, once believing, all their guilt is washed away. Year after year may have coated them with blackness till their sin hath become of double dye; but in one moment of faith, one triumphant moment of confidence in Christ, the great redemption takes away the guilt of numerous years. Nay, more; if it were possible for all the sins that men had done, in thought, or word, or deed, since worlds were made or time began, to meet on one poor head, the great redemption is all-sufficient to take all these sins away, and wash the sinner whiter than the driven snow.

SPURGEON.

THE OLD MAN'S BIBLE.

MY Bible own, my Bible old,
Give back my faithful friend;
I've read it oft, I've read it long,
I'll keep it to the end.

You call it spoiled, and worthless deem,
Because it is so old!
But this to me doth make it dear,
Beyond all gems and gold.

This is the page o'er which I wept
When first my sins I knew,
And here's the promise and the fount
Whence all my hopes I drew.

'Twas here were writ our household names,
My children's natal day;
And here is marked the doleful time
When death took them away.

'Tis not in gilt and purple dress
The volume's price is known;
The heart and mem'ry have a wealth
In what we call OUR OWN.

My head is gray, my eye is dim,
I can not court the new.
Give back the old, the worn, the tried,
The wonted and the true.

WILLIAM ADAMS.

HAPPINESS OF THE LIFE TO COME.

WHAT are these things, the false glare and shadows whereof in this earth are pursued with such keen and furious impetuosity—riches, honors, pleasures? All these, in their justest, purest, and sublimest sense, are comprehended in this blessed life. It is *a treasure* that can neither fail nor be carried away by force or fraud. It is *an inheritance* uncorrupted and undefiled; *a crown* that fadeth not away; a never-failing stream of joy and delight. It is a marriage feast, and of all others, the most joyous and most sumptuous; one that always satisfies, and never cloys the appetite. It is an eternal spring and an everlasting light; a day without an evening. It is a paradise, where the lilies are always white and in full bloom, the saffron blooming, the trees sweat out their balsams, and the tree of life in the midst thereof. It is a city where the houses are built of living pearls, the gates of precious stones, and the streets paved with the purest gold.

Yet all these are nothing but veils of the happiness to be revealed on that most blessed day; nay, the light itself, which we have mentioned among the rest, though it be the most beautiful ornament in this visible world, is at best but a shadow of that heavenly glory; and how small soever that portion of this inaccessible brightness may be, which, in the sacred Scriptures, shines upon us through these veils, it certainly very well deserves that we should often turn our eyes toward it, and view it with the closest attention.

Now the first thing that necessarily occurs in the constitution of happiness is a full and complete deliverance from every grievance, which we may as certainly expect to meet with in that heavenly life, as it is impossible to be attained while we sojourn here below. All tears shall be wiped away from our eyes, and every cause and occasion of tears forever removed from our sight. There, there are no tumults, no wars, no poverty, no death, nor disease—there, there is neither mourning, nor fear, nor sin, which is the source and foundation of all other evils—there is neither violence within doors nor without, nor any complaint in the streets of that blessed city—there no friend goes out nor enemy comes in.

Full vigor of body and mind, health, beauty, purity, and perfect tranquility.

The most delightful society of angels, prophets, apostles, martyrs, and all the saints; among whom there are no reproaches, contentions, controversies, nor party spirit, because there are there none of the sources whence they can spring nor any thing to encourage their growth; for there is there particularly no ignorance, no blind self-love, no vainglory, nor envy, which is quite excluded from those divine regions; but, on the contrary, perfect charity, whereby every one, together with his own felicity, enjoys that of his neighbors, and is happy in the one as well as the other. Hence there is among them a kind of infinite reflection and multiplication of happiness, like that of a spacious hall adorned with gold and precious stones, dignified with a full assembly of kings and potentates, and having its walls quite covered with the brightest looking-glasses.

But what infinitely exceeds, and quite eclipses all the rest is that boundless ocean of happiness, which results from the beatific vision of the ever-blessed God, without which neither the tranquility they enjoy, nor the society of saints, nor the possession of any particular finite good, nor, indeed, of all such taken together, can satisfy the soul, or make it completely happy.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

GOD HAS LED ME ALL THESE YEARS.

WHEN a Christian, towards the close of life, looks back upon his pilgrimage, as a whole and in its parts, the only way in which he can describe it is that suggested by the words of Scripture, "GOD HATH LED ME all these years." I see it now so plainly: how there has been a hand over me, the hand of a real and living person, giving this, and withholding that, both alike for good; placing me perhaps where I would not, and then showing me that it had been well; not suffering me to forget, or else recalling me to recollection; denying me, or else taking away from me something on which my heart was too much set, and then giving me something else which, because less desired, was safer; chastening me when I fell away, and often by sharp and painful strokes bringing me back to himself. Doubtless heaven will be full of such remembrances of earthly life, each remembrance ending in the ascription of praise. And can not earth anticipate these recollections, these ascriptions of praise? Yes, the youngest life has had some such experiences; middle life has them in abundance; oh, how we forget God when we are in prosperity! When life smiles on us, how do we think scorn, as it were, of the pleasant land beyond; how do we provoke God by our murmurings; how do we dishonor him by setting our affection on things below! . . . When he slays us, we seek him, as it is written; when he hides his face, we humble ourselves; when he delivers us again, we sing his praise, but within a while we forget his works; we live carelessly; we scarcely pray; we cleave to the dust of this world; again the stroke falls; again we repent; again we amend; alas! again it is a short-lived effort—and in many such backslidings, and a few such returns, life slips away; the call comes, and is the door still open?

My brethren, God is leading you, offering at least to lead you, all your life long; and oh, the safety, the happiness—oh, the deep peace of those who accept the offer! Every morning let your prayer be, LORD, LEAD ME. . . . If I stray, follow me into the desert and recall me. If I faint, carry me in thy bosom. When I walk at last through the valley of the shadow of death, be thou with me. Let thy goodness and mercy follow me all the days of my life, and then let me dwell in thy house forever.

C. J. VAUGHAN.

A PRAYER FOR THE USE OF AN AGED PERSON.

O LORD of my life, thou hast been my God from my birth, my hope and trust from my youth. By thee was I brought into the world, and upon thee have I lived all my days. With what patience and long-suffering hast thou endured me! and with what loving kindness and tender mercies hast thou still followed and preserved me! How many have I seen snatched out of this life, and, as I fear, miserably unprepared for their death; whereas thou prolongest my days, and still addest new mercies to my life. Oh, that the lengthening of my days may be a real benefit, so that the whole work which the Lord has given me to do may be finished. May I redeem the time, and improve all means and opportunities to the everlasting advantage of my soul. May

my graces be as ripe as my years, and the remainder of my life be the best part of it. Though my sight is dim, let me not be blind to the things belonging to my peace. Though my ears are dull of hearing, let my heart be attentive to thy word, and let me hear thy voice while it is called "to-day." Though I can not, as formerly, relish the pleasures of meat and drink, yet let me still taste the grace of the Lord, and savor the things of the Spirit of God. And though my limbs are weak, and my strength will not serve me to travel abroad as I have done, yet make me strong in the Lord to do thy work, to walk in thy ways, and to pursue my journey homeward to my house not made with mortal hands, eternal in the heavens. Oh, let not the length of my life tempt me to forget that it must soon end, but let me keep my last day ever in near prospect. May I order all my concerns not only like a stranger and sojourner, but as a dying man preparing and waiting for the coming of the Lord. Oh, that at thy coming thou mayest find me watching. And because I am old in sins as well as in years, O, my gracious Lord, give me that repentance which needeth not to be repented of. Thou hast saved many old sinners; be merciful to me in spite of my numberless provocations. Put all my sins to the account of thy dear Son my Redeemer, and wash them all away in the fountain of his blood. Especially, O merciful Lord, pardon those sins which make the thoughts of death and judgment most painful to me. O, give me some evidence that I have found mercy at thy hands, through the all-sufficient merits of my only Savior, Jesus Christ. Amen.

B. JENKS.

DANGER OF BACKSLIDING IN OLD AGE.

DID it ever occur to you that Christians were more apt to backslide and fall into open sin in the latter part of their religious course than in its earlier stages? It is a startling announcement, but I think you will find it true. Look at all the cases of backsliding recorded in the Bible. Did they not, *every one of them*, occur late in life? There was David. In the days of his youth and early manhood, a pattern of faith and devotion. In advanced life guilty of murder and adultery, and still later of pride and self-conceit in numbering the people. Look at Moses. The great sin of his life committed when just about to enter the promised land. Look at Hezekiah—the "good king Hezekiah." In his early days zealous and devout. The last fifteen years of his life (a special gift from his God, and therefore, one would think, to be specially consecrated to him) bringing "wrath upon himself and upon Jerusalem." So, too, with Josiah and with Solomon. Alas! "the strongest are weak and the wisest are fools when left to be sifted in Satan's sieve." It becometh the old as well as the young to watch and pray lest they enter into temptation

A PRAYER FOR LONGER LIFE.

O spare me, that I may recover strength before I go hence, and be no more.—Psalm xxxix., 13.

WHY is it that we do not extremely hate that which we so desperately love—sin? For the deformity of itself is unspeakable; and, besides, it is the cause of all our woes. Sin hath opened the sluices, and let in the deluge of sorrows, which makes the life of poor man nothing else but vanity and misery, so that the meanest orator in the world may be eloquent enough on that subject. What is our life but a continual succession of many deaths? Though we should say nothing of all the bitterness and vexations that are hatched under the sweetest pleasures in the world, this one thing is enough—the multitude of diseases and pains, the variety of distempers that those houses we are lodged in are exposed to. Poor creatures are ofttimes tossed between two—the fear of death and the tediousness of life, and under these fears they can not tell which to choose. Holy men are not exempted from some apprehension of God's displeasure because of their sins, and that may make them cry out with David, "O spare me, that I may recover strength before I go hence, and be no more." Or perhaps this may be a desire, not so much simply for the prolonging of life as for the intermitting of his pain, to have ease from the present smart. The extreme torment of some sickness may draw the most fixed and confident spirits to cry out very earnestly for a little breathing. Or, rather, if the words imply a desire of recovery, and the spinning out of the thread of his life a little longer, surely he intended to employ it for God and his service. But long life was suitable to the promises of that time. There is no doubt those holy men, under the law, knew somewhat of the state of immortality; their calling themselves "strangers on the earth" argued that they were no strangers to these thoughts. But it can not be denied that the doctrine was but darkly laid out in those times. It is Christ Jesus who hath "brought life and immortality to light," who did illuminate life and immortality, which before stood in the dark.

Surely the desire of life is, for the most part, sensual and base, when men desire that they may still enjoy their animal pleasures, and are loth to be parted from them. They are pleased to term it a desire to live and repent, and yet few do it when they are spared; like evil debtors who desire forbearance from one term to another, but with no design at all to pay. But there is a natural desire of life, something of abhorrence in nature against the dissolution of these tabernacles. We are loth to go forth, like children who are afraid to walk in the dark, not knowing what may be there. In some, such a desire of life may be very reasonable; being surprised by sickness, and apprehensions of death and sin unpardoned, they may desire a little time before they enter into eternity. For that change is not a thing to be hazarded upon for a few days or hours' preparation. I will not say that a death-bed repentance is altogether desperate, but certainly it is very dangerous and to be suspected, and therefore the desire of a little time longer, in such a case, may be very allowable. I will not deny but it is possible even for a believer to be taken in such a posture that it may be very uncomfortable to him to be carried off so, through the affrightments of death

and his darkness as to his after-state. On the other hand, it is an argument of a good measure of spirituality and height of love to God to desire to depart and be dissolved in the midst of health and the affluence of worldly comforts. But for men to desire and wish to be dead when they are troubled and vexed with anything is but a childish folly, flowing from a discontented mind, which being over, they desire nothing less than to die. It is true, there may be a natural desire of death, which at some time hath shined in the spirits of some natural men; and there is much reason for it, not only to be freed from the evils and troubles of this life, but even from those things which many of this foolish world account their happiness —sensual pleasures, to eat, and drink, and to be hungry again, and still to round that same course, which, to souls that are raised above sensual things, is burdensome and grievous.

But there is a spiritual desire of death, which is very becoming a Christian. For Jesus Christ hath not only opened very clearly the doctrine of life, but he himself hath passed through death, and lain down in the grave; he hath perfumed that passage, and warmed that bed for us, so that it is sweet and amiable for a Christian to pass through and follow him, and to be where he is. It is a strange thing that the souls of Christians have not a continual desire to go to that company which is above, finding so much discord and disagreement among the best of men that are here—to go to the spirits of just men made perfect, where there is light, and love, and nothing else—to go to the company of angels, a higher rank of blessed spirits; but, most of all, to go to God, and to Jesus, the Mediator of the New Testament. And, to say nothing positively of that glory (for, the truth is, we can say nothing of it), the very evils that death delivers a true Christian from may make him long for it; for such a one may say, "I shall die and go to a more excellent country, where I shall be happy forever—that is, I shall die no more, I shall sorrow no more, and shall be tempted no more; and, which is chiefest of all, I shall sin no more."

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

A PRAYER IN OLD AGE.

WITH Years oppressed, with sorrows worn,
Dejected, harassed, sick, forlorn,
To Thee, O God, I pray:
To Thee my withered hands arise;
To Thee I lift these failing eyes:
Oh, cast me not away!

Thy Mercy heard my Infant prayer;
Thy Love, with all a Mother's care
Sustained my Childish days;
Thy Goodness watched my ripening Youth,
And formed my heart to love Thy truth,
And filled my lips with praise.

O Saviour! has Thy Grace declined?
Can years affect the Eternal Mind,
Or Time its Love destroy?
A thousand ages pass Thy sight,
And all their long and weary flight
Is gone like yesterday.

Then, e'en in Age and Grief Thy Name
Shall still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knee:
Oh, yet this bosom feels the fire,
This trembling hand and drooping lyre,
Have yet a strain for Thee!

Yes, broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice transported shall record
Thy Goodness, tried so long:
Till, sinking slow, with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph's song.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

ORD, what is our life but a vapor that appears for a little time and then vanisheth away! Even at the longest, how short! and at the strongest, how frail! and when we think ourselves most secure, yet we know not what a day may bring forth, nor how soon thou mayest come to call us to our last account. Quickly shall we be as water spilt on the ground, that can not be gathered up again; quickly snatched away from hence, and our place here shall know us no more forever. Our days, one after another, are spent apace; and we know not how near to us is our last day, when our bodies shall be laid in the grave, and our souls be called to appear at the tribunal of God, to receive their eternal doom. Yet how have I lived in this world, as if I should never leave it; how unmindful of my latter end! how improvident of my time! how careless of my soul! how negligent in my preparation for my everlasting condition! so that thou mayest justly bring my last hour as a snare upon me, to surprise me in my sins, and to cut me off in my iniquities. But, O, Father of mercies, remember not my sins against me; but remember thy own tender mercies and thy loving kindnesses, which have been ever of old. O, remember how short my time is, and spare me, that I may recover strength before I go hence and be no more seen. Make me so wise as to consider my latter end, and teach me so to number my days that I may apply my heart to true wisdom. Lord, what have I to do in this world but to make ready for the world to come! O, that I may be mindful of it, and be careful to finish my work before I finish my course!

In the days of my health and prosperity, oh, that I may remember and provide for the time of trouble, and sickness, and death, when the world's enjoyments will shrink away from me, and prove utterly unable to support and comfort me. Let me never allow myself in any course of living wherein I would be loth or afraid to die; but let me see my corruptions mortified and subdued, that they may never rise up in judgment against me. Enable me so to die unto sin daily that I may not die for sin eternally. Instruct me, good Lord, and assist me in my preparation for a dying hour, that I may not then be fully surprised, but may meet it with comfort and composure. Quicken me to a serious concern about that great work, and help me to perform it acceptably and with good success. Oh that I may be fitted for heaven ere I leave this world, and may have peace with God through Jesus Christ before I depart hence into that state in which I must abide forever. O, my Lord, make me so ready to meet thee at thy coming that thine appearance may be the matter of my hopes, and desires, and joyful expectations; that I may look and long for that blessed time when thou wilt put an everlasting period to all my troubles and temptations, and exchange my present state of infirmity and sin for a state of endless happiness and glory. O, thou who art my life and my strength, help me so to live as, at the hour of death, I shall wish I had lived; and so to make ready for death all my days that at my last day I may have nothing to do but to die, and cheerfully to resign my spirit into thy gracious hands. O, my Father, hear and answer my humble petitions, and let me find a merciful admission to thy favor and thy kingdom, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.

B. JENKS.

The Circuit Preacher.

IS thin wife's cheek grows
pinched and pale with
anxiousness intense;
He sees the brethren's
prayerful eyes o'er all
the conference;
He hears the Bishop slow-
ly call the long "Ap-
pointment" rolls,
Where in his vineyard
God would place these
gatherers of souls.

Apart, austere, the knot of grim Presiding
Elders sit;
He wonders if some city "Charge" may not
for him have writ?
Certes! could they his sermon hear on Paul
and Luke awreck,
Then had his talent ne'er been hid on Anno-
mesix Neck!

Poor rugged heart, be still a pause, and you,
worn wife, be meek!
Two years of banishment they read far down
the Chesapeake!
Though Brother Bates, less eloquent, by Wil-
mington is wooed,
The Lord that counts the sparrows fall shall
feed his little brood.

"Cheer up! my girl, here's Brother Riggs our
circuit knows will please;
He raised three hundred dollars there, besides
the marriage fees.
What! tears from us who've preached the
word these thirty years or so?
Two years on barren Chincoteague and two in
Tuckahoe?

"The schools are good, the brethren say, and
our Church holds the wheel;
The Presbyterians lost their house; the Bap-
tists lost their zeal.
The parsonage is clean and dry; the town has
friendly folk—
Not half so dull as Rehoboth, nor proud like
Pocomoke.

"Oh! thy just will, our Lord, be done, though
these eight seasons more
We see our ague-crippled boys pine on the
Eastern Shore;
While we, thy stewards, journey out our dedi-
cated years
'Midst foresters of Nanticoke, or heathen of
Tangiers!

"Yea! some must serve on God's frontiers,
and I shall fail, perforce,
To sow upon some better ground my most
select discourse;
At Sassafras, or Smyrna, preach my argument
on 'Drink,'
My series on the Pentateuch, at Appoquini-
mink.

"Gray am I, brethren, in the work, though
tough to bear my part;
It is these drooping little ones that sometimes
wring my heart,
And cheat me with the vain conceit that
cleverness is mine,
To fill the churches of the Elk, and pass the
Brandywine.

"These hairs were brown, when, full of hope,
entering these holy lists,
Proud of my Order as a knight—the shouting
Methodists—
I made the pine woods ring with hymns, with
prayer the night-winds shook,
And preached from Assawaman Light far
north as Bombay Hook.

"My nag was gray, my gig was new; fast went
the sandy miles;
The eldest 'Trustees gave me praise, the fairest
sisters smiles;
Still I recall how Elder Smith of Worten
Heights averred
My Apostolic Parallels the best he ever heard.

"All winter long I rode the snows, rejoicing
on my way;
At midnight our revival hymns rolled o'er the
sobbing bay;
Three Sabbath sermons, every week, should
tire a man of brass—
And still our fervent membership must have
their extra Class!

"Aggressive with the zeal of youth, in many
a warm requite
I terrified Immersionists, and scourged the
Millerite;

But larger, tenderer charities such vain debates supplant,
When the dear wife, saved by my zeal, loved the Itinerant.

"No cooing dove of storms afeard, she shared my life's distress,
A singing Miriam alway, in God's poor wilderness:
The wretched at her footstep smiled, the frivolous were still;
A bright path marked her pilgrimage, from Blackbird to Snow Hill.

"A new face in the parsonage, at church a double pride!—
Like the Madonna and her babe they filled the 'Amen side.'
Crouched at my feet in the old gig, my boy, so fair and frank,
Nascongo's darkest marshes cheered, and sluices of Choptank.

"My cloth drew close; too fruitful love my fruitless life outran;
The townfolk marveled, when we moved, at such a caravan!
I wonder not my lads grew wild, when, bright, without the door
Spread the ripe, luring, wanton world, and we within so poor!

"For down the silent cypress aisles came shapes even me to scout,
Mocking the lean flanks of my mare, my boy's patched roundabout,
And saying: 'Have these starveling boors, thy congregation, souls,
That on their dull heads Heaven and thou pour forth such living coals?"

"Then prayer brought hopes, half secular, like seers by Endor's witch:
Beyond our barren Maryland God's folks were wise and rich;
Where climbing spires and easy pews showed how the preacher thrived,
And all old brethren paid their rents, and many young ones wived!

"I saw the ships Henlopen pass with chaplains fat and sleek;
From Bishopshead with fancy's sails I crossed the Chesapeake;
In velvet pulpits of the North said my best sermons o'er,—
And that on ~~Paul~~ to Patmos driven drew tears in Baltimore.

"Well! well! my brethren, it is true we should not preach for pelf,—
(I would my sermon on St. Paul the Bishop heard himself!)
But this crushed wife,—these boys,—these hairs; they cut me to the core;
Is it not hard, year after year, to ride the Eastern Shore?

"Next year? Yes! yes! I thank you much! then my reward may ~~fail~~ dawn
(That is a downright fine discourse on Patmos and St. ~~Paul~~ John!)
So, Brother Riggs, once more my voice shall ring in the old lists,
Cheer up, sick heart, who would not die among these Methodists?"

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

THE ONE GRAY HAIR.

The wisest of the wise
Listen to pretty lies,
And love to hear them told;
Doubt not that Solomon
Listened to many a one,—
Some in his youth and more when he grew old.

I never sat among
The choir of Wisdom's song,
But pretty lies loved I
And such as any king,—
When youth was on the wing,
And (must it then be told?) when youth had quite gone by.

Alas! and I have not
The pleasant hour forgot,
When one pert lady said,—
"O Landor, I am quite
Bewildered with affright;
I see (sit quiet now!) a white hair on your head!"

Another more benign,
Drew out that hair of mine,
And in her own dark hair
Pretended she had found
That one, and twirled it round.—
Fair as she was, she never was so fair.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT.

THE DAY of life, shall we think, is drawing to its close. It has been, on the whole, a sober day, with "the light not clear nor dark;" there has been neither unvarying sunshine nor unvarying gloom; there have been, no doubt, some great trials in it, and a host of little insect cares, which do no worse than fret and annoy; it has seemed, perhaps, a dull and weary thing, yet we have grown to like even its dulness and commonness; it has had within it times of special elevation, love to the Redeemer, trust in God; and it has had, too, its seasons of backsliding, of coldness and worldliness, of lack of interest in spiritual engagements, of despondency, and almost of despair. For the day of grace goes by just such rules as the day of providence, and save a few blessed and memorable believers, who have seemed to breathe the air of heaven even while they lived on earth, it is the general experience of even the earnest believer that his inward feeling, like his outward lot, is a checkered one, is in the main a sobered one—is shone upon by a light which is "not clear nor dark." But the evening of the long day is drawing on at length—the day that dawned with the sunny cheerfulness of infancy and childhood, that went on amid the growing cares of maturity, that sloped westerly amid the enfeebled powers and the flagging hopes of age; and as the evening advances, as the hours go on in which the light that had lasted through the day might naturally grow less, strange how it oftentimes is that that unwearied light does but beam brighter and clearer! It was but a cloudy day; but the Sun of Righteousness has broken through the clouds; the flaming west is all purple and gold; it is the evening time, and oh, how fair its light! It has sometimes been, as in that beautiful story, that the last steps before the dark river was reached lay through the land of Beulah; that already the brightness of the golden city shone from afar upon the believer's face, and his sharpened ear could almost catch the fall of its ceaseless songs. I do not say that such a thing is common; all I say is that such a thing has been, and wherefore should it not be again with you or me? I shall not pretend to describe this happy state in my own words; I shall tell you about it in the words of one who spoke from his own experience, and who, shortly before he died, wrote as thus: "Were I to adopt the figurative language of Bunyan, I might date this letter from the land of Beulah, of which I have been for some weeks a happy inhabitant. The Celestial City is full in my view. Its glories have been upon me, its breezes fan me, its odors are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the river of death, which now appears but as an insignificant rill, that may be crossed at a single step whenever God shall give permission. The Sun of Righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as he approached, and now he fills the

wnole hemisphere, pouring forth a flood of glory, in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun; exulting yet almost trembling, while I gaze on this excessive brightness, and wonder with unutterable wonder why God should deign thus to shine upon a sinful worm." There, my readers, are words dictated by experience. That is what was actually written by a dying man. And oh! what need I add to it to make you feel how glorious a sermon it is upon the blessed promise that "at the evening time there shall be light."

But then you will say to me, and say it truly, that it is not always so. Not only is it not the case that all who have "died the death of the righteous" have thus tranquilly, fearlessly, hopefully, triumphantly passed away, but has not such a thing been known as that one who was a true Christian, if true Christian ever breathed, died absolutely in despair? Oh, who can forget the story of that sweet and gentle poet, who would take nothing to himself at the last of the comfort his words have given to others; whose latest lines sadly tell us how his soul was whelmed in deeper than Atlantic depths; who regarded himself as doomed to everlasting perdition, and who shuddered at the very mention of the name of that blessed Redeemer who was looking down in kindness upon his wayward child! But, then, let me remind you that, fine as was the poet's mind, it was a mind unhinged and deranged; and however the Holy Spirit works upon the renewed soul, he no more sets himself to cure hereditary diseases of the mind than those of the body. Religion does not alter temperament; it leaves the cheerful man cheerful; it leaves the anxious, desponding man still prone to look at the future through the haze of anxiety and fear. It no more pretends to cure that hereditary taint, that overshadowing gloom that all his life had its grasp of Cowper's mind, than it pretends to weed out the family consumption or apoplexy from the Christian's body; and never let us forget that constitutional temperament, and the depressing influence of many forms of disease, may make dark and distressful the dying-bed of the very best believers. Perhaps, even with true Christians, the death is as the life was, the evening is what the day was—"not clear nor dark"—as the general rule. There are blessed hopes, but there are also distressing fears. And shall we say, then, that this text does not speak truth? No, far from that. The light *does* come, and it comes at evening; but evening is the close of day, and the light may perhaps not beam forth until the day has entirely closed. Not upon this side of time may the blessed promise find its fulfilment. The foot may be dipped in the chill dark river before the heavenly light has shone upon the face. The eye may be blind to dearest faces and forms ere the Sun of Righteousness dawns, as in the natural world the darkest, coldest hour is that before the daybreak. The tongue may never be able to tell surviving loved ones how the shadows fled away when the dark valley was past till they have passed that darkness, too. Yes, to the believer, true as God liveth, "at the evening time there *shall* be light;" if not in this world, then in a better! Bowing his head to pass under the dark portal, the believer lifts it up on the other side in the presence and light of God. It is but a single step from the darkness of death into the light of immortality; and if the evening should remain gloomy to its very end, all the brighter will seem the glory when the latest breath has parted. I told you how

that Christian poet passed away almost in despair; how the gloom that overshadowed his spirit endured all but to the end; but even in the last moment there came a wonderful change, and they tell us how even on his dead face there remained, till it was hidden forever, a look of bright, and beautiful, and sudden surprise; the light of evening had been long in coming, but oh! it had come at last.

There is something very touching about the story of that eminent teacher, the most eminent of his time, who, when his mind wandered in the weakness of the dying hour, fancied himself among his pupils, engaged in his accustomed work, and whose last words, when the shadow of death was falling deeper, were, "It grows dark, boys; you may go." There is something touching, too, in the parting scene of that great poet, dying as the sun was going down in its summer glory, who bade his friends raise him that he might see the light once more—open the window that he might look upon the setting sun again before his eyes should close upon the earthly light forever. And very strange it is, indeed, to stand as some of us may have stood, in the chamber of death, and in the west to see the summer sunset blazing, and the golden rays shining upon the still face and the closed eyes which never shall open more till the sun has ceased to shine. But it is only to us who remain that the evening darkness is growing—only for us that the sun is going down. Oh! look on the fixed features of that disciple now asleep in Jesus, and think, as the prophet spake, "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." And oh! my readers, tell me, as the evening falls on you, but not on him; as the shadows deepen on you, but not on him; as the darkness gathers on you, but not on him, if now, at last, the glorious promise has not found its perfect fulfilment, that "at the evening time there shall be light."

REV. A. K. H. BOYD.

HEAVEN BEYOND.

BEYOND these chilling winds and gloomy skies—
Beyond death's cloudy portal—
There is a land where beauty never dies,
And love becomes immortal.

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal,
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs that echo there,
Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see,
With our dim earthly vision;
For Death, the silent warder, keeps the key
That opes those gates elysian.

But sometimes, where adown the western sky
The fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by silent fingers:

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream lightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!
Father all-wise, eternal,
Guide, guide these wandering, way-worn feet of mine
Unto those pastures vernal.

NANCY A. W. PRIEST.

NEARING THE SHORE.

AN old man sat in a worn arm-chair;
White as snow is his thin soft hair;
Furrowed his cheek by time and care;
And back and forth he sways;
There's a far-away look in his dim, dim eye,
Which tells of thoughts of the long gone-by.
For he sits once more 'neath a cloudless sky,
And in childhood merrily plays.

He rests his cheek on the head of his cane,
And, happily smiling, dreams over again
Of that home, the brook, the meadow, the lane,
Dreams all with a vision clear;
Then childhood yields unto manhood's place,
And he looks once more in his bright, bright face,
And down in the starry eyes he can trace
A love remembered and dear.

Then he wakes and sighs: "It seems but a dream
That comes to me now like a golden gleam,
Or the shimmering glow of the sun's last beam,
But 'tis pleasant to think it o'er.
That youth was so sweet, but now it is past;
Those days of love were too precious to last,
But over yonder their pleasures are cast,
And I am nearing the shore."

He is gliding on in his little boat;
O'er the calm still water they peacefully float
But echo full oft brings a well-known note
From the land he has left behind.
But Time will row back for him no more,
And he gazes away to that other shore,
And knows when the voyage of life shall be o'er,
That his dream beyond he will find.

The seeds of youth, which in youth we sow,
Adown through the isles of the future will grow,
And shed on age a beautiful glow,
As they come in memory's gleams.
Loved faces will come to dimming sight;
Sweet words will echo in day-dreams bright,
And circle old age with their halos of light
As they mingle in beautiful dreams.

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

AT evening time let there be light:
Life's little day draws near its close;
Around me fall the shades of night,
The night of death, the grave's repose:
To crown my joys, to end my woes,
At evening time let there be light.

At evening time let there be light:
Stormy and dark hath been my day;
Yet rose the morn divinely bright,
Dews, birds, and blossoms cheered the way;
Oh for one sweet, one parting ray!
At evening time let there be light.

At evening time there *shall* be light,
For God hath spoken—it must be;
Fear, doubt, and anguish take their flight—
His glory now is risen on me,
Mine eyes shall His salvation see.
'Tis evening time, and there *is* light.

AN OLD PILGRIM AT HIS JOURNEY'S END.

CARVOSSO, when more than eighty years old, and almost at the end of his pilgrimage—and what a pilgrimage was his—wrote: "I think I never felt my feeble frame so crushed with the infirmities of age as in the past week. But it is very pleasing to know that while this earthly house of my tabernacle is dissolving, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens! Glory be to God for such a knowledge as this! Amen and Amen." This sounds like the shouting of an old wounded hero on the battle-field, in the midst of victory. He suffered excruciatingly at last from an incurable malady; but the path of his pilgrimage grew brighter, even unto the perfect day. He writes, after a period of confinement: "Seeing that nature's ties are all dissolving, it affords me no small consolation to look forward to the building of God in the heavens, which I know is mine by the inward testimony of the Spirit. Yes, for thee, my soul, for thee! Glory be to God! I feel my bodily weakness increasing more and more; but I bless God; he gives me fresh tokens of his love and approbation to assure me that I am his. This morning, feeling much of the helpless worm, I wanted a stronger inward testimony of my sonship, and looking up to my Advocate with God, these words sweetly flowed into my mind:

'Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on his hands.'

This was enough; tears of joy overflowed my eyes, and my heart dissolved with love."

The end approached; eighty-three years had passed over him, and yet the brightness increases. He writes: "Yesterday I went to chapel, but was so poorly it was with difficulty I could return. At present I seem stripped of nearly all my bodily strength, but I bless the Lord I feel my mind perfectly resigned. Christ is all in all. I want no other portion in earth or heaven. His presence makes my paradise. Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given. Glory be to God!"

At last the veteran in his eighty-fifth year lies down to die. His disease was a local complaint, incident to old age, and inexpressibly painful—one that destroys existence mostly by the effect of pain itself, exhausting the constitution, and gradually consuming life. I suppose that if Carvosso had died of fire, beginning with the hand and burning onward slowly till the consuming process had invaded the vital functions, he could scarcely have suffered more; and yet his faith bore him up as on the pinions of an angel.

An old fellow pilgrim calls on the dying hero; they never expect to see each other in the flesh; their hearts melt, but while they talked over past and present mercies they seemed to mount high in the chariot of Aminadab, and "my father," says the son, "was 'lost in wonder, love, and praise!'"

The end was at hand. He had a prodigious strength of constitution, but the consuming agony shakes and baffles it; yet the song of deliverance was on his lips. His son writes: "My dear afflicted father is now evidently fast sinking in the

outward man, but his confidence in Jehovah is steadfast, unmovable. The heat of the furnace still increases, and nothing short of an Abrahamic faith can support the strong commanding evidence of God's unchanging love. But he is unburned in fire, and appears to beholders a blessed monument of the power of religion. With tears and his own indescribable emphasis, he repeated those beautiful verses:

'Though waves and storms go o'er my head;
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone;
Though joys be withered all and dead,
And every comfort be withdrawn,
On this my steadfast soul relies—
Father, thy mercy never dies.

'Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love!'

"Never since the commencement of his affliction have I seen him so exceedingly far lifted above himself. At times for hours together he is sustained in the highest Christian triumph."

At last the keen agony ends—the aged saint departs. He speaks of his funeral; he loses the power of speech; it returns again for a few minutes; his friends bow around him in prayer; he responds with animation; he pronounces a benediction upon them when they rise, and now, "gathering up his feet" to go, he sings with his expiring breath the doxology:

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!"

But his voice fails before the chorus is through. A friend of his bedside speaks of the uplifted hand as a not unusual sign of victory in death when all other power of expression is gone. The arm of the dying hero rises, and he is gone. So triumphed in death William Carvosso, in the eighty-fifth year of his life, and the sixty-fourth of his religious pilgrimage. He was a man of humble life, extraordinary usefulness, entire consecration, and victorious faith.

ABEL STEVENS, LL. D.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

I WOULD not live alway—live alway below!
Oh, no, I'll not linger, when bidden to go.
The days of our pilgrimage granted us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
Would I shrink from the path which the prophets of God,
Apostles and Martyrs so joyfully trod?
While brethren and friends are all hastening home,
Like a spirit unblest, o'er the earth would I roam?

I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
Where, seeking for rest, I but hover around
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found;
Where Hope, when she paints her gay bow in the air,
Leaves her brilliance to fade in the night of despair,
And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within;
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory is mine e'er I'm captive again.
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live alway: no, welcome the tomb!
Immortality's lamp burns there bright 'mid the gloom.
There, too, is the pillow where Christ bow'd His head;
Oh, soft be my slumbers on that holy bed!
And then the glad morn soon to follow that night,
When the sunrise of glory shall burst on my sight,
And the full matin-song as the sleepers arise
To shout in the morning, shall peal through the skies.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet.
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

That heavenly music! what is it I hear?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet on my ear!
And see soft unfolding those portals of gold,
The King all array'd in His beauty behold!
Oh give me, oh give me the wings of a dove!
Let me hasten my flight to those mansions above;
Ay! 'tis now that my soul on swift pinions would soar,
And in ecstasy bid earth adieu evermore.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG.

A LITTLE WHILE.

O FOR the peace which floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
O for the faith to grasp heaven's bright "forever,"
Amid the shadows of earth's "little while!"

A little while for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the stern, to battle with the strong;
A little while to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest-song.

A little while to wear the weeds of sadness,
To pace with weary steps through noisy ways;
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

A little while midst shadow and illusion
To strive by faith love's mysteries to spell:
Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,—
Then hail sight's verdict, "He doth all things well."

A little while the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks from far-off fountains fed;
Then the cool lip its thirst forever slaking
Beside the fullness of the fountain-head.

A little while to keep the oil from failing,
A little while faith's flickering lamp to trim,
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
To haste to meet him with the bridal-hymn.

And he who is himself the Gift and Giver—
The future glory and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad forever
Will light the shadows of the "little while."

JANE CREWDSON.

WHAT THEN?

WHAT then? Why, then another pilgrim song;
And then a hush of rest, divinely granted;
And then a thirsty stage (ah me, so long)!
And then a brook, just where it most is wanted.

What then? The pitching of the evening tent;
And then, perchance, a pillow rough and thorny;
And then some sweet and tender message, sent
To cheer the faint one for to-morrow's journey.

What then? The wailing of the midnight wind,
A feverish sleep, a heart oppressed and aching;
And then a little water-cruse to find
Close by my pillow, ready for my waking.

What then? I am not careful to inquire;
I know there will be tears, and fears, and sorrow;
And then, a loving Savior drawing nigher,
And saying "*I* will answer for the morrow."

What then? For all my sins, his pardoning grace;
For all my wants and woes, his loving-kindness;
For darkest shades, the shining of God's face,
And Christ's own hand to lead me in my blindness.

What then? A shadowy valley, lone and dim;
And then, a deep and darkly rolling river;
And then a flood of light, a seraph's hymn,
And God's own smile forever and forever!

JANE CREWDSON.

KNEELING AT THE THRESHOLD.

I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint, and sore,
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door;
Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come
To the glory of his presence, to the gladness of his home!

A weary path I've traveled 'mid darkness, storm, and strife;
Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life.
But now the morn is breaking, my toil will soon be o'er;
I'm kneeling at the threshold; my hand is on the door.

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as they stand
Singing in the sunshine in the far-off sinless land;
O, would that I were with them, amid their shining throng,
Mingling in their worship, joining in their song!

The friends that started with me have entered long ago;
One by one they left me struggling with the foe.
Their pilgrimage was shorter; their triumph sooner won;
How lovingly they'll hail me when all my toil is done!

When them, the blessed angels, that know no grief or sin,
I see them by the portal, prepared to let me in.
Oh, Lord, I wait thy pleasure; thy time and way are best;
But I'm wasted, worn, and weary; O, Father, bid me rest!

GUTHRIE.

TO DEPART AND BE WITH CHRIST—FAR BETTER.

NOT only the dead are the living, but, since they have died, they live a better life than ours. . . . In what particulars is their life now higher than it was? First, they have close fellowship with Christ; then they are separated from this present body of weakness, of dishonor, of corruption; then they are withdrawn from all the trouble and toil and care of this present life; and then, and surely not least, they have got death behind them, not having that awful figure standing on their horizon waiting for them to come up with it. . . . They are closer to Christ; they are delivered from the body as a source of weakness; as a hinderer of knowledge; as a dragger-down of all the aspiring tendencies of the soul; as a source of sin; as a source of pain; they are delivered from all the necessity

of labor which is agony, of labor which is disproportionate to strength, of labor which often ends in disappointment, of labor which is wasted so often in mere keeping life in, of labor which at the best is a curse, though it be a merciful curse, too; they are delivered from that "fear of death" which, though it be stripped of its sting, is never extinguished in any soul of man that lives; and they can smile at the way in which that narrow and inevitable passage bulked so large before them all their days, and, after all, when they come to it was so slight and small. If these be parts of the life of them that "sleep in Jesus;" if they are fuller of knowledge, fuller of wisdom fuller of love, and capacity of love, and object of love; fuller of holiness, fuller of energy, and yet full of rest from head to foot; if all the hot tumult of earthly experience is stilled and quieted, all the fever beating of this blood of ours ever at an end; all the "whips and arrows of outrageous fortune" done with forever, and if the calm face which we looked upon, and out of which the lines of sorrow, and pain, and sickness melted away, giving it back a nobler nobleness than we had ever seen upon it in life, is only an image of the restful and more blessed being into which they have passed —if the dead are thus, then "Blessed are the dead."

A. M'LAREN.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

I LOVE to think of heaven, it seems not far away,
Its crystal streams refresh me as I near the closing day,
Its balmy winds are wafted from the heavenly hills above,
And they fold me in an atmosphere of purity and love;

I love to think of heaven, I long to join the choir,
To sing the song of Jesus my soul would never tire;
The loved ones gone before me, are joining in the song,
They cast their crowns before the Lamb who sits upon the throne.

I love to think of heaven, where the weary are at rest,
No sorrow there can enter the mansions of the blest;
All tears are wiped away by the Saviour's loving hand,
And sin and death are banished from that glorious happy land.

I love to think of heaven, and the greetings I shall meet,
From the loving band of loved ones, who walk the golden street;
And the patriarchs and prophets I shall know them every one;
It is written in the Word "We shall know as we are known."

The gospel seer Isaiah, and the plaintive Jeremiah,
And Elijah, who ascended in the chariot of fire;
And Daniel, the beloved, and the Hebrew children three,
The robed in white, and crowned, will be known by you and me.

But oh, the rapturous vision when our eyes behold the King,
And hear the thrilling welcome "Ye blessed, enter in!"
Ten thousand suns encircle Him, ten thousand crowns adorn
The sacred head that bow'd in death—the head once crowned with thorns.

Assemble, all ye hosts, ye thrones, dominions, powers!
There is no king like Jesus! there is no heaven like ours?
All glory hallelujah; let heaven and earth unite
To celebrate His praises with infinite delight!

YOUTH RENEWED IN AGE.

CHRISTIAN confidence and hope in God give freshness, strength, and joy even in the period of old age. "They that wait on Jehovah"—or, in modern English, they that wait for him, who evince their trust in his goodness and power by patiently awaiting the fulfillment of his promises, they, though no longer young (mark the contrast with ver. 30)—"shall renew their strength: they shall mount up on wings like eagles; they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint."* The same thought is in the thanksgiving of the one hundred and third Psalm, verse 5. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." From both we may conclusively gather that Divine grace has influences to bestow which can counteract and often annul the debilitating tendencies of old age. We are not authorized, it is true, to teach that any degree of religious affection can turn back the shadow on the dial-plate, restore its auburn beauty to the gray head, or neutralize the physical causes of distress; though even here, such is the power of spirit over matter, that history shows marvels of an almost youthful gladness in blessed Christan old age. But we may and can assert that he whose habits have been formed in a perpetual waiting upon God receives a hallowed unction of grace, which, so to speak, makes him young again, or, more properly, keeps him from waxing old within. In the most rapid survey, we have considered some of the causes which makes this season of life formidable. All ages have observed them; all philosophies have sought to destroy or lessen their force. The most accomplished of all Roman authors has left nothing more finished than his celebrated tract on Old Age (Cicero, *De Senectute*). Short of the meridian beam of revelation and its reflections, nothing ever showed more nobly; yet the ray of its consolations is but a beautiful moonlight. In vain is the venerable Cato introduced to teach us secrets which Cato never knew. In this gem-like treatise Cicero refers the troubles of age to four classes. Old age, so he tells us, is feared because (1.) it withdraws from the affairs of life; because (2.) it brings infirmity of body; because (3.) it abridges or ends our pleasures; and (4.) because it leads to death. Already, in treating of these several heads, much is said truly, ably, and, to a certain extent, satisfactorily, on the first and third topics, but on the last there is nothing but melancholy conjecture. Even in regard to the other heads—of business, health, and pleasure—the suggestions are infinitely below those known by the humblest Christian rustic; for what did this great and eloquent Roman know of the oil which grace pours in the sinking and almost expiring lamp?

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

It is not to be denied, when we come with candor to the investigation, that, as a general truth, old age withdraws men from the employments of life, and seals up the active business years. In the great majority of instances, however, this retreat from labor is voluntarily sought long before the access of grave infirmity. Indeed, in prosperous communities, many retire too early, under the chimerical hope of enjoying an elegant repose, for which they have made no provision by mental culture

*Isaiah xlix., 31.

and discipline of moral habits. There is, it is true, another sort of recession from productive labors which we occasionally observe in old men, and which arises wholly from an unchastened selfishness. Let any one grow wealthy without the warming and expanding influences of benevolence, and he will more and more lose his interest in all that is going on in the world. Even wars and revolutions touch him only in their financial aspects, and the daily journal is to him not so much a courier of news as a barometer of loss and gain. Without religion, the circle becomes more contracted. Friends have departed, by scores if not by hundreds. What cares he for mighty movements in behalf of humanity and holiness around him? What cares he for posterity, the country, or the world, so that he can exalt his own gate, or die worth some round sum which floats before him as his heaven? In the same degree he wraps himself in his mantle, which is daily shrinking to his own poor dimensions. This is misery indeed. Take away the blessed sun, and every thing becomes wintry, frozen, all but dead; take away more blessed love, and the heart is dumb, cheerless, insulated, meanly poor, so that the Latins named such a one *Miser*.

AGED CHRISTIANS STILL IN ACTIVE LIFE.

Let us leave him, shivering in his cave, overhung with icicles, and come out into the evening sunshine to consider the aged believer. He is like Mnason, "an old disciple." He still learns. The Greek story tells us that when Solon lay dying, and overheard some conversation on philosophy in his apartment, he raised his head and said, "Let me share in your conversation, for, though I am dying, I would still be learning." Ten thousand times has this been more reasonably exemplified in dying Christians, who consider the whole of this life as but the lowest form of the school into which they have been entered. And in regard to activity, while modes of service must vary with the bodily condition, we are bold to maintain that innumerable Christians now living are, in advanced life, impressing the whole engine of human affairs with as momentous a touch as at any previous stage of existence. If there is wisdom, the proper jewel of age, and divine grace in its manifold actings, there need be no lack of influence. They still lift up the eagle pinion, and soar in such greatness as belongs to their nature. But the point to which we would ask more marked attention is this, that the aged believer, so far from being selfishly dead to what is going on in the world, is more vigilant, and more in sympathy with all, than even in his days of youth. Blessed be God, we have seen this again and again. The man who waits on God, the man of faith and hope, the man of melting benevolence, looks through the loop-holes of retreat upon a world whose vast and often terrific revolutions interest him chiefly as included in a cycle of providential arrangements calculated to develop and exhibit the glory of grace. His heart beats responsive to these. The news of Christ's kingdom is as dear to him as when he was vehemently active in the field. He looks down the ages by the lamp of prophecy, and beholds events which will take place when he shall have been long in Paradise. This connects him with the cause of Christ on earth, and redeems him from that miserable dungeon-like seclusion of soul which wastes away the aged worldling. So far is it from being true that these portraitures are figments of religious imagination, that we have been led to the choice of the subject by knowledge and recollection of this very paradox in actual example—to wit, extreme old age made light, strong, and happy by community of interest in the progressive triumphs of philanthropy and missions.

THE SOUL MOUNTING TOWARDS THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

When, according to the Talmudic fable, the eagle soars toward the sun, he renews

the plumage of his former days. As the serene disciple withdraws himself from any personal agency in the entangling plans of life, he studies more profoundly what his Master is weaving into the web of history. No longer young, he has a heart which gushes in sympathy with the young. He cheers them on. He places the weapons in their hands. He takes from the wall his sword, shield, and helmet, and rejoices that God still has younger soldiers in the field. He lives his life over again in their achievements, and pictures to himself more signal victories after he shall have gone. Like the wounded hero, Wolfe, he could even die more happy if the shout of victory should arouse his failing perception. Far from being shut up in morose, neglectful selfishness, he glories that God's cause still lives and must prevail.

CHRISTIANITY A SYSTEM OF INDEMNITIES.

But, then, you retort, there is a sad infirmity inseparable from old age. Piety, however exalted, will not remove this. Of all diseases, this is proverbially the most incurable. Brethren, we might take the high ground that godliness hath the promise of the life that now is; that temperance and other virtues prolong life and avert disease; that the righteous shall "see good days;" and that religion is the best of all medicines. But, fearing lest we should be charged with exaggeration by the inexperienced, we will pitch our cause on a lower plane, and rest content with declaring that Christian confidence and hope confer a strength which is perfectly compatible with all this bodily weakness, decay, and pain. Christianity, my readers, is a system of indemnities. It does not insure us exemption from all losses, but it guarantees that these shall be more than made up to us. True, the grand indemnification is at the recompense of the resurrection. But prelibations of glory are poured into the earthly vessels of grace. The quickening charm is not natural, but supernatural. Mark, in the twenty-eighth verse, how the eternal increate fount of good is pointed out; and learn how the fulness of God, through a Mediator, becomes the available supply of man. "Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, Jehovah, the creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching of his understanding. He giveth power TO THE FAINT." Here is human infirmity brought into connection with Omnipotence. Here is the solution of Paul's enigma, "When I am weak, then I am strong." Here is Christ's cordial to the aged, "My strength is made perfect in weakness." But let us return to our prophet. He represents even blooming adolescence as despondING, while the feeble are made powerful by faith. "Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall; but they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength."

THE JOY OF THE LORD THE STRENGTH OF AGE.

In the return from Babylon the oldest were saddest, for they remembered the glory of the first house. Nehemiah, therefore, had peculiar reference to them when he said to the weeping assembly, "Neither be ye sorry, for the joy of the Lord is your strength." Holy joy is a spring-head of renewed youthfulness. The effects of grief and age are not unlike. How often have we seen a friend go into the house of mourning young and come out old? Such was David's experience (Psalm xxxii., 3): "My bones waxed old, through my moaning all the day long; for day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the draught of summer." The cedars and palms of the sanctuary, planted in the house of the Lord, "shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing" (Psalm xcii.). Make a soul thoroughly glad, and you make it young.

The effusion of divine joys has virtues to annul outward disabilities. For observe the perfect analogy of another passage concerning strength (Isaiah xxxv.): "Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees; say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not!" "Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing." Such is grace, superseding nature, conciliating contraries, making the feeble mighty, and giving youth to the aged. And oh how greatly would our experience and observation of the gift be increased if, with higher faith and expectation, we were waiting upon God!

The antechamber of the eternal abode is cold and appalling to nature. This makes old age unwelcome to the unprepared. This causes the wretched shifts by which they avert the thought of doom. So successful is the delusion, that the man of seventy plans for to-morrow as if he were not already in many senses dead. No man is so old, says Cicero, but that he thinks he may live another day. And so from day to day, as by stepping-stones in the turbid stream, they totter on, till the sudden fall plunges them into eternity.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

The fear of death, which on the young sometimes works salutary reflection, often becomes to the aged a motive for abstracting the thoughts from the hateful subject, and so they think of something else, and are damned. I dare not undertake to say what may be the reflections of the old worldling when he lies down for the last struggle, and finds that eternity is dawning on his soul, and yet that he has not made the least provision for meeting his God. But I know, for I have often seen, how strong in faith and hope may be the old age of the true Christian. After all, it is celestial *hope* which sheds the dew of youth on his silver locks. His posture is that of waiting, as watchers expect the dawn—"more than they that watch for the morning." Fresh blood seems to course through these outworn arteries as Hope waves the hand of indication toward perpetual spring and everlasting youth. Not in the mere elysian or Mohammedan sense, though we deny the attributes and enjoyments of that bodily complement of the soul which is to be raised in incorruption, in glory, in power, a spiritual body. But the fresh breath of knowledge, of reason, of truth, therefore of beauty, of love, of universal holiness, is wafted from those gardens to the ancient believer, as he worships, leaning on the top of his staff, and sojourns a little in the land of Beulah. We have sometimes seen the clearness and vigor of former years come back. Call not that man old who is full of joys and hallelujahs, and who is eager to drop the clog, shuffle off the mortal coil, and soar like a bird set free from the snare of the fowler. Call him old who is inveterate in sin; who never prays; who dares not think of death; who is without God and without hope, and on whose hoary head no blessing ever descends. The Simeon who has Christ in his arms, has in him a well of water springing; and so the true fountain of youth. All believing and sublime exercises of Christian experience have in them something as fresh as childhood. Once, when I was supporting a very aged believer from the house of God, he turned to me and said, "I never felt younger; and I believe that promise is fulfilled in me, 'He satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.'" This persuasion, that true religion brings the soul into fellowship with all that is free, hopeful, and advancing in earth, and all that is bright and perfect in heaven, led the most distinguished of late German theologians, Schleiermacher, to say, in the close of a long life, "The true Christian is always young."

THE SUBURBS OF HEAVEN.

The racy old English of John Bunyan best sets forth this stage of pilgrimage.

Here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to: also they met some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of heaven. In this land also, the contract between the Bride and Bridegroom was renewed; yea, here, "as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so doth their God rejoice over them." My beloved brethren, we must be submissive to God's will, even if such an evening of life be not vouchsafed to us. Yet I will maintain that it is of the nature of Christianity to produce such joys. The exceptions are not from grace, but from disturbing causes in our partially unsanctified hearts. Waiting on God is directly promotive of fresh and heavenly strength. The long-continued practice and rooted habit of waiting upon God, in confidence and expectation, are the best preparative for a serene decline and a happy end.

THE WORLDLING'S NOTION OF DEATH.

If the sentiment of the world may be safely judged from its reflection in the mirror of the fictitious literature which is seized with most avidity and reproduced in the greatest number of languages, then unquestionably the opinion is that there is no happiness in evangelical piety, and an old age of religion is one of sourness, vindictiveness, and misanthropic woe. Let the picture of a Christian matron be painted by the matchless pencil of one whose misfortune it must have been never to have beheld the original, and with whom devotion and hypocrisy are the same, and the lineaments are such as these: "Great need had the rigid woman of her mystical religion, veiled in gloom and darkness, with lightnings of cursing, vengeance, and destruction flashing through the sable clouds." I quote from the ignorant and malignant travesty of Christian old age, which mars the most widely current story of the hour; and I quote it because it will meet response in hundreds of thousands who need the grace of Christ to avert these very storm-clouds of declining day. Let a holier literature prevail in the refined world—a literature which shall honor holy wedlock, family religion, and the Church of Christ—and we shall behold other portraitures of the wife or the widow upon whom evangelical truth has shed its dews of eventide. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D. D.

GROWING GRAY.

A LITTLE more toward the light,
Me miserum. Here's one that's white,
And one that's turning;
Adieu to song and "salad days."
My Muse, let's go at once to Jay's
And order mourning.

We must reform our rhymes, my dear,
Renounce the gay for the severe,—
Be grave, not witty;
We have no more the right to find
That Pyrrha's hair is neatly twined,
That Chloe's pretty.

Young love's for us a farce that's played;
Light canzonet and serenade
No more may tempt us;
Gray hairs but ill accord with dreams;
From aught but sour didactic themes
Our years exempt us.

"*A la bonne heure!*" You fancy so?
You think for one white streak we grow
At once satiric?
A fiddlestick! Each hair's a string
To which our graybeard Muse shall sing
A younger lyric.

Our heart's still sound. Shall "cakes and ale"
Grow rare to youth because we rail
At school-boy dishes?
Perish the thought! 'Tis ours to sing,
Though neither Time nor Tide can bring
Belief with wishes.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

MAY YOU DIE AMONG YOUR KINDRED.

IT is a sad thing to feel that we must die away from our home. Tell not the invalid who is yearning after his distant country, that the atmosphere around him is soft; that the gales are filled with balm, and the flowers are springing from the green earth; he knows that the softest air to his heart would be the air which hangs over his native land; that more grateful than all the gales of the south would breathe the low whispers of anxious affection; that the very icicles clinging to his own eaves, and the snow beating against his own windows, would be far more pleasant to his eyes than the bloom and verdure which only more forcibly remind him how far he is from that one spot which is dearer to him than the world beside. He may indeed find estimable friends, who will do all in their power to promote his comfort and assuage his pains; but they cannot supply the place of the long known and the long loved; they cannot read as in a book the mute language of his face; they have not learned to wait upon his habits, and anticipate his wants; and as he has not learned to communicate, without hesitation, all his wishes, impressions, and thoughts to them, he feels that he is a stranger; and a more desolate feeling than that could not visit his soul. How much is expressed by that form of Oriental benediction, *May you die among your kindred.*

GREENWOOD.

THE OLD MAN'S FUNERAL.

I SAW an aged man upon his bier,
His hair was thin and white, and on his brow
A record of the cares of many a year;
Cares that were ended and forgotten now.
And there was sadness round, and faces bowed,
And woman's tears fell fast, and children wailed aloud.

Then rose another hoary man and said,
In faltering accents, to that weeping train,
Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead?
Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain;
Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards cast,
Nor when the yellow woods shake down the ripened mast.

Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,
His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,
In the soft evening, when the winds are stilled,
Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie,
And leaves the smile of his departure, spread
O'er the warm-colored heaven and ruddy mountain head.

Why weep ye then for him, who, having won
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed;
While the soft memory of his virtues yet
Lingers like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set?

His youth was innocent; his riper age
Marked with some act of goodness every day;
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,
Faded his late declining years away.
Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

That life was happy; every day he gave
Thanks for the fair existence that was his,
For a sick fancy made him not her slave,
To mock him with her phantom miseries.
No chronic tortures racked his aged limb,
For luxury and sloth had nourished none for him.

And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
And glad that he has gone to his reward;
Nor deem that kindly nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital cord.
When his weak hand grew palsied, and his eye
Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

HEAVEN—NOT FAR AWAY.

OH, heaven is nearer than mortals think,
When they look with trembling dread
At the misty future that stretches on,
From the silent home of the dead.

'Tis no lonely isle on a boundless main,
No brilliant, but distant shore,
Where the lovely ones who are called away,
Must go to return no more.

No, heaven is near us; the mighty veil
Of mortality blinds the eye,
That we cannot see the angel bands
On the shores of eternity.

The eye that shuts in a dying hour,
Will open the next in bliss;
The welcome will sound in the heavenly world
Ere the farewell is hushed in this.

We pass from the clasp of mourning friends,
To the arms of the loved and lost;
And those smiling faces will greet us there,
Which on earth we have valued most.

Yet oft in the hours of holy thought,
To the thirsting soul is given,
That power to pierce through the mist of sense,
To the beauteous scenes of heaven.

NEARNESS OF HEAVEN.

THE nearness of heaven is suggested by the epithet "veil." Christians, there is only a veil between us and heaven! A veil is the thinnest and frailest of all conceivable partitions. It is but a fine tissue, a delicate fabric of embroidery. It waves in the wind; the touch of a child may stir it, and accident may rend it; the silent action of time will moulder it away. The veil that conceals heaven is only our embodied existence, and, though fearfully and wonderfully made, it is only wrought out of our frail mortality. So slight is it that the puncture of a thorn, the touch of an insect's sting, the breath of an infected atmosphere, may make it shake and fall. In a bound, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, in the throb of a pulse, in the flash of a thought, we may start into disembodied spirits, glide unabashed into the company of great and mighty angels, pass into the light and amazement of eternity, know the great secret, gaze upon splendors which flesh and blood could not sustain, and which no words lawful for man to utter could describe! Brethren in Christ, there is but a step between you and death; between you and heaven there is but a veil.

C. STANFORD.

GAIN OF DYING.

THROUGHOUT the Bible it is declared that the things that we are permitted to see in this life are but imitations, glimpses of what we shall see hereafter. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." There are times when it seems as though our circumstances, our nature, all the processes of our being, conspired to make us joyful here, yet the apostle says we now see "through a glass darkly." What, then, must be the vision which we shall behold when we go to that place above where we shall see face to face? What a land of glory have you sent your babies into! What a land of delight have you sent your children and companions into! What a land of blessedness are you yourselves coming to by-and-by! Men talk

about dying as though it was going toward a desolate place. All the past in a man's life is down hill and toward gloom, and all the future of man's life is up hill and toward glorious sunrising. There is but one luminous point, and that is the home toward which we are tending, above all storms, above all sin and peril. Dying is glorious crowning; living is yet toiling. If God be yours, all things are yours. Live while you must, yet yearn for the day of consummation, when the door shall be thrown open, and the bird may fly out of his netted cage, and be heard singing in higher spheres and diviner realms.

H. W. BEECHER.

HEAVEN A HOME.

HOME! oh, how sweet is that word! what beautiful and tender associations cluster thick around it; compared with it, house, mansion, palace are cold, heartless terms. But home! that word quickens the pulse, warms the heart, stirs the soul to its depths, makes age feel young again, rouses apathy into energy, sustains the sailor in his midnight watch, inspires the soldier with courage on the field of battle, and imparts patient endurance to the worn-down sons of toil. The thought of it has proved a seven-fold shield to virtue; the very name of it has a spell to call back the wanderer from the paths of vice; and far away, where myrtles bloom, and palm-trees wave, and the ocean sleeps upon coral strands, to the exile's fond fancy it clothes the naked rock, or stormy shore, or barren moor, or wild highland mountain with charms he weeps to think of, and longs once more to see. Grace sanctifies these lovely affections, and imparts a sacredness to the homes of earth by making them types of heaven. As a home the believer delights to think of it. Thus, when lately bending over a dying saint, and expressing our sorrow to see him lay so low, with the radiant countenance rather of one who had just left heaven than of one about to enter it, he raised and clasped his hands, and exclaimed in ecstasy, "I am going home."

THOMAS GUTHRIE.

GOING OUT AND COMING IN.

IN that home was joy and sorrow, where an infant first drew breath,
While an aged sire was drawing near unto the gates of death.
His feeble pulse was failing and his eye was growing dim—
He was standing on the threshold when they brought the babe to him:
While to murmur forth a blessing on the little one he tried,
In his trembling arms he raised it, pressed it to his lips—and died!
An awful darkness resteth on the path they both begin,
Who thus meet upon the threshold—Going out and Coming in!

Going out unto the triumph, coming in unto the fight;
Coming in unto the darkness, going out unto the light,—
Although the shadow deepened in the moment of eclipse,
When he passed through the dread portal with a blessing on his lips:
And to him who bravely conquers as he conquered in the strife,
Life is but the way of dying, death is but the gate of life.
Yet awful darkness resteth on the path we all begin,
When we meet upon the threshold—Going out and Coming in.

ISA CRAIG KNOX.

PRAYER AGAINST THE FEAR OF DEATH.

O MOST gracious and merciful Father, give me grace to be always ready to obey thy summons, and willing to depart this life when thou callest. Forgive me all my sins, which are the sting of death, that I may prepare to meet it as a harmless thing that can not hurt me—as a release from those weaknesses and sorrows which render my life a burden to me. Keep me from being all my days in bondage to the fear of death. Let not my spirit be broken with dreadful apprehensions of dying under the frown of thy displeasure; but make me to remember thy infinite mercies, the inexhaustible treasures of thy goodness and clemency, so that the consideration thereof may fortify my mind against the horrors of a dying hour. Strengthen me with a comfortable hope in thee, a steadfast faith in thy Son's atoning blood, and the power of his resurrection. He has changed death into a sleep, and has promised to make the risen bodies of believers like unto his own glorified body. Enable me to exclaim with the triumphant apostle, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Let me, therefore, no longer be afraid of that which, through thy mercy, will be a happy passage into thy kingdom—the gate of everlasting bliss and glory. This I beg, through the merits of him who is the resurrection and the life. Amen.

NEARING THE GATES.

NOW, while they were thus drawing towards the gates, behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them, to whom it was said by the other two shining ones, "These are the men that have loved our Lord when they were in the world, and that have left all for HIS HOLY NAME, and he hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy." . . . .

And now were these two men, as it were, in heaven before they came at it, being swallowed up with a sight of angels, and with hearing of their melodious notes. . . . . But above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there with such company, and that forever and ever—oh! by what tongue or pen can these glorious joys be expressed? . . . .

Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold, the city shone like the sun; the streets were also paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal. And after that they shut up the gates, which when I had seen, I wished myself amongst them.

JOHN BUNYAN.

THE SHORE OF ETERNITY.

LONE! to land alone
upon that shore,
With no one sight
that we have seen
before;
Things of a different
hue,
And the sounds all
new,
And fragrances so
sweet the soul may faint,
Alone! Oh, that first hour of being a saint!

Alone! to land alone upon that shore,
On which no wavelets lisp, no billows roar,
Perhaps no shape of ground,
Perhaps no sight or sound,
No forms of earth our fancies to arrange—
But to begin alone that mighty change!

Alone! to land alone upon that shore,
Knowing so well we can return no more;
No voice or face of friend,
None with us to attend
Our disembarking on that awful strand,
But to arrive alone in such a land!

Alone! to land alone upon that shore!
To begin alone to live forevermore,
To have no one to teach
The manners of the speech
Of that new life, or put us at our ease;
Oh that we might die in pairs or companies!

Alone? the God we know is on that shore,
The God of whose attractions we know more
Than of those who may appear
Nearer and dearest here;
Oh, is He not the life-long friend we know
More privately than any friend below?

Alone? the God we trust is on that shore,
The Faithful One whom we have trusted more
In trials and in woes
Than we have trusted those
On whom we leaned most in our earthly strife;
Oh, we shall trust Him more in that new life!

Alone? the God we love is on that shore—
Love not enough, yet whom we love far more,
And whom we loved all through
And with a love more true
Than other loves—yet now shall love Him more:
True love of Him begins upon that shore!

So not alone we land upon that shore;
'Twill be as though we had been there before;
We shall meet more we know
Than we can meet below,
And find our rest like some returning love,
And be at home at once with our Eternal Love!

F. W. FABER.

NEARING HEAVEN.

WE read that, in certain climates of the world, the gales that spring from the land carry a refreshing smell out to sea, and assure the watchful pilot that he is approaching a desirable and fruitful coast, when as yet he can not discern it with his eyes. And to take up the comparison of life to a voyage, in like manner it fares with those who have steadily and religiously pursued the course which heaven pointed out to them. We shall sometimes find, by their conversation towards the end of their days, that they are filled with peace, and hope, and joy, which, like refreshing gales and reviving odors to the seamen, are breathed forth from Paradise upon their souls, and give them to understand with certainty that God is bringing them into the desired haven.

J. TOWNSON.

THE REUNION.

AS it was the first Adam that broke creation into fragments, so it is the second Adam that is to restore creation in all its parts and regions, and make it into *one* again. The good and the evil then are parted forever, but the good are brought into perfect oneness—a oneness so complete, so abiding, as more than to compensate for brokenness and separation here.

The soul and body come together and form one glorified man. The ten thou-

sand members of the church come together and form one glorified church. The scattered stones come together and form one living temple. The Bride and Bridegroom meet. *Here* it has been one Lord, one faith, one baptism; *there* it shall be one body, one bride, one vine, one temple, one family, one city, one kingdom.

The broken fruitfulness, the fitful inconstancy of the cursed earth, shall pass into the unbroken beauty of the new creation. The discord of the troubled elements shall be laid, and harmony return. The warring animals shall lie down in peace.

Then shall heaven and earth come together into one. That which we call distance is annihilated, and the curtain drawn by sin is withdrawn from between the upper and lower glory, and the fields of a paradise that was never lost are brought into happy neighborhood with the fields of paradise regained, God's purpose developing itself in the oneness of a twofold glory—the rulers and the ruled, the risen and the unrisen, the celestial and the terrestrial, the glory that is in the heaven above, the glory that is in the earth beneath; for "there are celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial, but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another."

Such scenes we need to dwell upon, that, as our tribulations abound, so also our consolations may abound. Our wounds here are long in healing. Bereavements keep the heart long bleeding. Melancthon, with a tender simplicity so like himself, refers to his feelings when his child was taken from him by death. He wept as he recalled the past. It pierced his soul to remember the time once, as he sat weeping, his little one with its napkin wiped the tears from his cheeks.

Recollections like these haunt us through life, ever and anon newly brought up by passing scenes. Some summer morning's sun recalls, with stinging freshness, the hour when that same sun streamed in through our window upon a dying infant's cradle, as if to bring out all the beauty of the parting smile, and engrave it upon our hearts forever. Or it is a funeral scene that cometh to memory—a funeral scene that had but a few days before been a bridal one—and never on earth can we forget the outburst of our grief when we saw the bridal flowers laid upon the new-made tomb. Or some wintry noon recalls the time and scene when we laid a parent's dust within its resting-place, and left it to sleep in winter's grave of snows. These memories haunt us, pierce us, and make us feel what a desolate place this is, and what an infinitely desirable thing it would be to meet these lost ones again, where the meeting shall be eternal.

Hence the tidings of this reunion in the many mansions are like home-greetings. They relieve the smitten heart. They bid us be of good cheer, for the separation is but brief, and the meeting to which we look forward will be the happiest ever enjoyed. The time of sorrowful recollections will soon pass, and no remembrance remain but that which will make our joy to overflow.

Every thing connected with this reunion is fitted to enhance its blessedness. To meet again any where, or any how, or at any time, would be blessed; how much more at such a time, in such circumstances, and in such a home! The dark past lies behind us like a prison from which we have come forth, or like a wreck from which we have escaped in safety and landed in a quiet haven. We meet where separation is an imposibility, where dis-

tance no more tries fidelity, or pains the spirit, or mars the joy of loving. We meet in a kingdom. We meet at a marriage-table. We meet in the "prepared city," the new Jerusalem. We meet under the shadow of the tree of life, and on the banks of the river of life. We meet to keep festival and sing the songs of triumph. It was blessed to meet here for day; how much more to meet in the kingdom forever! It was blessed to meet, even with the parting full in view; how much more so when no such cloud overhangs our future! It was blessed to meet in the wilderness and the land of graves; how much more in paradise, and in the land where death enters not! It was blessed to meet "in the night," though chill and dark; how much more in the morning, when light has risen, and the troubled sky is cleared, and joy is spreading itself around us like a new atmosphere from which every element of sorrow has disappeared!

HORATIUS BONAR.

REUNION IN HEAVEN.

HEAVEN is not a solitude; it is a peopled city, a city in which there are no strangers, no homeless, no poor, where one does not pass another in the street without greeting, where no one is envious of another's minstrelsy or of another's more brilliant crown. When God said in the ancient Eden, "It is not good for man to be alone," there was a deeper signification in the words than could be exhausted or explained by the family tie. It was the declaration of an essential want which the Creator in His highest wisdom has impressed upon the noblest of His works. That is not life—you don't call that life—where the hermit in some moorland glade drags out a solitary existence, or where the captive in some cell of bondage frets and pines unseen? That man does not understand solitude.

Life, all kinds of life, tends to companionship, and rejoices in it, from the larvæ and buzzing insect cloud up to the kingly lion and the kinglier man. It is a social state into which we are to be introduced, as well as a state of consciousness. Not only therefore, does the Saviour pray for His disciples, "Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory," but those who are in that heavenly recompense are said to have come "to the general assembly and church of the firstborn written in heaven." Aye, and better than that, and dearer to some of us, "to the spirits of just men made perfect."

The question of the recognition of departed friends in heaven, and special and intimate reunion with them, Scripture and reason enable us to infer with almost absolute certainty. It is implied in the fact that the resurrection is a resurrection of indivduals, that it is this mortal that shall put on immortality. It is implied in the fact that heaven is a vast and happy society; and it is implied in the fact that there is no underclothing of nature that we possess, only the clothing upon it of the garments of a brighter and more glorious immortality.

Take comfort, then, those of you in whose history the dearest charities of life have been severed by the rude hand of death, those whom you have thought about as lost are not lost, except to present sight. Perhaps even now they are angel watchers, screened by a kindly Providence from everything about, that would give you pain; but if you and they are alike, in Jesus, and remain faithful to the end,

doubt not that you shall know them again. It were strange, don't you think, if amid the multitude of earth's ransomed ones that we are to see in heaven, we should see all but those we most fondly and fervently long to see? Strange, if in some of our walks along the golden streets, we never happen to light upon them? Strange, if we did not hear some heaven song, learned on earth, trilled by some clear ringing voice that we have often heard before? WM. MORLEY PUNSHON.

OVER THE RIVER.

OVER the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side,
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There 's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see:
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark;
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be:
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart,
They cross the stream and are gone for aye;
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
To the better shore of the spirit-land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

NANCY PRIEST WAKEFIELD.

FRIENDSHIPS IN HEAVEN.

MAN is constituted to be happy in society. Place him in solitude, and, however exciting and felicitous are his circumstances in other respects, he will wither and pine away. But above, we shall be with many that shall come from the east and west, and north and south, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. The entire heaven of angels, and the whole host of the redeemed, we shall have sweet and improving fellowship with forever! The wise and the good, the great and the pure, the benevolent and active, from every region, will be our companions and associates, with whom we shall live, and love,

and know, and obey, through one eternally enduring day. Of all the afflictions to which we are liable, there is none so painful as the death of our friends. And oh! what a consoling balm is the doctrine that we shall, in the realms above, be restored to their fellowship. This doctrine is involved in many passages of Scripture: in the account of the last judgment day—in the language of David on the occasion of the death of his infant child by Bathsheba—in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus—in the consolation which our Saviour gives to the penitent sinner on the cross—in the assurance administered by the apostle St. Paul to the Thessalonian believers, that they should be his joy and crown of rejoicing in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming, and in the same apostle forbidding them to sorrow for such as had fallen asleep as though they had no hope of being united with them, and of being together with the Lord—and in the general use which the sacred writers make of the word SLEEP for death, a simile which would be flagrantly incorrect if our recollections our friendships and affections, were not renewed in a future state. And, in general, the same doctrine is taught also through the whole book of the Revelations of St. John. Happy prospect, that exalts friendship into religion! What blest society there will be above! J. BEAUMONT.

PARADISE.

O PARADISE! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that loved are blest?
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold,
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

O Paradise! O Paradise!
Wherefore doth death delay,
Bright death, that is the welcome dawn
Of our eternal day,
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here:
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

THE NEW JERUSALEM;

OR, THE SOUL'S BREATHING AFTER THE HEAVENLY COUNTRY.

"Since Christ's fair truth needs no man's art,
Take this rude song in better part."

MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end—
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrows can be found—
No grief, no care, no toil.

In thee no sickness is at all,
No hurt nor any sore;
There is no death nor ugly night,
But life for evermore.
No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,
No cloud nor darksome night,
But every soul shines as the sun—
For God himself gives light.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, thirst, nor heat
But pleasures every way.
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Would God I were in thee!
Oh! that my sorrows had an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

No pains, no pangs, no grieving grief,
No woeful night is there;
No sigh, no sob, no cry is heard—
No well-away, no fear.
Jerusalem the city is
Of God our King alone;
The Lamb of God, the light thereof,
Sits there upon His throne.

O God! that I Jerusalem
With speed may go behold!
For why? the pleasures there abound
Which here cannot be told.
Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine—
With Jasper, pearl, and chrysolite,
Surpassing pure and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear,
Thy streets are laid with beaten gold—
There angels do appear.
Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond square,
Thy gates are made of orient pearl—
O God! if I were there!

Within thy gates nothing can come
That is not passing clean;
No spider's web, no dirt, nor dust;
No filth may there be seen.
Jehovah, Lord, now come away,
And end my griefs and plaints—
Take me to Thy Jerusalem,
And place me with Thy saints!

Who there are crown'd with glory great,
And see God face to face,
They triumph still, and aye rejoice—
Most happy is their case.
But we that are in banishment
Continually do moan;
We sigh, we mourn, we sob, we weep—
Perpetually we groan.

Our sweetness mixed is with gall,
Our pleasures are but pain,
Our joys not worth the looking on,
Our sorrows aye remain.
But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
That unto them a thousand years
Seems but as yesterday.

O my sweet home, Jerusalem!
Thy joys when shall I see—
The King sitting upon His throne,
And thy felicity?
Thy vineyards, and thy orchards,
So wonderfully rare,
Are furnish'd with all kinds of fruit,
Most beautifully fair.

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
There cinnamon and sugar grow,
There nard and balm abound;
No tongue can tell, no heart can think,
The pleasures there are found.

There nectar and ambrosia spring—
There music's ever sweet;
There many a fair and dainty thing
Is trod down under feet.
Quite through the streets, with pleasant sound,
The flood of life doth flow;
Upon the banks on every side
The trees of life do grow.

These trees each month yield ripened fruit—
For evermore they spring;
And all the nations of the world
To thee their honors bring.
Jerusalem, God's dwelling-place,
Full sore I long to see;
Oh! that my sorrows had an end,
That I might dwell in thee!

There David stands with harp in hand,
As master of the choir;
A thousand times that man were blest
That might his music hear.
There Mary sings "Magnificat,"
With tones surpassing sweet;
And all the virgins bear their part,
Singing about her feet.

"Te Deum" doth St. Ambrose sing,
St. Austin doth the like;
Old Simeon and Zacharie
Have not their songs to seek.
There Magdalene hath left her moan,
And cheerfully doth sing,
With all the blest saints whose harmony
Through every street doth ring.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Thy joys fain would I see;
Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,
And take me home to Thee;
Oh! paint Thy name on my forehead,
And take me hence away,
That I may dwell with Thee in bliss,
And sing Thy praises aye.

Jerusalem, the happy home—
Jehovah's throne on high!
O sacred city, queen, and wife
Of Christ eternally!
O comely queen with glory clad,
With honor and degree,
All fair thou art, exceeding bright—
No spot there is in thee!

I long to see Jerusalem,
The comfort of us all;
For thou art fair and beautiful—
None ill can thee befall.
In thee, Jerusalem, I say,
No darkness dare appear—
No night, no shade, no winter foul—
No time doth alter there.

No candle needs, no moon to shine,
No glittering star to light;
For Christ, the King of righteousness,
For ever shineth bright.
A Lamb unspotted, white and pure
To Thee doth stand in lieu
Of light—so great the glory is
Thine heavenly King to view.

He is the King of kings, beset
In midst His servants' sight;
And they, His happy household all,
Do serve him day and night.
There, there the choir of angels sing—
There the supernal sort
Of citizens, which hence are rid
From dangers deep, do sport.

There be the prudent prophets all,
The apostles six and six,
The glorious martyrs in a row,
And confessors betwixt.
There doth the crew of righteous men
And matrons all consist—
Young men and maids that here on earth
Their pleasures did resist.

The sheep and lambs that hardly 'scaped
The snare of death and hell,
Triumph in joy eternally,
Whereof no tongue can tell;
And though the glory of each one
Doth differ in degree,
Yet is the joy of all alike
And common, as we see

There love and charity do reign,
And Christ is all in all,
Whom they most perfectly behold
In joy celestial.
They love, they praise—they praise, they love;
They "Holy, holy" cry;
They neither toil, nor faint, nor end,
But laud continually.

Oh! happy thousand times were I,
If, after wretched days,

I might with listening ears conceive
Those heavenly songs of praise
Which to the eternal King are sung
By happy wights above,
By saved souls and angels sweet,
Who love the God of love.

Oh! passing happy were my state,
Might I be worthy found
To wait upon my God and King,
His praises there to sound;
And to enjoy my Christ above,
His favor and His grace,
According to His promise made,
Which here I interlace:

"O Father dear," quoth he, "let them
Which Thou hast put of old
To me, be there where lo! I am—
Thy glory to behold;
Which I with Thee before the world
Was made in perfect wise,
Have had—from whence the fountain great
Of glory doth arise."

Again: "If any man will serve
Thee, let him follow me;
For where I am, he there, right sure,
Then shall my servant be.'
And still: "If any man loves Me,
Him loves My Father dear,
Whom I do love—to him Myself
In glory will appear."

Lord, take away my misery,
That then I may be bold
With Thee, in Thy Jerusalem,
Thy glory to behold;
And so in Zion see my King,
My love, my Lord, my all—
Where now as in a glass I see,
There face to face I shall.

Oh! blessed are the pure in heart—
Their Sovereign they shall see;
O ye most happy, heavenly wights,
Which of God's household be!
O Lord with speed dissolve my bands,
These gins and fetters strong;
For I have dwelt within the tents
Of Kedar over long.

Yet search me, Lord, and find me out,
Fetch me Thy fold unto,
That all Thy angels may rejoice,
While all Thy will I do.
O mother dear! Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end
Thy joys when shall I see?

Yet once again I pray Thee, Lord,
To quit me from all strife,
That to Thy hill I may attain,
And dwell there all my life—
With cherubims and seraphims
And holy souls of men,
To sing Thy praise, O God of hosts!
For ever and amen!

FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

FOREVER with the Lord!"
So, Jesus, let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word—
'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Thee I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

"Forever with the Lord!"
Savior, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfill.

So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY.

THE world is very evil;
The times are waxing late:
Be sober and keep vigil;
The Judge is at the gate:
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.

When the just and gentle Monarch
Shall summon from the tomb,
Let man, the guilty, tremble,
For Man, the God, shall doom.
Arise, arise, good Christian!
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.
And when the Sole-Begotten
Shall render up once more
The kingdom to the Father
Whose own it was before,—
Then glory yet unheard of
Shall shed abroad its ray,
Resolving all enigmas,
An endless Sabbath-day.
Then, then from his oppressors
The Hebrew shall go free,
And celebrate in triumph
The year of Jubilee;
And the sunlit land that racks not
Of tempest nor of fight,
Shall fold within its bosom
Each happy Israelite:
The home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children,
Who here as exiles mourn.
Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
The Beatific vision
Shall glad the saints around:
The peace of all the faithful,
The calm of all the blest,
Inviolate, unvaried,
Divinest, sweetest, best.
Yes, peace! for war is needless,—
Yes, calm! for storm is past,—
And goal from finish'd labor,
And anchorage at last.
That peace—but who may claim it?
The guileless in their way,
Who keep the ranks of battle,
Who mean the thing they say;
The peace that is for heaven,
And shall be for the earth:
The palace that re-echoes
With festal song and mirth;
The garden, breathing spices,
The paradise on high;
Grace beautified to glory,
Unceasing minstrelsy.
There nothing can be feeble,
There none can ever mourn,
There nothing is divided,
There nothing can be torn:
'Tis fury, ill, and scandal,
'Tis peaceless peace below;
Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,
The halls of Sion know:
O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest;
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distrest!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight:
Till Jesus gives the portion
Those blessed souls to fill,

The insatiate, yet satisfied,
The full, yet craving still.
That fulness and that craving
Alike are free from pain,
Where thou, midst heavenly citizens,
A home like theirs shalt gain.
Here is the warlike trumpet;
There, life set free from sin;
When to the last Great Supper
The faithful shall come in:
When the heavenly net is laden
With fishes many and great;
So glorious in its fulness,
Yet so inviolate:
And the perfect from the shatter'd,
And the fall'n from them that stand,
And the sheep-flock from the goat-herd
Shall part on either hand!
And these shall pass to torment,
And those shall triumph, then;
The new peculiar nation,
Blest number of blest men.
Jerusalem demands them:
They paid the price on earth,
And now shall reap the harvest
In blissfulness and mirth:
The glorious holy people,
Who evermore relied
Upon their Chief and Father,
The King, the Crucified:
The sacred ransom'd number
Now bright with endless sheen,
Who made the Cross their watchword
Of Jesus Nazarene:
Who, fed with heavenly nectar,
Where soul-like odors play,
Draw out the endless leisure
Of that long vernal day:
And through the sacred lilies,
And flowers on every side,
The happy dear-bought people
Go wandering far and wide.
Their breasts are filled with gladness,
Their mouths are turned to praise,
What time, now safe for ever,
On former sins they gaze:
The fouler was the error,
The sadder was the fall,
The ampler are the praises
Of Him who pardon'd all.
Their one and only anthem,
The fulness of His love,
Who gives instead of torment
Eternal joys above;
Instead of torment, glory;
Instead of death, that life
Wherewith your happy country,
True Israelites, is rife.

Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care,
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest,
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!
That we should look, poor wand'rers,
To have our home on high!
That worms should seek for dwellings
Beyond the starry sky!
To all one happy guerdon
Of one celestial grace;
For all, for all, who mourn their fall,
Is one eternal place;
And martyrdom hath roses
Upon that heavenly ground,
And white and virgin lillies
For virgin-souls abound.
Their grief is turn'd to pleasure,
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know;
And after fleshly scandal,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Is calm, and joy, and light.
And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;
And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope;
But He whom now we trust in

Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.
The miserable pleasures
Of the body shall decay;
The bland and flattering struggles
Of the flesh shall pass away,
And none shall there be jealous,
And none shall there contend;
Fraud, clamor, guile—what say I?
All ill, all ill shall end?
And there is David's Fountain,
And life in fullest glow,
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow;
The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

There Jesus shall embrace us,
There Jesus be embraced,—
That spirit's food and sunshine
Whence earthly love is chased.
Amidst the happy chorus,
A place, however low,
Shall show Him us, and showing,
Shall satiate evermo.
By hope we struggle onward,
While here we must be fed
By milk, as tender infants,
But there by Living Bread.
The night was full of terror,
The morn is bright with gladness.
The Cross becomes our harbor,
And we triumph after sadness,
And Jesus to his true ones
Brings trophies fair to see,
And Jesus shall be loved, and
Beheld in Galilee;
Behold, when morn shall waken,
And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day;
And every ear shall hear it,—
Behold thy King's array,
Behold thy God in beauty,
The Law hath past away!

Yes! God my King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.
Then Jacob into Israel,
From earthlier self estranged,
And Leah into Rachel,
For ever shall be changed
Then all the halls of Sion
For aye shall be complete,
And, in the Land of Beauty,
All things of Beauty meet.

For thee, oh dear dear Country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep:
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.
O one, O only Mansion!
O Paradise of Joy!
Where tears are ever banish'd,
And smiles have no alloy;
Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall:
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks;
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays:
Thine ageless walls ere bonded
With amethyst unpriced:
Thy Saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.
The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise:
His laud and benediction
Thy ransom'd people raise:
Jesus, the Gem of Beauty,
True God and Man, they sing:
The never-failing Garden,
The ever-golden Ring:
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
The Guardian of his Court:
The Day-star of Salvation,

The Porter and the Port.
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountian of refreshment
To pilgrim far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower:
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower:
Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,
O Bride that know'st no guile,
The Prince's sweetest kisses,
The Prince's loveliest smile;
Unfading lilies, bracelets
Of living pearl thine own;
The Lamb is ever near thee,
The Bridegroom thine alone;
The Crown is He to guerdon,
The Buckler to protect,
And He Himself the Mansion,
And He the Architect.
The only art thou needest,
Thanksgiving for thy lot:
The only joy thou seekest,
The Life where Death is not:
And all thine endless leisure
In sweetest accents sings,
The ill that was thy merit,—
The wealth that is thy King's!

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress'd:
I know not, oh I know not,
What social joys are there;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare!
And when I fain would sing them,
My spirit fails and faints;
And vainly would it image
The assembly of the Saints.
They stand, those halls of Sion,
Conjubilant with song.
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them:
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the Blessed
Are deck'd in glorious sheen.
There is the Throne of David,—
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquer'd in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white!

O holy, placid harp-notes
Of that eternal hymn!
O sacred, sweet refection,
And peace of Seraphim!
O thirst for ever ardent,
Yet evermore content!
O true peculiar vision
Of God cunctipotent!
Ye know the many mansions
For many a glorious name,
And divers retributions
That divers merits claim:
For midst the constellations
That deck our earthly sky,
This star than that is brighter,—
And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious!
The glory of the Elect!
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect:
Even now by faith I see thee:
Even here thy walls discern:
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive and pant and yearn:
Jerusalem the only,
That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory;
In me is all my woe:
And though my body may not,
My spirit seeks thee fain,
Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again.
Oh none can tell thy bulwarks,
How gloriously they rise:
Oh none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful device:

Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart:
And none, O Peace, O Sion,
Can sing thee as thou art.
New mansion of new people,
Whom God's own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
Identify, unite.
Thou City of the Angels!
Thou City of the Lord!
Whose everlasting music
Is the glorious decachord!
And there the band of Prophets
United praise ascribes,
And there the twelvefold chorus
Of Israel's ransom'd tribes:
The lily-beds of virgins,
The roses' martyr-glow,
The cohort of the Fathers
Who kept the faith below.
And there the Sole-Begotten
Is Lord in regal state;
He, Judah's mystic Lion;
He, Lamb Immaculate.
O fields that know no sorrow!
O state that fears no strife!
O princely bow'rs! O land of flow'rs!
O realm and home of life!

Jerusalem, exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!
I ask not for my merit:
I seek not to deny
My merit is destruction,
A child of wrath am I:
But yet with Faith I venture
And Hope upon my way;
For those perennial guerdons
I labor night and day.
The best and dearest Father
Who made me, and who saved,
Bore with me in defilement,
And from defilement laved;
When in His strength I struggle,
For very joy I leap,
When in my sin I totter,
I weep, or try to weep;
And grace, sweet grace celestial,
Shall all its love display,
And David's royal Fountain
Purge every sin away.

O mine, my golden Sion!
O lovelier far than gold!
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe victorious fold;
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
I have the hope within me
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
Oh, tell me, tell me, Yes!

Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art;

BERNARD OF CLUNY.
(Translation of JOHN MASON NEALE.)

HEAVEN A CITY.

A CITY never built with hands, nor hoary with the years of time; a city whose inhabitants no census has numbered; a city through whose streets rush no tides of business, nor nodding hearse creeps slowly with its burden to the tomb; a city without griefs or graves, without sins or sorrows, without births or burials, without marriages or mournings; a city which glories in having Jesus for its king, angels for its guards, saints for citizens; whose walls are salvation, and whose gates are praise.

THOMAS GUTHRIE.

THE LAND OF BEULAH.

O GLORIOUS land of heavenly light,
Where walk the ransomed, clothed in white,
On hills of myrrh, through pastures green,
No curse, no cloud upon the scene!

Land where the crystal river glides,
And fruits immortal deck its sides;
O land of rest in Eden's bowers,
No dreary days, no weary hours!

No nights of unavailing grief,
Nor crying which brings no relief;
For God shall wipe away all tears,
And into the past are passed our fears

Beulah, if e'er my weary feet
Shall press thy blissful shore,
And tread each shining, golden street,
To go out thence no more,
What shall I care for all the way
That led to thee at last—
For every dark, despairing day,
For ever, ever past?

If e'er the loved of earthly years
Shall welcome me to thee,
What shall I care for all these tears
Oft flowing bitterly?

If I may stand before His throne,
And look upon His face,
What shall I care that oft, alone,
Like Him, I ran my race?

Safe on thy ever blissful plains,
My heart's own treasure gathered there;
Farewell for ever, sins and pains,
Farewell, bereavement, sorrow, care!

C. HUNTINGTON.

BEAUTIFUL HEAVEN.

BEAUTIFUL Heaven, blissful abode,
Evergreen fields in the city of God;
The gate ajar by faith I see,
And the blessed Saviour that died for me.

Beautiful fields, ever green,
With nothing but the vail between.
When life is spent and the vail is rent,
Our vision bright shall behold the sight.

The jasper walls, the streets of gold,
The Lamb of God, the Shepherd's fold.
The saint's sweet rest,
In the land of the blest.

My soul in its vision would fain take its flight,
And soar to that beautiful land of light,
Away to that blissful home on high,
Where we shall live to love and never die.

And there, where the white-robed angels are,
Within the gate that's left ajar,
Would seek to dwell in the land of the blest,
Forever with God's saints at rest.

Oh! beautiful home, sweet Eden land,
No storms ever beat on thy glittering strand;
O! my dear Saviour, fain would I flee,
And be forever at rest with thee.

DELIA E. WALKER.

ATTRACTIONS OF HEAVEN.

THOUGH earth has fully many a beautiful spot,
As a poet or painter might show,
Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy and bright,
To the hopes of the heart and the spirit's glad sight,
Is the land that no mortal may know.
O! who but must pine in this dark vale of tears,
From its clouds and its shadows to go,
To walk in the light of the glory above,
And to share in the peace, and the joy, and love,
Of the land that no mortal may know!
There the crystalline stream, bursting forth from the throne,
Flows on, and forever will flow;
Its waves as they roll are with melody rife,
And its waters are sparkling with beauty and life,
In the land which no mortal may know.
And there on its margin, with leaves ever green,
With its fruits healing sickness and woe,
The fair tree of life, in its glory and pride,
Is fed by that deep, inexhaustible tide
Of the land which no mortal may know.

BERNARD BARTON.

ENTERING HEAVEN.

DID you ever try to imagine the soul's impressions when it first enters heaven? I remember distinctly my impression when entering for the first time the city of New York. It was on the evening of a beautiful May-day. The soft strains of music from the band which had accompanied us on our journey were wafted out on the evening air, and fell sweetly on many a listening ear. The sun was just setting. His departing rays hung lingeringly upon the distant hill-tops, as if loath to bid the city adieu.

The noble steamer which had borne us down the Hudson was rounding to at the pier. I had heard and thought much about this great city, of its bustling throng, its crowded Broadway, its shaded avenues, its enchanting parks, its stately mansions, and magnificent churches; and now it lies just before me in all its reality. There were its forests of ship masts, its domes and lofty spires glittering in the evening sunlight. I could hear the hum of voices, the roll of wheels, and the tramp of hurrying footsteps, while from a passing band there came notes of sweetest music. In a few moments I was to mingle with that human throng, and look with my own eyes upon the wonders of the great metropolis. I shall never forget the impressions of that hour.

If earthly scenes so impress us, how then must it be with the saint when first entering the great metropolis of heaven? The old ship upon which he has crossed the swelling sea is just gliding into the quiet harbor, and rounding to at the heavenly pier. The eternal city is just before him; the sunlight of glory floods all its streets, and bathes its "many mansions" and beautiful land scapes in mellow splendor. The God-built stories of the New Jerusalem rise before him in all their matchless grandeur. He sees the golden streets, the gates of pearl, the sea of glass, the river of life, and the throne of God.

The song of angels mingling with the harps of heaven now fall upon his ear. Never has he heard such music. He may have heard the loud swell of the rich-toned organ, and the majestic burst of praise which has gone up from a thousand well-trained voices. But now, when he hears even the *first* notes of the ransomed throng, the thoughts of all earthly music are forgotten. John says, "I heard a great voice of much people in heaven saying, Alleluia! Salvation, and glory, and honor, and power, unto the Lord our God. And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." As this mighty chorus comes swelling up the vales, trembling along the hills, and echoing over the plains, his rapt spirit is filled with an intensity of bliss known only to heavenly hearts.

Friends who had preceded him to glory now meet him. Angels come and bid

him welcome to the skies, while those who had borne him from earth to his home in heaven lead him to the Lamb. He sees now, not "through a glass darkly," but face to face. He sees the Saviour "as He is." The vail has been removed, and he looks with undimmed vision upon the "King in His beauty."

He stands transfixed, and gazes with mute and inexpressible wonder. Gushing streams of bliss come pouring in upon him, flooding every avenue of his wonder-stricken soul. The Saviour, rising, addresses him, saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant," and then places a crown upon his head.

O, bliss of bliss! O, joys of joys! Heaven itself has no language to express the rapture which a blood-washed soul will experience when Jesus shall place the crown of life upon its brow and a harp within its hand.

See him now as the Lamb leads him out "into green pastures, and beside the still waters." He stands upon the banks of the crystal stream which flows from the throne of God; as he gazes upon its placid surface, the voicings and harpings of saints and angels come trembling along the shore. Their sweet vibrations strike every chord of his immortal heart, tuning it to sing in unison with the heavenly choir, when for the *first* time, he joins with the blood-washed throng in singing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength and honor, and glory and blessing. Glory and honor, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

Surely one such moment of bliss would more than balance all the woes and sorrows of earth. It is more than language can express or imagination conceive. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." I wait in joyous hope to see the day that "crowns me at His side." I long to feel the unutterable bliss; to experience the consciousness of the first full draught from the fountain of immortality.

A HOME IN HEAVEN.

A HOME in heaven! What a joyful thought,
As the poor man toils in his weary lot!
His heart opprest, and with anguish driven
From his home below, to his home in heaven.

A home in heaven! As the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home; what a joy is given,
With the blessed thought of his home in heaven.

A home in heaven! When our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven.

A home in heaven! When the faint heart bleeds,
By the Spirit's stroke, for its evil deeds;
Oh! then what bliss in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven.

A home in heaven! When our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead;
We wait in hope on the promise given;
We will meet up there in our home in heaven.

A home in heaven! When the wheel is broke,
And the golden bowl by the terror-stroke;
When life's bright sun sinks in death's dark even,
We will then fly up to our home in heaven.

Our home in heaven! Oh, the glorious home,
And the Spirit, joined with the bride, says "Come!"
Come, seek His face, and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.

WILLIAM HUNTER.

At Home in Heaven.

WILL any soul that reaches Heaven feel strange there? Will it seem a foreign country? Will all its sights, and sounds, and suggestions be totally unfamiliar? Will they make no responsive note on any chord of the harp of memory? Will they shed no ray of light on the lens of hope? There are many of us who are looking forward to a residence in Heaven. Will it be more than a residence? Will it be a home? We know the difference between the two when applied to places upon earth. There are many kinds of residences; there is but one home. A lunatic asylum, a penitentiary, the place where we *must* live, but do not want to live, is a residence. The only real home a man has upon earth is the spot in which he would rather be than in any other. The place in which he gets most rest, most comfort, most solace, most satisfaction to every craving of his nature—that is home. How do we look forward toward Heaven? Is it simply the termination of the journey, where, in the natural course of things, the pilgrimage ceases? Such a state of affairs may occur to a man who has gone from his home, and whose business or duty has taken him across the ocean to a foreign port. There he may have to stay all the days of his life, and behind him leave wife and children, father and mother. He looks forward with interest to his arrival. He would rather be there than on the stormy ocean. But it is not home. Now, how do we feel toward Heaven? Is it simply the end of the road we must travel as Christians, and which we must terminate somewhere, sometime; or have we longings for it? Does it come into our dreams? Do thoughts of it often lift our souls as the tides lift up the seas? Do we feel that every other residence is a tent, but heaven is our mansion; that we go to every other place because we *must*, but are stretching ourselves to be in heaven because we *would?* Are we heavenly-minded and heavenly-hearted? If so, we shall be at home in Heaven. It may be so sweet, so delicious, so satisfactory, so fulfilling, as to come in sudden and sublime contrast with all our previous experience. In this sense it may, for a brief season, be startling and somewhat strange; but if we have been spiritually-minded upon earth, each new moment of heaven will bring us the fulfillment of some hope, or the completion, in shouts of laughter, of some song which we had begun upon earth, and which had been drowned in sobs. It will be the being "forever with the Lord" that will make our heaven everlasting.

"Forever with the Lord?" Why not *now* with the Lord? Is not our present life a part of "forever?" If now with the Lord—if our communion be with Him—if we are learning His ways and walking in His companionship here, and are to be learning His ways and walking in His companionship in heaven, why should we not be at home in heaven?

The angels come down to earth. They have their mission of ministry. Their

duties probably take them, sometimes, into places where they feel very strange; but there must be other spots amid the circumstances of which even angels must feel very much at home. Where a family is consecrated to God—where perfect love prevails—where Jesus reigns—where the Father's will is done in earth as it is in heaven, oh! surely there the good angels must feel at home.

How blessed is the work of the angels and the men who are striving more and more to make earth like heaven, so that the denizens of the one shall be the citizens of the other.

CHARLES F. DEEMS, D. D.

HEAVEN.

OH, what is this splendor that beams on me now,
This beautiful sunrise that dawns on my soul,
While faint and far off land and sea lie below,
And under my feet the huge golden clouds roll?

To what mighty king doth this city belong,
With its rich jeweled shrines, and its gardens of flowers,
With its breaths of sweet incense, its measures of song,
And the light that is gilding its numberless towers?

See! forth from the gates, like a bridal array,
Come the princes of heaven, how bravely they shine!
'Tis to welcome the stranger, to show me the way,
And to tell me that all I see round me is mine.

There are millions of saints in their ranks and degrees,
And each with a beauty and crown of his own;
And there, far outnumbering the sands of the sea,
The nine rings of angels encircle the throne.

And oh, if the exiles of earth could but win,
One sight of the beauty of Jesus above,
From that hour they would cease to be able to sin,
And earth would be heaven; for heaven is love.

But words may not tell of the vision of peace,
With its worshipful seeming, its marvelous fires;
Where the soul is at large, where its sorrows all cease.
And the gift has outbidden its boldest desires.

No sickness is here, no bleak, bitter cold,
No hunger, debt, prison, or weariful toil;
No robbers to rifle our treasures of gold,
No rust to corrupt, and no canker to spoil.

My God! and it was but a short hour ago,
That I lay on a bed of unbearable pains;
All was cheerless around me, all weeping and woe;
Now the wailing is changed to angelical strains.

Because I served Thee, were life's pleasures all lost?
Was it gloom, pain, or blood, that won heaven for me?
Oh no! one enjoyment alone could life boast,
And that dearest Lord! was my service of Thee.

I had hardly to give; 'twas enough to receive,
Only not to impede the sweet grace from above;
And, this first hour in heaven, I can hardly believe,
In so great a reward for so little a love.

F. W. FABER, D. D.

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